

The Adventures of Telemachus, the Son of Ulysses

FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE FÉNELON

Translated by TOBIAS SMOLLETT



Edited by

LESLIE A. CHILTON

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THE WORKS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT

The Adventures of Telemachus

THE WORKS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT

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Route taken by Telemachus.

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The Adventures of Telemachus, the Son of Ulysses

By FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC
DE LA MOTHE FÉNELON

Translated by
TOBIAS SMOLLETT

Introduction and Notes by
LESLIE A. CHILTON

The Text Edited by
O M BRACK, JR.

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DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
Robert Adams Day

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ILLUSTRATIONS

The map and the illustration *Télémaque retrouve Ulysse* are from *Les aventures de Télémaque*, A Londres, Chez J. Brotherton, MDCCXXXII, in the Huntington Library (280733). *Mentor jette Télémaque dans la mer* and *Télémaque conduit par Minerve* are from another French edition, A Londres, Chez Nourse & Vaillant, MDCCLVI, in the Huntington Library (283258). The title page for the first volume of *The Adventures of Telemachus* is from a copy of the first edition in the Department of Special Collections, Arizona State University Library (E3869); that for the second volume is from a copy of the first edition in the Huntington Library (232519). The receipt for the copyright is from the Hornby Library, Liverpool. In the list that follows, French titles have been translated by the editor.

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PREFACE

Tobias Smollett's translation of François de Salignac de la Mothe-Fénelon's *Les aventures de Télémaque* has not been reprinted since the eighteenth century and has never before been edited. Numerous signs of haste appear in the translation: run-on sentences, faulty syntax, disagreements in number and tense, and erratic paragraphing. Smollett may have expected many of these matters to be corrected at the press or, if not, corrected by himself when he read proofs. Corrections seem never to have been made; the posthumously published first edition of 1776, set from Smollett's autograph manuscript, or from a fair copy of it, is the only surviving evidence of the features of his manuscript and the only authoritative text. The present edition preserves that text, with its roughness, except when it is manifestly in error or when sense is affected to the extent that the reader might be confused. Any impulse to coauthor the translation by guessing at what Smollett would have done had he lived has been firmly resisted.

This new edition of *The Adventures of Telemachus* is the first ever to provide a carefully edited text, complete with notes on the translation and with historical annotation. The edition has not been prepared as though Smollett's *Telemachus* were an original composition. That is to say, no attempt has been made to annotate Fénelon's narrative; that task, indeed, has already been completed by Albert Cahen, whose two-volume scholarly edition (Paris: Hachette, 1927) remains standard after many years. Rather, Smollett's translation itself is the focus of the notes, which are generally confined to explanation of unfamiliar terms, to definitions of obsolete English words and citation of archaic English usages, and to identification of substantive or otherwise significant departures from the French text. Smollett regularly varies from the French by the omission or, more frequently, the addition of words, phrases, or clauses; a representative selection of such variations, including all of the most important instances of it, is given in the notes. Other substantive changes, including alterations of the meaning or narrative progression of Fénelon's work, are indicated by quotation from the French, allowing the reader to make comparisons.

Numerous French-language editions of *Télémaque* were available for Smollett to work from in preparing his translation, and there is no way to tell which one he might have used; hence, a readily available contemporary edition has been chosen for purposes of comparison and citation in the notes. The copy of the first edition of Smollett's translation in the Department of Special Collec-

tions, Hayden Library, Arizona State University, has been compared with the Huntington Library copy (shelfmark 283258) of *Les Aventures de Télémaque, Fils D'Ulysse. Par François de Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon, Précepteur des Enfants de France, & depuis Archevêque-Duc de Cambray, &c. avec un petit Dictionnaire Mythologique & Geographique: Nouvelle Edition. Revue exactement sur toutes les précédentes, corrigée avec soin, et Enrichie de Figures en taille-douce.* A Londres, Chez Nourse & Vaillant, MDCCLVI. Quotations in the notes retain the spelling and accents of this French edition.

Fénelon's work is dense with references to the characters and the topography of Greek-Roman history and mythology. To reduce the quantity of annotation while still furnishing the reader with needed information, two guides have been included following the notes to the text. The first is an alphabetical list of all names occurring in the narrative; the second is a list of places, also alphabetical. Individual entries within the two guides provide brief explanation of backgrounds in classical sources or, as appropriate, of Fénelon's adaptations from such sources.

For definitions of words the *Oxford English Dictionary* (OED) has been consulted, supplemented by the *Concise Scots Dictionary* (Aberdeen: Aberdeen University Press, 1985), especially for Scotticisms. References to Milton are to the *Complete Poems and Major Prose*, ed. Merritt Y. Hughes (New York: Odyssey Press, 1957); references to Shakespeare are to *The Riverside Shakespeare*, ed. G. Blakemore Evans et al. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1974). Works consulted in compiling the guides to names and places are identified in the headnotes to those guides.

The introduction places *The Adventures of Telemachus* within the context of Smollett's career as a writer, discusses the publication, popularity, and influence of the French original, reviews the evidence supporting attribution of the translation to Smollett (putting to rest, the editor trusts, all doubt that the work is his), assesses the translation itself, and concludes by tracing the history of its composition, printing, and reception.

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Gay W. Brack, Sydney L. Chilton, Jonathan Drnjevic, and Huidi Tang patiently read proofs. Isabelle Tait provided emergency assistance. The hospitality of William and Josephine Jackson of Bramley, Surrey, allowed me to do important work at the British Library.

Special gratitude is due to O M Brack, Jr., who first suggested that I prepare this volume and who guided my research, providing invaluable, unflagging assistance in the work of editing. I am particularly grateful for his encouragement in times good, bad, and deeply aggravating. Jerry C. Beasley offered important suggestions, advice, and assistance, without which I could not have completed this project. I am grateful also to Eric Collum, Frank Smigiel, and Sue Anne Beyer for their editorial and technical assistance.

L.C.

* * *

Robert Adams Day, who died 19 January 1996 at the age of seventy-one, was among those who helped to launch the Smollett Edition in the 1960s. His unwavering belief in the project brightened some of its darkest days, when it languished for want of a publisher. It was thus a particular pleasure to all of Bob's friends and Smollett colleagues when his own edition of *The History and Ad-*

ventures of an Atom was at last published in 1989, and was then acclaimed as a triumph of learning and scholarship. Over the years, Bob gave generously of his time, his vast knowledge, and his inexhaustible fund of encouragement to every other editor who sought his advice or help. And every editor did so. We will all miss him. It is with both sadness and gratitude that this volume has been dedicated to his memory.

J. C. B.
O M B.

INTRODUCTION

On 24 and 25 July 1776, the *Gazetteer and New Daily Advertiser* announced publication of Tobias Smollett's translation of François de Salignac de la Mothe-Fénelon's *Les aventures de Télémaque* (1699). This new translation, entitled *The Adventures of Telemachus, the Son of Ulysses*, appeared nearly five years after Smollett's death on 17 September 1771. Having resorted to translation throughout his career in times of financial distress, Smollett found himself returning to such work during his final illness. *Télémaque*, apparently familiar to Smollett from his youth, was a particularly apt choice with which to conclude his career as a translator, for it mirrored a number of the moral and political beliefs he held throughout his writing career: the corrupting influence of luxury, the necessity for virtuous rulers and ministers, and the need to curb imperial ambitions and unnecessary warfare.

BIOGRAPHICAL BACKGROUND

Smollett's career as a translator was one of expediency rather than deliberation. His first translation, Alain-René Lesage's *Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane*, appeared in 1748, within months of the publication of his remarkably successful first novel, *The Adventures of Roderick Random* (1748). *Gil Blas* proved equally successful, and in a letter of 14 February 1748/9 to Alexander Carlyle, Smollett boasts that of "three thousand Copies that were printed, scarce 400 remain unsold."¹ *Roderick Random* and *Gil Blas* were, however, isolated successes within the difficult years between 1747 and 1750, during which time Smollett was struggling—unsuccessfully—to become established as a physician and a dramatist. His calculated moves to Downing Street, Chapel Street in May Fair, Beaufort Street (near Somerset House), and then to Old Chelsea in the hope of attracting patients to his surgical practice did not pay off, for the London medical establishment refused admission to the transplanted Scot,² and he was too proud to resort to the kind of quackery by which others made their fortunes. His relentless pursuit of theater managers and his many attempts to secure patronage on behalf of his tragedy, *The Regicide*, could not bring the play to the stage. An opera, *Alceste*, with lyrics by Smollett and music by George Frederick Handel, and a comedy, *The Absent Man*, similarly failed.³

Smollett fictionalized his frustrations over *The Regicide* in the Melopoyne episode of *Roderick Random* (chapters 61–63). Melopoyne, after failing to have his

tragedy produced, is driven to market his genius on Grub Street: "I was forced to offer myself as a translator and accordingly repaired myself to a person who was said to entertain numbers in his pay." Turned away even after reducing his rate of pay to an intolerable half guinea per sheet, Melopoy'n is forced to the even more desperate step of writing half-penny ballads. Smollett proved more fortunate in obtaining translation work than Melopoy'n; nevertheless, Melopoy'n's story surely reflects his author's original reluctance to turn to the much maligned task of translating. Before Smollett boasts of *Gil Blas*'s sales in his letter to Carlyle, he declares: "Gil Blas was actually translated by me, tho' as it was a Bookseller's Job, done in a hurry, I did not choose to put my name to it" (p. 10).

However disparaging his comments, Smollett's success with *Gil Blas*, and the money it brought him, must have demonstrated to him that translation was a ready source of income, even if it was not the best way to achieve fame. In any case, he immediately sought more translation. In 1749, he appears to have completed *The Devil upon Crutches*, an English version of Lesage's *Le diable boiteux*.⁴ At about the same time he commenced his most ambitious translation, *The Adventures of Don Quixote*, which would not be published until 1755.⁵ While working on *Don Quixote* Smollett also translated Voltaire's *Micromegas: A Comic Romance. Being a Severe Satire upon the Philosophy, Ignorance, and Self Conceit of Mankind. Together with a Detail of the Crusades; and a New Plan for the History of the Human Mind* (1752) and the clearly commercial *Select Essays on Commerce, Agriculture, Mines, Fisheries, and other Useful Subjects* (1754).⁶

It is notable that *The Devil upon Crutches*, *Don Quixote*, and *Select Essays* were translated during the years from 1752 to 1757, another difficult period in Smollett's life. The success of *Roderick Random* was followed by the failure of his next two novels, *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* (1751) and *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom* (1753). Neither of these works pleased the public, and Smollett's satirical portraits drew down the wrath of assorted actors, authors, physicians, and lawyers. His medical practice failed, and by the early 1750s he had all but given it up. Providing money to support his family must have been difficult during this period, a situation that Smollett aggravated by his own behavior. Personal financial problems or not, he was always willing to help a fellow author with a loan or gift of money. But when one such author refused to repay his debt, Smollett took the law into his own hands and on 2 November 1752 assaulted Peter Gordon and his landlord, Edward Groom. He was tried in 1753, and though acquitted, he had to pay fines and the costs of both cases.⁷ The little money earned for translating *Micromegas* and *Select Essays* must have disappeared quickly.

Don Quixote finally appeared in 1755, well after the money for translating it had been spent.⁸ Discouraged, perhaps, by the relatively small financial return for such a large effort, Smollett apparently ceased to translate until 1767, when he turned his hand to *Télémaque*. Fortunately, in the years immediately after 1757, Smollett no longer needed money from translation. He had established the successful *Critical Review* in 1756, enjoyed the steady sales of *The Complete History of England* (1757–58), and, at long last, gained success on the stage with his comedy *The Reprisal* (1757). If Smollett did translate anything between the completion of *Don Quixote* and *Telemachus*, it was probably for the *Complete Works of Voltaire* (1760–66), which he edited with Thomas Francklin. The extent of Smollett's contribution to this edition is not fully known. His translations of *Micromegas*, *Detail of the Crusades*, and *New Plan for the History of the Human Mind*, which had appeared in 1752, were included, and he wrote to Richard Smith on 8 May 1763 that he contributed "A small part of the Translation of Voltaire's works, including all the notes historical and critical to be found in that Translation."⁹ Apart from *Micromegas*, the "small part of the Translation" remains to be certainly identified, although it has been suggested that he translated *Candide*.¹⁰

Smollett's publishing successes, however, were tempered by professional, legal, and domestic problems. The *Critical Review* created difficulties with authors, critics, and public figures, including Admiral Charles Knowles, who successfully prosecuted Smollett for libel in 1760. Smollett's eleven-week stay in the relatively comfortable King's Bench Prison was less an incarceration than an enforced holiday—he wrote *The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves* during his time there—but he had incurred two years of legal expenses during the prolonged suit.¹¹ His *Complete History* was a critical and financial success, but its composition severely strained his health. Nevertheless, in 1762 Smollett began to write a weekly political sheet, the *Briton* (29 May 1762–12 February 1763), in defense of Lord Bute's embattled ministry.¹² In a letter of 27 December 1762 to John Home, Smollett suggests that he became involved in political journalism to obtain a pension or, better, a consulate in a warmer climate in the hope of mending his health.¹³ He was doomed in this, and in conducting the *Briton* he made himself the target of anti-Scots satires and prints.¹⁴ In 1763, seriously ill and grieving over the death of his only daughter, Elizabeth, Smollett journeyed with his wife to the Continent for his health.

Smollett returned to England in 1765, his health improved but not fully restored. Though not engaging in his former rigorous work schedule, he completed his *Continuation of the Complete History of England* (1761–65) and wrote *Travels through France and Italy* (1766) and *The Present State of All Nations*

(1768–69). He also added new material to *The History and Adventures of an Atom* (1769), begun and nearly finished at Nice in 1764.¹⁵ During this same period he also traveled to Bath for his health and to Scotland for a family reunion. In 1768, his health once more in serious decline, Smollett traveled to Italy, never to come home again. At some time during this period, presumably (but not necessarily) after his 1765 return from the Continent, Smollett translated *Télémaque*, selling the copyright on 1 April 1767. His general circumstances—illness, trips to Bath, medical fees, a decreasing ability to carry on with the heavy amounts of work required to remain solvent—suggest that Smollett, late in his career, returned to a familiar expediency, translating for money.

FÉNELON'S *TÉLÉMAQUE*

Smollett, like many of his contemporaries, could not help being familiar with *Télémaque*. Telemachus, accompanied by his faithful tutor Mentor (an embodiment of Minerva, goddess of wisdom), sails to many lands in search of his father, Ulysses. The adventures, designed to teach the prince how to become a successful ruler worthy to take control of his father's kingdom, include frequent commentary by Mentor, often at tedious length. Mentor teaches Telemachus that he must use reason and prudence to govern his passions and that he must possess the virtues of honesty, moderation, and benevolence. But it is in the central portion of the work (Books VIII–XVII), while Telemachus is away on heroic adventures, that Mentor provides the most important lessons on the relationship between private and public virtue as he instructs the ruler of the newly founded city of Salentum on the means of establishing a government free of corruption that works to the advantage of all its citizens. The appeal of these moral lessons made *Télémaque* one of the eighteenth century's most popular works, not only in France but throughout Europe. In England alone, it was translated more than a dozen times during the century and was adapted in poems, an opera, and a masque, while certain episodes were elaborated for political and social purposes.¹⁶ Regarded as a worthy successor to the great epics and praised for its beauty and morality, *Télémaque* was revered to a degree that astonishes a reader of the twentieth century, who may find it prolix and occasionally abstract.

Les aventures de Télémaque, first published in 1699, was both controversial and instantaneously successful. More than six hundred copies were bought up in one day, largely because the French public believed it to be a satire or devious roman à clef on the court of Louis XIV. Royal conviction of *Télémaque*'s

satirical qualities earlier that same year had halted its first printing in Paris by “veuve Claude Barbin”; only four and one-half books were completed before the presses were stopped. Copies of this printing were combined with manuscript copies, and the work was read with increasing interest. These furtive copies eventually fell into the hands of Adrian Moetjens in The Hague, who rushed a complete edition through the presses by June 1699.¹⁷ The author’s name did not appear, but it had long been common knowledge that he was François de Salignac de la Mothe-Fénelon, former preceptor of Louis XIV’s grandson, the duc de Bourgogne, heir presumptive to the throne.

Fénelon’s views on education had led to this appointment. Prompted by the ferment over Descartes’s *Discourse on Method* (1637), theories of education had evolved from a focus on religious-based instruction to more humanist concerns. Philosophers wrote elaborate treatises on methods of improving education, asserting that children should learn at a pace commensurate with their ages and abilities and that learning should be made enjoyable. Fénelon’s own statement, *Traité de l’éducation des filles* (1687), reveals him as a man of his age, for it argues that the child’s mind is as unformed as his or her body and is thus *tabula rasa*, “which makes impressing easy.” The teacher must be gentle, never being “austere and imperious” and never “making children tremble.” Because children passionately love “silly tales,” the teacher should proceed by telling stories with sacred and moral purpose.¹⁸

The young duc de Bourgogne proved a difficult student. Though talented and precocious, he was also haughty and intractable. Fénelon eventually won the prince’s respect and encouraged his application to his studies by creating a series of didactic compositions in history and politics. His *Fables*, written during the prince’s eighth to tenth years, offered a series of tales and apologies embellished with “persans and feeries” to instruct on manners and morality. *Dialogues des morts*, written for the ten-year-old prince, presented a more sophisticated series of Lucianic conversations between ancient and modern philosophers on literature, morals, and politics. *Télémaque*, created for the adolescent prince, was an elaborate sequel to the *Odyssey*, which Fénelon had previously translated and abridged for his pupil. Faithful to his model, Fénelon narrated the new work in epic style. Presented in medias res, the story boasts voyages, battles, games, and a descent to the underworld. But Fénelon’s chief goal was the moral preparation of the young duke for the monarchy, and thus the work became a didactic romance.

Fénelon presented *Télémaque* to the duc de Bourgogne in 1696; in 1697, for his involvement in Quietism, a Quaker-like religion, he lost his place in Louis XIV’s household and went into temporary exile. The publication of *Télémaque*

exacerbated Fénelon's disgrace, and in 1699 the king pronounced his exile to be permanent.¹⁹ Fénelon responded privately to the criticism of the controversial nature of his work. In the fragments of his *Mémoire*, he insisted that *Télémaque*'s purpose was educational, claiming that it was never meant to be published: "everybody knows that it escaped me by a faithless copyist." The honor in which he held his monarch precluded satire: "I was marked by the king's generosity and trust. I would have been an ingrate, as well as insensitive, to create satiric and insolent portraits." *Les aventures de Télémaque* was intended to "amuse M. le duc de Bourgogne," and its epic qualities "would convey important instruction to a prince destined to reign."²⁰

The controversy over *Télémaque* did not last, but its popularity endured, and its fame increased after Fénelon's death in 1712. Five years later, in 1717, the author's grand-nephew, the marquis de Fénelon, edited *Télémaque*, using a marked copy found among his late uncle's papers. The nephew also commenced the tradition of prefacing the text with Andrew Michael Ramsay's laudatory essay, "Discours sur la poésie épique." Examining *Télémaque* against ancient and contemporary definitions of the epic, Ramsay declared that the work achieved grandeur of action, sublimity of principles, and harmony of style.²¹ The reading public accepted Ramsay's judgment. According to Antoine Houdar de la Motte, "everybody" found the work "even more agreeable than the Iliad."²² Montesquieu was a bit more restrained, yet declared *Télémaque* "A divine work, one in which Homer seems to breathe."²³ Voltaire, ever acerbic, demurred against its status as a latter-day epic and even doubted if it was a masterpiece, but he still described it as "this singular work," and as "one of the most beautiful monuments of a remarkable century."²⁴

Télémaque's lofty sentiments and overt didacticism made it equally popular in Great Britain. Ministers, teachers, and parents often recommended the work to young people, and few must have escaped an encounter with a work so highly praised and so readily available in a large number of copies. Smollett almost certainly read the work at home as a boy, and he may have read it in the original language at Dunbarton School, which had French in its curriculum. When in mature life he turned to writing novels, he found *Télémaque* useful as a source of ideas, characters, and scenes. In a general way Fénelon suggested to Smollett, and to other novelists, that diversion and instruction could be combined; in a more particular way he was largely responsible for the Mentor figure, which recurred in much eighteenth-century fiction. Smollett's rival, Henry Fielding, recognized *Télémaque* as an epic model for the kind of novel he wished to write, the comic epic poem in prose, highly praising it in his preface to *The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews* (1742). Fielding's novel

then presents Parson Adams and Joseph as an ironic version of the Mentor-Telemachus relationship, with an overlay of Cervantes. *The History of Tom Jones* (1749) also draws on *Télémaque* in complex ways for “structural soundness, thematic complexity, and a dazzling interaction of values.”²⁵ Partridge and Tom Jones, of course, recall Mentor and Telemachus.

In his early novels, Smollett’s own use of *Télémaque* seems confined to superficial borrowings such as the comic reversals of the Mentor-Telemachus relationship represented in *Roderick Random* and *Strap*, and in *Peregrine Pickle* and *Jolter*, or a memorable scene in *Roderick Random*, in which Roderick discovers his father after a long voyage. Roderick does not know his father upon their first meeting on the shore, but a strong sentiment stirs his heart, and the episode recalls the meeting of Telemachus and Ulysses in Book XXIV. Later in his career Smollett moved beyond such borrowings, directly addressing the social and political themes evident throughout *Télémaque* in his *Complete History of England*, in the *Continuation of the Complete History*, and in the *Briton*, *The History and Adventures of an Atom*, and *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*. Fénelon’s attack on luxury, his admonitions against corrupt ministers, imperial ambitions, and reckless warfare, and his praise for the enlightened ruler coincided closely with Smollett’s own views, no doubt helping to shape them.²⁶ In any event, *Télémaque*, given its continued popularity, had much to do with making such views part of the common currency of mid-eighteenth-century political discourse in England.

Praise of simplicity and rejection of luxury are major themes in *Télémaque*; Mentor frequently lectures on the weakening effects of an obsession with luxury on society and the state, and he admonishes rulers and ministers to lead lives of simplicity. Rulers who have indulged themselves in luxury and died miserably, as contrasted with people who have lived happily by denying themselves all but the necessities of life, provide vivid, if unrealistic, examples of failed values. Book XII, which relates Mentor’s transformation of the corrupt Salentum, crowns *Télémaque*’s praise of simplicity. No aspect of this society escapes Mentor’s notice: he exalts agriculture, restructures the social scale, devises schemes of clothing, designs simple houses, and draws up dietary laws; he regulates taxes, education, the arts, and consumption of wine. He rhapsodizes over the future of a kingdom stripped of superfluity, with a lazy, discontented people transformed into innocent agrarian families without “ambition, distrust, or deceit” (152).

Smollett’s worldly experience would have surely caused him to chuckle when Mentor’s rigorous plans succeed, but he would have appreciated the social perfection gained by the Salentines’ willing rejection of luxury. *Humphry Clinker*,

largely written after his translation of *Télémaque*, reveals this appreciation. Indeed, this novel, which brings to a culmination Smollett's two decades of attacks on luxury, directly recalls *Télémaque*.²⁷ Matthew Bramble is distinctively Mentor-like in his frequent animadversions on what he perceives as England's obsession with material excesses. In his letter of April 23 from Bath, Matt describes the architecture of the city as a "collection of absurdities," which "arise from the general tide of luxury which hath overspread the nation and swept away all, even the very dregs of the people."²⁸ Subsequently, in a letter of July 15, Matt reports upon Lismahago's notion that commerce "proves the ruin of every nation," that "sudden affluence," occasioned by trade, forces open "all the sluices of luxury," overflowing the land with "every species of profligacy and corruption."²⁹ Later, like Mentor in Salentum, Matt forsakes words for actions as he reforms the estate of his friend Baynard, who was nearly ruined by his spendthrift wife. Vested with full authority, Matt disbands the "legion of supernumerary domestics," sells off plate and furniture, reorders Baynard's financial affairs, and turns the garden from "pleasure-ground" into "corn-field and pasture."³⁰

ATTRIBUTION OF THE 1776 TRANSLATION TO SMOLLETT

The one piece of external evidence for attributing *Telemachus* to Smollett is a receipt for copyright signed by him:

Received, April 1, 1767, from Mr. Hamilton Seventy Pounds, in full for the Copy-Right of the Adventures of Telemachus translated from the French by me
Ts. Smollett³¹

After *Telemachus* was finally published in July 1776, what seems to be the only surviving notice appeared in the *Monthly Review* for January 1777. The four sentences by William Enfield and John Langhorne conclude: "This translation is, we think, at least, as correct and elegant as any which had before appeared, and does no discredit to the respectable name which is prefixed to it."³² Much later, in 1794, the *Biographical Magazine* unequivocally listed *Telemachus* among Smollett's translations: "it would be difficult to enumerate all his literary labours. He translated Gil Blas, the Devil on Two Sticks, and Telemachus."³³

However neglectful, contemporary readers and reviewers at least granted Smollett the courtesy of accepting the 1776 *Telemachus* as his work, among them Sir John Hawkins, who remarked in his *Life of Samuel Johnson, LLD* that Smollett "had a hand in 'The Universal History,' and translated Gil Blas and

Telemachus.”³⁴ No one actually expressed any doubt that he was the translator until 1796, when Robert Anderson’s “Life of Smollett” made the unsubstantiated claim that his name “appeared to a bookseller’s edition of *Telemachus*.”³⁵ The implication was that his famous name had been appropriated for commercial purposes and that he had not done the translation himself. In 1821, Sir Walter Scott, following Anderson, suggested that Smollett’s name was only “appended to a version of *Telemachus*.”³⁶ Smollett’s nineteenth-century biographers Thomas Roscoe, Robert Chambers, and David Herbert avoid mention of the title. David Hannay’s book-length biography (1887) also overlooks *Telemachus*, even though the attached bibliography, compiled by John P. Anderson of the British Museum, lists it under the category of Smollett’s translations.³⁷

Doubts over Smollett’s role in the translation continued into the twentieth century. Thomas Seccombe, following Anderson and Scott, both of whom he cites in the bibliography to his entry on Smollett in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (1898), states that the work was “issued in his name.” In 1928, Arnold Whitridge speculated that Smollett merely supervised the translation, although he provided no evidence.³⁸ Lewis M. Knapp, one of the leading Smollett scholars of his time, avoided discussing *Telemachus* in his biography of 1949, despite quoting the *Biographical Magazine* attribution.

In the previous year, however, Francesco Cordasco had enormously complicated the question of the attribution. Cordasco “corrected” L. F. Norwood’s 1947 bibliography of Smollett compiled for the *Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*; the bibliography included *Telemachus*, but Cordasco claimed that “A careful reading of the 1776 translation ascribed to Smollett demonstrates it is actually the translation of John Hawkesworth (1715?–73), whose translation appeared in London, 2v. 1768. For some reason (probably the wide renown of Smollett as a novelist of adventure) Hawkesworth’s translation was issued as Smollett’s.”³⁹ Cordasco’s claim was unfounded, for a “careful reading” proves that the two translations are different. Knapp appeared to have settled the issue in 1965 when he produced the signed receipt for the sale of the copyright. *Telemachus*, however, has continued to be overlooked by students of Smollett, or at best only very cautiously attributed to him.⁴⁰ Indeed, the plausible external evidence of the receipt notwithstanding, arguments are still being made that Smollett’s name merely prefaced the 1776 translation of *Télémaque*.⁴¹

Such doubt is perhaps understandable. In the eighteenth century, famous names were commonly used by unscrupulous booksellers to sell works written, translated, or compiled by others. It is therefore worth noting Smollett’s

protest against this practice in a letter to Richard Smith of 8 May 1763: "I am much mortified," he wrote, "to find it is believed in America that I have lent my name to Booksellers; that is a species of Prostitution of which I am altogether incapable."⁴² There is simply no reason to think that Archibald Hamilton, Smollett's friend and executor who paid him seventy pounds for the copyright to *Telemachus*, would have issued under Smollett's name a translation prepared by another.

Other arguments against the attribution of the translation to Smollett do not stand up under scrutiny. True, he never refers to *Telemachus* in any of his extant correspondence, but then neither does he refer to the *Atom* or *Humphry Clinker*. Besides, the slightly more than one hundred letters that have survived must be only a small fraction of those he wrote; had we more letters, we might have acknowledgments of all of these works. Smollett's bad health during the years when he is supposed to have translated *Télémaque* is no more convincing an argument against the attribution to him; the work to be completed would not have been especially difficult for an accomplished translator, who in any case probably followed the accepted practice of his day, easing his task by referring to previous versions. The mystery of why nine years elapsed between Smollett's sale of the copyright and the publication of his work is also easily explained. Shortly after Smollett signed the receipt for the copyright, John Hawkesworth's popular and highly praised version of *Télémaque* appeared. The market was already saturated with translations, and good business sense on the part of Hamilton delayed the appearance of Smollett's translation to a better time.

The receipt proves that Smollett sold the copyright to a translation of *Télémaque* in 1767. The style of the 1776 edition demonstrates that Smollett was indeed the translator. As the discussion of Smollett's method of translation and the notes to the text of *Telemachus* given below make clear, the translator has a knowledge of nautical and medical language, substituting it for Fénelon's layman vocabulary. He also renders the French into Latinate diction and generally intensifies the tone of the narrative by using strong, colorful language, both marks of Smollett's style. In addition, the translation features numerous Scotticisms and idiomatic phrases associated with Smollett. Further, and beyond its sentiments on luxury and pastoral life, *Telemachus* tells a story that Smollett, late in his life, perhaps recognized as his own. It is a tale of an impatient, headstrong, disinherited young man who journeys away from his homeland. He makes mistakes but learns from them, and he gradually grows patient and cautious, only then earning the crown for which he is destined.

Smollett, ill and in need of money, did not give his translation a final polish. Despite some rough passages alternating with elegant ones, the overall effect is charming, recalling lyrical passages in his earlier poems, novels, and translations. Smollett's reputation as a translator, and a multitalented author, will only be enhanced by having *The Adventures of Telemachus* firmly placed in his canon.

SMOLLETT'S TRANSLATION OF *TÉLÉMAQUE*

Carlos Fuentes bestowed handsome praise on Smollett's version of *Don Quixote*: "Sometimes translation is an act of homage; sometimes an *auto da fé*. On the few occasions when it really works it is almost always a serendipity; a clash between one great writer and another in which a foreign, a *strange* language becomes the authentic vernacular version."⁴³ Unfortunately, Smollett's version of *Télémaque* does not meet this same standard; it is Hawkesworth's 1768 translation that more than two centuries of readers have considered the finer.

This, however, is not to declare Smollett's *Telemachus* a failure. On the whole, it is complete, accurate, and graceful, revealing a lyricism unusual for Smollett. But lengthy passages of skillful translation alternate with clumsy passages, creating a shifting and inconsistent tone. Smollett, like other translators, used a technique he found helpful in his earlier translations: the reliance on predecessors for a borrowed word or phrase to lend assistance with difficult passages.⁴⁴ Worn out from continuing ill health, he may frequently have found it easier to follow French syntax than to recast Fénelon's sentences into good English prose. It is even possible, though it cannot be proven, that some of the unpolished passages may have originated with an agent who prepared the manuscript for publication after Smollett's death.

Smollett should by no means be considered an inept worker. Prior to the nineteenth century, translation was conducted in a near vacuum of theory and methods; its general goal was to reproduce the ideas and spirit of the original as faithfully as possible while avoiding both extremes of word-for-word mimicry and overfree adaptation.⁴⁵ Though admirable, these vague standards were undermined by the high marketability of translated books: "The utility of translation is universally felt," wrote Alexander Tytler Fraser in his *Essay on the Principles of Translation* (1795), and such work is therefore in "continuous demand. . . . But this very circumstance has thrown the practice into mean and mercenary hands."⁴⁶

Smollett's hands were neither mean nor mercenary, but he was a translator of his time in beliefs and methods, as his "Translator's Preface" to *Don Quixote*

reveals: “he has endeavoured,” he explains, “to retain the spirit and ideas, without servilely adhering to the literal expression from the original.” Yet it would be wrong to assume that such an attitude made Smollett careless about his translation; even his most commercial works reveal his attention to accuracy and neat expression. Smollett brought to his translation a ready knowledge of French, polished through earlier translations of such works as *Gil Blas*, *Devil upon Crutches*, and *Micromegas*. A comparison of the French and English versions reveals that in *Telemachus* Smollett introduced no extensive changes into Fénelon’s original story, even though as a Briton he would have disagreed with several of the ideas, particularly those regarding religious matters.

There are, it should be noted, departures in details. To cite a pair of typical examples, Smollett changes an oak tree into an ash tree, and, in describing the horse pictured on Telemachus’s shield, he has fire issuing from the animal’s nostrils rather than from his eyes. For the most part, however, Smollett followed his original doggedly. Nowhere is this better revealed than in his dutiful translation of one of Fénelon’s own violations of consistency in his narrative.⁴⁷

Although remaining close to the text of *Télémaque*, Smollett felt free to impose his own style upon the work. Among other changes he sometimes combined sentences or reversed sentence order, and he added modifiers and short phrases. He also inserted idiomatic words and phrases to invigorate the prose. The frequent doubling of adjectives and nouns is an almost certain signature of Smollett. An additional personal touch is the accurate use of nautical and medical terms in translating from Fénelon’s less technical vocabulary.

Smollett bestowed similar care in developing a conception of the original spirit of the work. His chief predecessors promoted their own visions of *Télémaque*, viewing it as a moral work, an adventure story, or as a text particularly well suited to teach the French language to English students; such views surely influenced their choice of language and style. Smollett, however, appears to have appreciated Fénelon’s work both for its own distinctive style and for its moral purpose. *Télémaque* was frequently criticized, even during the height of its popularity, as banal, effeminate, and monotonous. Smollett combatted these perceived weaknesses through compression and deliberate choice of strong, colorful words.

His methods of compression were subtle. He reduced sentences rather than eliminating them, frequently trimming them by altering their grammar. The following example shows how he transformed a noun into a verb: “Pendant que les princes étoient dans cette agitation” (250) became “While the princes were thus agitated” (197).⁴⁸ In another example, Smollett achieved compres-

sion by altering the subjunctive clause structure of Fénelon's French to an English subjunctive mood structure: "*Je souhaite* qu'un profond sommeil vous rende cette nuit courte" (48) became "*May* balmy sleep make this night seem short" (39).

Smollett's favorite strategy was the deliberate choice of a lively descriptive verb to energize the language of the narrative and avoid the monotony created by Fénelon's habitual use of *être* (to be) and *faire* (to make or to have). "Pendant que Mentor *faisoit* ce discours" (65) thus became "While Mentor *entertained* us with this discourse" (53). In another instance a colorful verb replaces a potentially ambiguous one: in Book VI, as a ship breaks apart in a storm, Fénelon uses a form of the verb *prendre* (to take, seize) to describe the act of picking up an ax to chop down a mast, but Smollett carefully avoids all ambiguity, deliberately projecting the excitement: "he [Mentor] *seized* a hatchet" (69). Calypso, mad with passion, curses Telemachus and Mentor for coming to her island, and Fénelon describes this scene as "*Ayant dit ces paroles . . .*" (101). Smollett's word choice better reflects her agitation: "Having thus vented her indignation" (80). In a particularly striking example, Fénelon's Mentor "*étoit insensible*" to Cupid's darts (105); in Smollett's version, he "bids defiance" to the dangerous imp (83).

However, certain changes create problems. In Book XV, for example, Philoctetes tells how the dying Hercules declared that his love for his friend was eternal: "Non, non, je ne cesserai point d'aimer Philoctete" (230). Later, Hercules's words are proven true when he speaks to Philoctetes from heaven, encouraging him to forget his bitterness against Ulysses and return with him to Troy. Smollett's addition contradicts the original meaning: "No, no," Hercules protests, "*while I live* I will never cease to love Philoctetes" (182).

Such lapses are rare. A more pervasive problem is Smollett's use of Latinate diction, which overwhelms Fénelon's simplicity. In Book VIII, for example, the impious Astarbe swallows poison: "Ceux qui la gardoient, aperçurent qu'elle souffroit une violente douleur, ils voulurent la secourir: mais elle ne voulut jamais leur répondre, & elle fit signe qu'elle ne vouloit aucun soulagement" (116). Smollett's rendering dulls the horror of Astarbe's refusal to ask for consolation as she dies in agony: "Those who attended her, perceived, that she suffered the most excruciating pains, and *signified their readiness* to give her what relief they could; she made them no answer, except by signs, *intimating, that she declined all assistance*" (93).

On occasion, Smollett's use of idiom does not familiarize the story so much as it startles: "the poppies . . . soothe with their charms the pangs of *carking*

care" (152). In other instances the syntax goes out of control, as when Mentor assures Telemachus of Antiope's love for him: "Have you taken notice, as I have that she appears seldomer, and is more since your return, than she used to be?" (275). Attempts at lyricism sometimes fail, as when Fénelon's "lumiére sombre" (288) is transformed to "gloomy gleam" (229). Occasionally, there is excessive alliteration: "his countenance faded like a fair flower defaced by the baleful breath of the ruthless Boreas" (261).

With the exception of the commercial *Select Essays*, Smollett had never attempted the translation of a text whose style was so completely contrary to his own. Despite occasional roughness, his efforts to re-create the beauty of Fénelon's language, so vital a part of the experience of reading *Télémaque*, are on the whole successful. The success reveals Smollett's affection for the work, which he obviously admired not only for its expression of important sentiments he held in common with it but also for its poetry.

COMPOSITION, PRINTING, AND RECEPTION

Just when Smollett prepared his translation of *Télémaque* can only be conjectured. Within two years of his return to England from the Continent in 1765, he sold the copyrights for the final volume of the *Continuation* and for the *Travels*. By the spring of 1767 the money he received must have been nearly gone, for he seems to have approached his friend Archibald Hamilton for some sort of work. Apparently the two agreed on a translation of *Télémaque*. The date of the sale of the copyright, 1 April 1767, indicates that Smollett completed the translation when he was critically ill. The high rate of payment—£70, or about £2 10s. a sheet, well above the usual half guinea to a guinea a sheet—suggests that Hamilton bought the work as a favor to Smollett, whom he had known at least since 1756.⁴⁹ Smollett may have given Hamilton the manuscript of *Telemachus* when he received the money, or the payment may have been an advance, as was the case with *Don Quixote*, for which he appears to have been paid as early as spring 1748, although the translation was not published until 25 February 1755.⁵⁰ Most likely he delivered the manuscript of *Telemachus* to Hamilton before he left England for the last time in autumn 1768.

It is impossible to determine exactly why publication was delayed. It seems likely, however, that the appearance of Hawkesworth's translation in 1768, the year after Smollett was paid for his copyright, was the cause for postponement. The decision finally to publish Smollett's translation in 1776 may have been intended to exploit the growing popularity of his novels and histories in the

decade after his death. Perhaps it was also a gesture by Hamilton and some of his friends to assist Anne Smollett, the author's widow, who was having financial difficulties.⁵¹

No records exist to indicate how many copies of the 1776 London edition of *Telemachus* were printed. The printing and paper resemble what may be found in other such works of the period, but missing are the maps, illustrations, and glossaries that usually embellished editions of *Telemachus*, suggesting that the booksellers were attempting to keep expenses down. Smollett's translation of *Télémaque* was also among the few published after 1717 that did not preface the narrative with Andrew Michael Ramsay's essay, "Discourse on Epic Poetry." Editions of Smollett's *Telemachus* were printed in Dublin in 1777 and 1793, and these, too, appeared without the additional materials found in other translations.

The posthumous publication of *Telemachus* caused little stir. After the original London edition was printed in 1776, there seem to have been no other editions until the first was reissued in 1786 with a cancel title page.⁵² Only one review is known to have appeared, the four-sentence notice in the January 1777 *Monthly Review* by William Enfield and John Langhorne, already mentioned. Enfield and Langhorne give scant attention to the work's well-known translator in their haste to praise the moral excellence of *Telemachus*, finally only recommending Smollett's work for being "as correct and elegant" as its predecessors.⁵³ The early neglect of Smollett's translation is understandable. The reading public had been well supplied with new English versions of Fénelon's enormously popular work since 1699, when Isaac Littlebury's partial translation introduced the adventures of Telemachus and Mentor in their search for Ulysses. Eight full translations of *Télémaque*, in both poetry and prose, preceded Smollett's.⁵⁴ Indeed, readers may have felt that there was some justice in the laconic remark by Enfield and Langhorne that "After the several English translations of it already published, it will perhaps be thought that another was unnecessary."

Although still read and studied in France, by the 1830s *Télémaque* was no longer popular in Great Britain, receiving only an occasional translation. Smollett's translation, one of many, did not survive as long as the popularity of Fénelon's original. Both deserved a better fate. Fénelon gives the modern reader insights into the ideals of eighteenth-century politics, ideals that many hoped would be achieved in the American and French Revolutions. And Smollett, in addition to providing a highly readable version of *Télémaque*, calls to the reader's attention some of the ideals that shaped his own political and social thought and, ultimately, his artistic vision.

Notes

1. *The Letters of Tobias Smollett*, ed. Lewis M. Knapp (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1970), 10 (hereafter cited as *Letters*).
2. Lewis Mansfield Knapp, *Tobias Smollett: Doctor of Men and Manners* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1949), 74.
3. See *Poems, Plays, and The Briton*, ed. Byron Gassman (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1993), 76–77, 78, 80. For *The Absent Man*, see Patricia Hernlund, “Three Bankruptcies in the London Book Trade, 1746–61: Rivington, Knapton, and Osborn,” in *Writers, Books, and Trade: An Eighteenth-Century English Miscellany for William B. Todd*, ed. O M Brack, Jr. (New York: AMS Press, 1994), 106–7.
4. To establish with certainty that Smollett prepared the translation for the 1750 edition of *The Devil upon Crutches* requires additional research. Like *Gil Blas*, this translation was printed by William Strahan for John Osborn (British Library Add. MS 48800, f. 63). Osborn advertised *The Devil upon Crutches* with *Gil Blas* in the *Whitehall Evening Post* for 1–3 February 1749/50 and in the *General Advertiser* for 1 February. It is known that Smollett corrected the translation for its second edition (1759). In the Bodleian Library, Oxford, may be found a receipt dated 5 January 1759, indicating that Andrew Millar paid Smollett seven and one-half guineas for correcting *The Devil upon Crutches*. For further discussion see Lewis M. Knapp, “Smollett and LeSage’s *The Devil Upon Crutches*,” *Modern Language Notes* 47 (1932): 91–93. See also Knapp, *Tobias Smollett*, 105.
5. See Smollett’s letter of 7 June 1748 to Alexander Carlyle in *Letters*, 8.
6. For *Select Essays*, see Smollett’s letter of 1 March 1754 to John Moore in *Letters*, 32. For *Micromegas*, see Louis L. Martz, *The Later Career of Tobias Smollett* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1942), 92, and Knapp, *Tobias Smollett*, 151. The small collection of 1752 that included *Micromegas* was noticed in the *Monthly Review* 7 (November 1752). The copy of the *Monthly* annotated by Ralph Griffiths, now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, includes the following note in the bottom margin of the first page of the review: “translated by Dr. Smollet” (376).
7. Knapp, *Tobias Smollett*, 152–53.
8. On 7 June 1748 Smollett wrote to Alexander Carlyle, “I have contracted with two Booksellers to translate Don Quixote from the Spanish Language, which I have studied some time. This perhaps you will look upon as a very Desperate Undertaking, there being no fewer than four Translations of the same Book already extant, but I am fairly engaged and cannot recede.” Then on 11 December 1754 he wrote to George Macaulay, “Nay, I am put to very great straits for present subsistence as I have done nothing all the last summer but worked upon Don Quixotte, for which I was paid five years ago.” See *Letters*, 8, 41.
9. *Letters*, 113.
10. Chau Le-Thanh, “Tobias Smollett and *The Works of Mr. de Voltaire*, London, 1761–1769” (Ph.D. diss., University of Chicago, 1967), 202–12, 373–78.

11. Knapp, *Tobias Smollett*, 234.
12. See *Poems, Plays, and The Briton*, 226–38.
13. *Letters*, 110.
14. See the plates following p. 269 in *The History and Adventures of an Atom*, ed. Robert Adams Day (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1990).
15. See Day, introduction to *Adventures of an Atom*, 1–li.
16. James Herbert Davis, Jr., *Fénelon* (Boston: Twayne, 1979), 108, reports that at least sixteen French editions appeared in 1699, and at least sixteen more appeared between 1700 and 1712. By 1830, French editions numbered at least 150, a “figure which does not take into account some eighty translations produced during that period.” Smollett’s English translation appears to be the ninth; at least seven more translations appeared by the end of the eighteenth century. Adaptations included those by William Cavendish, first duke of Devonshire, whose poem, “The Charms of Liberty” (1710), strongly praises Fénelon and *Télémaque*; by Charles Forman, whose translation of Book XIII of *Télémaque* (as *Protesilaus, or the Character of an Evil Minister*, 1730) begins with a lengthy preface that is a thinly veiled attack on Robert Walpole; and by George Stubbes, whose elaborate prose sequel, *A New Adventure of Telemachus* (1731), addresses religious problems that erupted in Salentum after Telemachus and Mentor had departed. An adaptation by John Hughes, *Telemachus: An Opera*, was published in 1712, and a second opera, Tomaso Traetta’s *Telemaco*, was translated into English in 1757. Both operas, and also George Graham’s *Telemachus, a Masque* (1763), dramatized the events on Calypso’s island. Lady Sophia Burrell’s *Telemachus* (1794) considered Calypso’s dilemma from a feminine perspective.
17. Antoine Adam, *Histoire de la littérature française au XVIII^e siècle*, 5 vols. (1949–56; reprint, Paris: Del Duca, 1962–68), 5:169.
18. *Oeuvres de Fénelon* (Paris, 1824), 17:3–128 passim.
19. Davis, *Fénelon*, 29.
20. Fénelon further described *Télémaque* in his *Mémoire* as “a little detached; it wants polishing.” See *Oeuvres de Fénelon*, 30:247.
21. See Albert Cherel, *Fénelon au XVIII^e Siècle en France* (1918; reprint, Geneva: Slatkine, 1970), 31–97.
22. Antoine Houdar de la Motte, *Reflexions sur la Critique* in *Oeuvres Complètes* (1715; reprint, Geneva: Slatkine, 1976), 297.
23. Charles-Louis de Secondat, baron de Montesquieu, *Pensées*, in *Oeuvres Complètes de Montesquieu* (Paris: Magel, 1950), 2:39.
24. François-Marie Arouet de Voltaire, *Siècle de Louis XIV* (1751; reprint, *Oeuvres Complètes de Voltaire*, Paris, 1785), 21:257.
25. J. Paul Hunter, *Occasional Form: Henry Fielding and the Chain of Circumstances* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1975), 139. See also 133–37, 182–84.
26. See *Poems, Plays, and The Briton*, 221–38, and *Adventures of an Atom*, xxxii–lvii.

27. See John Sekora, *Luxury: The Concept in Western Thought, Eden to Smollett* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1977), 215–90.
28. *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, ed. Thomas R. Preston (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1990), 36.
29. *Humphry Clinker*, 198.
30. *Humphry Clinker*, 326, 328.
31. Lewis M. Knapp, “Smollett’s Translation of Fénelon’s *Télémaque*,” *Philological Quarterly* 44 (1964): 406. The receipt is reproduced below, in the textual commentary, p. 356.
32. *Monthly Review* 56 (January 1777): 70.
33. Quoted by Knapp, *Tobias Smollett*, 104. It is uncertain why doubts about Smollett’s role as a translator of *Télémaque* arose. Interestingly, his responsibility for the translation of *Gil Blas* was also disputed, as claims surfaced that he had simply directed the work of others. These claims were challenged in 1801, when the Philadelphia *Portfolio* published Smollett’s letter to Richard Smith of 8 May 1763, in which, among the items in a “genuine List of my Productions,” he includes “A translation of *Gil Blas*” (see *Letters*, 113). But even so, doubts continued to persist about *Gil Blas* for years. Henry Malkin, for example, in the separately published “Advertisement” for his own 1809 translation of the work, smugly contrasted its “more easy and spirited transcript” with the translation “published under the name of Smollett.” Smollett’s *Gil Blas* survived such doubts, and numerous editions in the nineteenth century bore his name. In a nice touch of irony, the title pages of some editions of Malkin’s translation attribute the work to Smollett.
34. Sir John Hawkins, *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LLD*, 2d ed. (London, 1787), 215.
35. Robert Anderson, “The Life of Tobias Smollett,” *Miscellaneous Works of Tobias Smollett, M.D.* (Edinburgh, 1796), xix.
36. Sir Walter Scott, “Prefatory Memoir of the Life and Writings of Smollett,” *Works of Tobias Smollett* (1821; reprint, New York: George Routledge and Sons, n.d.), 22.
37. David Hannay, *Life of Smollett* (London: Walter Scott, 1887), vi.
38. Arnold Whitridge, *Tobias Smollett: A Study of His Miscellaneous Works* (1925; reprint, Ann Arbor: University Microfilms, 1977), 16.
39. Francesco Cordasco, “Smollett and the Translation of Fénelon’s *Télémaque*,” *Notes and Queries* 193 (1948): 563. Cordasco’s conclusions are proven erroneous by Leslie A. Chilton in “Smollett vs. Hawkesworth: The Trouble with *Telemachus*,” *American Notes and Queries*, 7 (1994): 137–40.
40. See Paul-Gabriel Boucé, *The Novels of Tobias Smollett*, trans. Antonia White (New York: Longman, 1976), 353.
41. Alain Lautel has attempted to revive the controversy in “The 1776 *Télémaque* in English: Smollett’s Posthumous Hoax?” *Notes and Queries*, n.s., 37 (1990): 312–14. But see the response by Leslie A. Chilton, “No Posthumous Hoax: Smollett’s *Telemachus*,” *Notes and Queries*, n.s., 39 (1992): 64–66.
42. *Letters*, 113.

43. Carlos Fuentes, foreword to *The Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha* (New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1986), xiii.
44. See Lautel, "The 1776 *Télémaque*," 313, and Carmine Rocco Linsalata, *Smollett's Hoax: Don Quixote in English*, Stanford University Publications, University Series, Language and Literature 16 (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1956). Lautel and especially Linsalata exemplify the way in which the common eighteenth-century practice of borrowing from "ponies," or earlier translations, has been widely misunderstood.
45. See T. R. Steiner, *English Translation Theory 1650–1800* (Amsterdam: Van Gorcum, 1975).
46. Alexander Tytler Fraser, Lord Woodhouselee, *Essay on the Principles of Translation* (1795; reprint, Amsterdam: John Benjamins, 1978), 7–8.
47. See below, p. 118, where Messapium, after no previous mention, suddenly appears as one of the allies.
48. Quotations in French are from the 1756 London edition of the original *Télémaque* published by Chez Nourse & Vaillant (see above, the preface to the volume, p. xiv); quotations in English are from the present edition of Smollett's translation. For purposes of clarity, emphasis has sometimes been added by the editor to both French and English quotations.
49. Smollett probably met Hamilton in William Strahan's printing house. By 1756 Hamilton had left Strahan to set up on his own, and he printed Smollett's *Complete History*. Hamilton also printed the *Critical Review* and the *British Magazine*. See James G. Basker, *Tobias Smollett: Critic and Journalist* (Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1988), 33, 188–89, and Hernlund, "Three Bankruptcies," 88–89. Smollett needed seventy pounds and Hamilton saw that he received it. In order to avoid placing his friend in his debt, Hamilton may have suggested the translation of *Télémaque*. The fact that Smollett received more than double the rate usually paid for a sheet of translation suggests that Hamilton's motive was kindness rather than business; after all, there was really no need for another translation of *Télémaque*.
50. See above, n. 8.
51. Lewis M. Knapp, "Ann Smollett, Wife of Tobias Smollett," *PMLA* 45 (1930): 1035–49.
52. See below, the textual commentary, pp. 357–61. Knapp's bibliography of Smollett in the *New Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature* lists London editions in 1787 and 1792. No editions of Smollett's translation bearing these dates appear in the *Eighteenth-Century Short Title Catalogue* as of 10 May 1993.
53. *Monthly Review* 56 (January 1777): 70.
54. Prose translations: Isaac Littlebury, partial translation 1699, completed 1700/01, corrected by Abel Boyer 1725; John Ozell, 1718, revised 1719; Pierre Desmaiseaux, 1742; John Kelly, 1742; John Hawkesworth, 1768. Verse translations: Gibbons Bagnall, 1740; Percival Proctor, 1774; Marc Antony Meilan, 1776.

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The Adventures of
Telemachus,
the Son of Ulysses

VOLUME ONE

The Sophocles

T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
TELEMACHUS,
T H E
S O N O F U L Y S S E S.

Translated from the FRENCH of
Messire FRANÇOIS SALIGNAC de la MOTHE-
FENELON, Archbishop of CAMBRAY.

B Y
T. S M O L L E T T, M. D.

V O L. I.

911.
L O N D O N

Printed for S. CROWDER, T. LONGMAN, G. ROBINSON,
R. BALDWIN, and E. JOHNSTON.

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BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, conducted by Minerva under the figure of Mentor, after being shipwrecked, gets ashore in the island of the goddess Calypso, who still lamented the departure of Ulysses. The goddess gives him a favourable reception, becomes enamoured of him, offers him immortality, and desires to know his adventures. He entertains her with a relation of his voyage to Pylos and Lacedæmon; his shipwreck on the coast of Sicily; the risque he ran of being sacrificed to the manes¹ of Anchises; the assistance which Mentor gave Acestes during an incursion of the barbarians; and the king's gratitude for that service, in bestowing upon them a Tyrian ship to return to their country.

Calypso remained inconsolable for the departure of Ulysses. Thus afflicted, she found herself miserable in being immortal. Her grotto no longer resounded with her songs. Her attendant nymphs were afraid to speak to her: she often walked solitary upon the flowery turf, which a perpetual spring had diffused around her island. But these charming retreats, far from asswaging her grief, served only to recall the melancholy remembrance of Ulysses, by whom she had been so often accompanied. Frequently did she stand motionless on the beach of the sea, which she watered with her tears, and her face was always turned towards that quarter, where the ship of Ulysses, ploughing the waves, had disappeared from her eyes. All of a sudden she perceived the wreck of a vessel, which had just perished; the banks of rowers broke in pieces, the oars scattered here and there upon the sand, together with the rudder, mast, and cordage floating along the beach. Then she descried two men at a distance, one of them seemingly in years; the other, though a youth, bore a strong resemblance to Ulysses. He had all his sweetness of countenance, mingled with his lofty look, together with his majestic make and portly demeanour. The goddess immediately discovered that it was Telemachus, the son of that hero; but though the gods far surpass mankind in knowledge, she could not recognise that venerable man by whom Telemachus was accompanied. For the superior gods conceal whatever they please from the inferior deities; and Minerva, who accompanied Telemachus in the form of Mentor, was resolved to remain unknown to Calypso. Mean while this goddess rejoiced at the shipwreck which had thrown on her isle the son of Ulysses so much the image of

his father. Advancing towards him without pretending to know who he was, "Whence," said she, "proceeds this rashness, of landing on my island? Know, young stranger, that no person enters my empire with impunity." Under these threatening words she endeavoured to conceal the joy of her heart, which, in spite of all her efforts, sparkled in her eyes.² Telemachus thus replied, "O you, whosoever you are, mortal, or goddess, though by your appearance you can be no other than a divinity, will you not sympathize with the misfortune of a son, who, in quest of his father, tossed at the mercy of the winds and waves, has seen his vessel wrecked upon your rocks?" "Who is that father you are in quest of?" resumed the goddess. "His name is Ulysses," said Telemachus; "one of those kings who, after a ten years siege, have laid the famous city of Troy in ashes. His name was celebrated all over Greece and Asia for his valour in battle, but still more for his wisdom in council. At present roving through the whole extent of ocean, exposed to the most dreadful perils, his country seems to fly before him. His wife Penelope, and I, who am his son, have lost all hope of seeing him again. I undergo the same dangers in order to learn where he is: But what do I say! perhaps he is now buried in the profound abyss. Have pity on our misfortunes, O goddess! and if you know what the destinies have accomplished, either to save or destroy Ulysses, vouchsafe to make his son Telemachus acquainted with his fate."³

Calypso astonished, and affected by so much wisdom and eloquence in such early youth, surveyed him in silence, as if her eyes could never be satisfied. At length, "Telemachus," said she, "we will inform you of what has happened to your father; but the story is long, and it is time for you to refresh yourself after all your fatigues: come to my habitation, where I will receive you as my own son: come, and be a comfort to me in this solitude. I will crown you with happiness, provided you are wise enough to enjoy your good fortune."

Telemachus followed the goddess, who was surrounded by a bevy of young nymphs, among whom she towered the tallest by the head, as a lofty forest-oak uprears his thick boughs above all the other trees that surround him. He admired the splendor of her beauty, the rich purple dye of her long and flowing robe, her hair that was tied behind with the most graceful negligence, the fire that sparkled in her eyes, and the sweetness of look that tempered their vivacity. Mentor, with down-cast eyes, followed Telemachus in modest silence. When they arrived at the entrance of Calypso's grotto, Telemachus was astonished to see such a profusion of all that could delight the view, mingled with the appearance of rural simplicity. True it is, here was neither gold nor silver, neither marble columns, pictures, nor statues: but the grotto was scooped out

of the rock in arcades abounding with pebbles and shell-work; and it was lined with a young luxuriant vine, extending its pliant branches equally on every side. The balmy zephyrs here preserved a most delicious coolness, in spite of the sun's heat. Fountains, sweetly murmuring as they ran along the meadows, adorned with amaranths and violets, formed in different parts delightful baths, as pure and transparent as crystal. A thousand springing flowers enamelled the green carpet with which the grotto was surrounded. And here was seen a wood of those trees that bear the golden apple, which flower in every season, and diffuse the sweetest of all perfumes. This wood that seemed to crown those charming meads, produced a shade which the sun's rays could not penetrate. There nothing was ever heard but the song of birds, or the sound of a rivulet, which gushing from a rock on high, and boiling and foaming as it fell, escaped across the adjacent meadow.

The grotto of the goddess was situated upon the declivity of a little hill, from whence there was a prospect of the sea, sometimes clear and smooth as glass, sometimes as madly raging, dashing itself against the rocks with furious din, and spouting its billows mountain high. On the other side was the view of a river that formed a number of islands, bordered with flowering limes, and tall poplars that raised their lofty heads even to the clouds. The different streams by which the islands were formed, seemed to sport along the field; one rolling its crystal waves with rapidity, a second gliding with a gentle sleepy course; while others in long meanders returned as if they meant to revisit their source, and seemed incapable of leaving those enchanted scenes. At a distance appeared a number of hills and mountains, which seemed to lose themselves among the clouds, and whose fantastic figures formed an agreeable horizon to delight the view. The neighbouring mountains were covered with verdant vines hanging in festoons, and so loaded with fruit, that their leaves could not conceal the ripe clusters, more beautiful than the finest purple. The country was covered with all kind of trees, the fig, the olive, and the pomegranate; so that it looked like one extensive garden.

Calypso having shewn these natural beauties to Telemachus, "Repose yourself," said she; "your garments are wet, and it is necessary they should be changed: when you are refreshed we will visit you again, and tell you such things as will not fail to touch your tender heart." So saying, she introduced him and Mentor to the most remote and secret part of a grotto not far from her own habitation. There the nymphs had taken care to light a blazing fire of cedar, which diffused an agreeable odour all around, and left fresh garments for the new guests. Telemachus perceiving what was intended for him, to be a

tunique of the finest wool, more white than drifted snow, and a purple robe embroidered with gold, surveyed this magnificence with those emotions of pleasure so natural to the mind of youth.

Mentor accosting him in a grave and solemn tone, "Are these then, O Telemachus! the thoughts which ought to possess the heart of the son of Ulysses? Rather revolve⁴ the means of supporting your father's reputation, and of surmounting that adverse fortune by which you are persecuted. A young man who delights in gaudy ornaments like a weak woman, is unworthy of wisdom and of glory. Glory is the portion of that heart alone which can endure affliction, and spurn at pleasure with disdain." Telemachus sighing replied, "May the gods condemn me to perish, rather than suffer effeminate⁵ pleasure to take possession of my heart. No, no; the son of Ulysses shall never be vanquished by the charms of a base effeminate life. But by what favour of heaven have we found after our shipwreck this goddess, or mortal, who thus loads us with benefits?" "You have more reason to be afraid," replied Mentor, "of her overwhelming you with misfortunes; you have more reason to dread her deceitful caresses than those rocks and shallows on which our vessel was wrecked. Shipwreck and death are less fatal than those pleasures that attack virtue. Beware of believing what she is going to relate. Youth is presumptuous and self-sufficient in all things. Tho' frail, it believes itself all-powerful, and thinks it has nothing to fear. Its confidence is built upon the slightest grounds, and without any precaution. Take care how you listen to the soft and flattering speeches of Calypso, which will glide like a serpent under flowers. Dread that concealed poison; be diffident of yourself, and never take any resolution without first waiting for my advice."⁶ Then returning to Calypso, who expected them, the nymphs, clad in white, with their plaited tresses, immediately served up a repast, which, though simple, was exquisite both for the taste and dressing. Here appeared no other viands than the birds they had taken in their snares, or the wild beasts they had pierced with their arrows at the chace: a wine more delicious than nectar was poured from large silver flaggons into cups of gold adorned with flowers. Baskets were brought loaded with all the fruits that spring had promised and autumn spread upon the face of the earth. At the same time, four young nymphs began to tune their voices; and first they sung the Battles of the Gods against the Giants;⁷ then the Amours of Jupiter and Semele;⁸ the Birth of Bacchus,⁹ and his Education conducted by old Silenus;¹⁰ the Race of Atalanta and Hippomanes, who came off conqueror by means of the golden apples gathered in the garden of Hesperides.¹¹ At length the War of Troy was likewise sung, and the valour and wisdom of Ulysses extolled to the skies. The chief of the nymphs, who was called Leucothoe, accompanied with

her lyre the charming voices of all the rest. When Telemachus heard his father's name mentioned, the tears ran down his cheeks, and added fresh lustre to his beauty. But Calypso perceiving that he could no longer eat, and was much affected, made a sign to the nymphs. At that instant they began to sing the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ,¹² and the Descent of Orpheus into Hell to fetch from thence Eurydice.¹³

After the repast the goddess taking Telemachus aside, addressed him to this effect: "You see, O son of the great Ulysses, the favourable reception you meet with at my hands. I am immortal. No man can enter this island without being punished for his rashness; and even the circumstance of your shipwreck should not screen you from my resentment, if I did not love you. Your father had the same good fortune; but, alas! he was not wise enough to enjoy it. I kept him a long time in this island, and it was in his option to live with me in a state of immortality: but a blind passion for returning to his miserable country, impelled him to renounce all these advantages. You see what he has lost for Ithaca, which he never more beheld. Obstinate¹⁴ bent upon leaving me, he departed, and I was revenged by means of a storm. His vessel, after having been long the sport of the winds, was buried in the waves. I advise you to profit by such a melancholy example. After his shipwreck you have nothing more to hope, neither to see him again, nor to reign his successor in the island of Ithaca: console yourself for the loss of him, since you here find a divinity ready to make you happy, with a kingdom in your reach." The goddess added much more, to shew how happy Ulysses had been while he stayed with her: she recounted his adventures in the cave of the cyclops Polyphemos, and at the court of Antiphates king of the Lestrigons; nor did she forget what befel him in the island of Circe, the daughter of the Sun, and the dangers to which he was exposed in his passage between Scylla and Charybdis. She described the last tempest which Neptune had raised against him, when he departed from her habitation. Her design was to make him believe, that his father had perished in the storm, for she suppressed his arrival in the island of the Pheacians. Telemachus, who had at first abandoned himself too suddenly to the joy of being so kindly treated by Calypso, at length perceived her artifice, and became sensible of the wisdom of that advice which he had just received from Mentor. He answered in a few words, "O goddess! forgive my grief, which now I cannot help indulging; perhaps, I shall hereafter be more able to enjoy the good fortune which you offer: allow me at present to lament my father; you know better than I how much he deserved to be lamented!"

Calypso durst not at first press him farther upon the subject. She even pretended to sympathise with his sorrow, and to be affected with the fate of Ulys-

ses: but that she might the better understand the springs that moved the young man's heart, she asked in what manner he had suffered shipwreck, and by what adventure he was thrown upon that coast. "The recital of my misfortunes," said he, "would be tedious." "By no means," she replied; "I am impatient to know them, make haste and favour me with the relation." In fine, she pressed him so much, that he could no longer resist her importunity, and spoke to this effect: "I set sail from Ithaca, to learn tidings of my father, from the other kings that were returned from the siege of Troy. My mother Penelope's lovers were surprised at my departure, which I had carefully concealed from them, because I was well aware of their treachery. Neither Nestor, whom I visited at Pylos, nor Menelaus, who received me kindly at Lacedæmon, could inform me whether or no my father was still alive. Tired of living always in suspense and uncertainty, I resolved to go to Sicily, where I was told my father had been thrown by contrary winds. But the sage Mentor, whom you see here present, opposed that rash design. He represented on one side the Cyclops, those monstrous giants, who feed on human flesh; on the other, the fleet of Æneas and the Trojans, which was cruising on that coast. 'Those Trojans,' said he, 'are exasperated against all the Greeks: but they would have peculiar pleasure in shedding the blood of the son of Ulysses. Return to Ithaca': added he, 'perhaps, your father, favoured by the gods, will be there as soon as you: but if the destinies have decreed that he should perish, if he is never more to see his native country, at least you must go thither to revenge him, to deliver your mother, display your wisdom to the nations, and let all Greece behold in you a king as worthy to reign as ever was Ulysses himself.' This was a salutary remonstrance,¹⁵ but I was not wise enough to profit by it: I gave ear to nothing but my passion. The sage Mentor carried his affection for me so far as to attend me in a rash voyage which I undertook against his advice; and the gods allowed me to commit one fault, which was to serve as a lesson to correct my presumption." While Telemachus delivered himself in these terms, Calypso surveyed Mentor with an eager look:¹⁶ she was astonished at his appearance, under which, she thought, she perceived something more than human; but as she could not unravel the confusion of her thoughts, she was filled with fear and suspicion, at sight of this person unknown: then apprehensive that her perturbation would be observed, she said to Telemachus, "Proceed and satisfy my curiosity." Telemachus thus resumed the thread of his narration. "For some time we had a favourable wind for Sicily, but at last a gloomy tempest shrouded the face of heaven, and we were wrapped in the profoundest darkness. By the flashes of the lightning, however, we perceived a number of other ships exposed to the same danger, and soon discovered them to be the fleet of

Æneas, which were no less dreadful to us than the rocks themselves. Then I discerned, tho' too late, that which the ardour of my imprudent youth had hindered me from considering with due attention. In this emergency, Mentor appeared not only firm and intrepid, but even more gay than usual. It was he who encouraged me, and I perceived he inspired me with invincible fortitude. He gave all the directions with ease and tranquillity, while the pilot was under the most violent perturbation. It was then I said to him, 'Dear Mentor, why did I refuse to follow your advice? How wretched am I in having obstinately trusted to my own judgment, at an age which has neither foresight for what is to happen, nor experience of what is past, nor moderation to conduct the present? O if ever we escape this storm, I shall distrust myself as the most dangerous enemy; and in you, Mentor, I shall always confide.' Mentor replied with a smile, 'I have no intention to reproach you with the fault you have committed; it is enough that you perceive it, and that it will serve to make you more temperate another time. But perhaps when danger is past, your presumption will return. Mean while we must support ourselves by our courage: we ought to foresee and be apprehensive of danger before we expose ourselves to it; but once we are engaged, nothing is to be done but to face it with contempt. Approve therefore yourself a son worthy of Ulysses, and shew that you have a heart still superior to the evils that assail you.' I was charmed with the courage and affability of the sage Mentor; but still more surprised to see with what address he delivered us from the Trojans. At that very moment when the skies began to clear, and the Trojans, having now a nearer view, would not have failed to discover us, he observed one of their vessels not unlike our own, which the storm had separated from the rest, having her poop garnished with flowers. He forthwith prepared garlands of the same flowers, which he fastened on our poop with fillets¹⁷ of the same colour as those used by the Trojans. He ordered all our rowers to stoop as much as possible along their banks, that they might not be known by the enemy. In this manner we passed thro' the middle of their fleet, while they shouted with joy, as at sight of one of her consorts which they had given up for lost. We were even compelled by the violence of the sea, to keep them company for some length of time; at last we dropt astern,¹⁸ and while they were driven by the impetuosity of the wind towards Afric, we exerted all our endeavours to reach, by dint of rowing, the neighbouring coast of Sicily. There indeed we arrived, but what we had so eagerly sought to find, was not less fatal to us than the fleet which we had strove to avoid. We found on this part of the coast another nest of Trojans, enemies to the Greeks, governed by old Acestes, who came from Troy. Scarce had we reached the shore, when the inhabitants, believing we were either people of

another nation of the island, who had taken arms to surprise them, or strangers come to invade their territories, burnt our vessel in the first transports of that apprehension, butchered all our companions, and only preserved Mentor and me to be presented to Acestes, that he might learn from our own mouths¹⁹ whence we came, and what were our designs. We entered the city, with our hands tied behind our backs; and our death was only delayed, in order to furnish out a spectacle for a barbarous people, as soon as ever it should be known that we were of the Greek nation. We were immediately presented to Acestes, who, with a golden sceptre in his hand, was administering justice to his people, and preparing for a great sacrifice. He asked with a severe accent what country we were of, and what was the occasion of our voyage. Mentor instantly replied, saying, 'We come from the coast of the great Hesperia, and our country is far from thence.' Thus he avoided discovering that we were Greeks. But Acestes, without hearing more, taking it for granted that we were strangers who concealed their true design, ordered us to be sent to a neighbouring forest, to serve as slaves under those who tended his flocks. Such a condition appearing to me more wretched than death, I exclaimed: 'O king, let us rather die, than treat us with such indignity: know that I am Telemachus son of the sage Ulysses king of Ithaca: I am in quest of my father thro' the whole extent of seas; and as I can neither find him, nor return to my native country, nor avoid slavery, I beg to be deprived of life, which I cannot support.' Scarce had I pronounced these words, when all the people cried with the utmost emotion: 'Perish the son of that cruel Ulysses, whose arts have overthrown the city of Troy!' 'Son of Ulysses,' said Acestes, 'I cannot refuse your blood to the manes of so many Trojans whom your father hath sent untimely to the banks of the black Cocytus: you and your conductor shall die.' At that instant an old man of the multitude proposed to the king, that we should be sacrificed upon the tomb of Anchises. 'Their blood,' said he, 'will be agreeable to the shade²⁰ of that hero: Æneas himself, when he shall hear of the sacrifice, will be pleased to find that you pay such respect to that which he held most dear in life.' This proposal met with universal applause; and nothing now was thought of but the sacrifice. Already we were conducted to the tomb of Anchises, where they had raised two altars, on which the sacred fire was kindled: the sword that was to shed our blood already glanced before our eyes; we were crowned with garlands of flowers; and no compassion could avail to save our lives: our fate seemed fixed, when Mentor with great tranquillity demanded an audience of the king, and addressed him in these words: 'O Acestes, if the misfortunes of young Telemachus, who never carried arms against the Trojans, cannot excite your compassion,²¹ at least have some regard to your own interest. By the skill which I have

acquired in presages, and in foreseeing the will of heaven, I am enabled to foretell, that before three days shall be elapsed, you will be attacked by barbarous nations, rushing like a torrent from the tops of the mountains, to deluge your city, and lay your whole dominions waste. Make haste then to prevent them: put your people under arms, and lose not a moment to secure within your walls the numerous flocks that you have in the open country. If my prediction prove false, you will be at liberty to sacrifice us in three days; if, on the contrary, it be verified, remember you ought not to deprive of life those to whom you owe your own existence.' Acestes was astonished at these words, which Mentor pronounced with such an air of confidence as he had never observed in any other man. 'I plainly perceive, O stranger,' replied he, 'that the gods, by whom you are so indifferently provided with the gifts of fortune, have in recompence granted you that wisdom which is more valuable than all the wealth of prosperity.' At the same time he delayed the sacrifice, and diligently issued out the necessary orders to prevent the threatened attack.²² Nothing was now seen on every side, but trembling women, decrepid old men, and little children all in tears, hurrying into the city: the lowing oxen and bleating sheep, in numerous herds and flocks, quitting the rich pastures, without finding stalls sufficient to put them under cover. On every side was heard the confused noise of people crowding together, without being able to hear distinctly what each other said, who, in the midst of their perturbation, took any unknown stranger for their friend, and ran along without knowing whither they were going. But the principal inhabitants of the city, believing themselves wiser than the rest, looked upon Mentor as an impostor, who had uttered a false prediction to save his own life. Before the close of the third day, while they amused themselves with these reflections, a cloud of dust was perceived upon the declivity of the neighbouring mountains; then appeared a vast multitude of armed barbarians: those were the Hymerians, a savage race, together with the nations which inhabit the mountains of Nebrodes, and dwell upon the summit of Agragas, where reigns an eternal winter, which the zephyrs have never softened nor subdued.²³ Those who despised the prediction lost their slaves and flocks. As for the king, addressing himself to Mentor, 'I forget that you are Greeks,' said he; 'our enemies are now become our faithful friends: the gods have sent you hither to save us from destruction: I expect no less from your valour than the wisdom of your advice; make haste and fly to our assistance.' Mentor's eyes sparkled with such vivacity of courage as confounds the boldest warriors. He seizes a buckler, helmet, sword, and lance: he arranges the soldiers of Acestes, and marching at their head, advances in good order against the enemy. Acestes, tho' full of courage, could not in his old age

keep pace with them, but followed at a distance; for my part, I kept closer to him, but could not equal him in valour: in the fight his cuirass²⁴ shone like the immortal ægis.²⁵ Death stalked from rank to rank wherever he directed his blows. Like a Numidian lion impelled by savage hunger, who rushes amidst a flock of feeble sheep, he tears, he slays, he swims in blood; and the shepherds, far from assisting their flock, fly trembling to escape his fury. Those barbarians who hoped to surprise the city, were themselves surprised and utterly disconcerted. The subjects of Acestes, animated by the voice and example of Mentor, exerted a vigour of which they thought themselves incapable. I overthrew with my lance the son of the king who reigned over that hostile nation: he was about my own age but taller than me; for, those people were descended from a race of giants who had the same origin as the Cyclops. He despised an enemy who appeared so weak; but without being confounded by his prodigious strength, or his fierce and brutal air, I thrust my lance into his breast, and made him vomit up his soul in sable torrents of blood. He had like to have crushed me in his fall: the sound of his arms echoed from the mountains: I seized his spoils and returned to Acestes. Mentor having completed the disorder of the enemy, cut in pieces a great number, and drove the fugitives into the forest. In consequence of such unexpected success, Mentor was looked upon as a man favoured and inspired by heaven. Acestes, moved by the warmest sentiments of gratitude, communicated the apprehensions he had on our account, should the fleet of Æneas return to Sicily. He therefore supplied us with a ship, that we might return without delay to our own country, loaded us with presents, and pressed us to depart, in order to prevent all the misfortunes which he foresaw from our stay: but he would not give us either a pilot or rowers of his own nation, lest they should be too much exposed upon the coasts of Greece. He manned us however with a crew of Phœnicians, who, as they carried on an open trade with all the world, had nothing to fear; and they were to bring back the ship to Acestes, after having landed us safe in Ithaca. But the gods, who make sport of human designs, reserved us for other dangers."

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus recounts the manner in which he was taken in the Tyrian vessel, by the fleet of Sesostris, and carried captive into Egypt. He describes the beauty of that country, and the wisdom of the king's administration. He proceeds to tell how Mentor was sent as a slave into Æthiopia: that he himself was reduced to the condition of a shepherd in the desert of Oasis: that Termosyris priest of Apollo consoled him in his distress by teaching him to imitate the example of Apollo, who had been formerly a shepherd under king Admetus; that Sesostris had at last been informed of all the wonders he had wrought among the shepherds; that, convinced of his innocence, he had recalled him to his court, and promised to send him safe to Ithaca: but the death of this king involved him in fresh disasters; that he was imprisoned in a tower upon the sea-shore, from whence he beheld the new king Bocchoris lose his life in a battle against his own subjects, who had rebelled, and were assisted by the Tyrians.

The Tyrians by their pride, had attracted the resentment of king Sesostris,¹ who reigned in Egypt and subdued so many realms. The wealth they had acquired by commerce, and the strength of the impregnable city of Tyre, which was built in the sea, had inflated the hearts of those people: they refused to pay the tribute which Sesostris imposed upon them in his return from his conquests; and they furnished troops to his brother, who had formed a design to assassinate him at his arrival in the midst of the rejoicings of a great festival. Sesostris, in order to abase their pride, had resolved to interrupt their commerce in all the different seas. His ships of war cruised every where in quest of the Phœnicians.² An Egyptian fleet fell in with us, just as we began to lose sight of the mountains of Sicily. The harbour and the land seemed to fly behind us, and lose themselves in the clouds, when we descried the Egyptian navy approaching like a floating city. The Phœnicians soon discovered what they were, and endeavoured to bear away; but it was too late. Their tackle was better than ours; the wind favoured them, and their rowers were more numerous. They boarded, took, and carried us prisoners into Ægypt. In vain did I represent to them that we were not Phœnicians; scarce would they deign to hear me; they looked upon us as slaves, of whom the Phœnicians make a traffic, and thought of nothing but the profit that such a prize would

produce. Already we observed the white colour of the sea occasioned by a mixture of the waters of the Nile, and discerned the coast of Ægypt almost on a level with the ocean. We afterwards arrived at the island of Pharos in the neighbourhood of the city of No, from whence we sailed up the Nile as far as Memphis.

“If the grief arising from our captivity had not rendered us insensible to every species of pleasure, we should have been delighted with the view of this fertile country of Ægypt, which resembled a delicious garden watered with an infinite number of canals. We could not cast our eyes on either bank, without perceiving opulent cities, country-houses agreeably situated, lands that were every year covered with golden harvest without ever lying fallow, rich pastures filled with flocks, peasants loaded with the fruits which the earth discharged from her bosom, and shepherds who made all the neighbouring ecchoes resound with the agreeable notes of their flutes and pastoral pipes.’ ‘Happy,’ said Mentor, ‘are the people governed by a sage monarch! They live happy in the midst of abundance, and love their prince from whom their happiness is derived. It is thus,’ added he, ‘O Telemachus, that you must reign, and make your people rejoice, if ever the gods grant you possession of your father’s kingdom: love your subjects as your own children, enjoy the pleasure of being beloved by them; and behave in such a manner that they shall never be sensible either of peace or happiness without remembering that it is their good king to whom they owe these rich presents. Those kings whose sole endeavour is to excite the fear of their subjects, that in being depressed they may become more submissive, are in effect the plagues of the human race: feared they are as they desire to be, but at the same time they are hated, detested, and have still more cause to dread their subjects, than their subjects have to be afraid of them.’ I replied to Mentor, ‘Alas! the business now is not to think of maxims by which we ought to reign. With respect to us Ithaca is now no more: never more shall we behold our country or Penelope; even should Ulysses return to his kingdom full of glory, he never will enjoy the pleasure of seeing me, nor I that of learning to govern, by practising obedience to his commands. Let us die, dear Mentor, we have nothing else to think of: let us die, since the gods have no pity on our misfortunes.’ While I thus spoke, my words were interrupted with profound sighs: but Mentor, who dreaded misfortunes before they befell him, no longer feared them when they actually happened. ‘Unworthy son of the sage Ulysses!’ cried he, ‘What! allow yourself to be overcome by this disaster! No, young man,⁴ you will one day return to Ithaca and see your mother Penelope. You will even see, in his pristine glory, him whom you never knew; the invincible Ulysses, whom adverse fortune never could depress, and whose disasters, still greater

than yours, ought to teach you never to despair. O! if it was possible for him to learn, in those remote countries to which he has been driven by the storm, that his son is incapable to imitate either his patience or his courage, these tidings would overwhelm him with shame, and afflict him more severely than all the misfortunes he had suffered so long.'

"Mentor afterwards made me remark the joy and abundance that overspread the whole country of Ægypt, in which he reckoned no less than two and twenty thousand cities. He admired the wise police⁵ of those cities, the justice exercised in favour of the poor against the rich, the proper education of the children, who were accustomed to obedience, to labour, and sobriety, to the love of arts and literature; the precision with which all the ceremonies of religion were performed; the disinterestedness, the love of honour, the honesty in their dealings with men, and the reverence for the gods, which every father infused into his children. There was no end of his admiring this excellent order. 'Happy the people,' said he, without ceasing, 'who are thus governed by a wise sovereign! but happier still is the king who makes so many nations happy; and who finds his reward in his own virtue! he holds mankind by a tie a hundred times stronger than that of fear, namely, the bond of love. He is not only obeyed, but obeyed with pleasure. He reigns in every heart; and each individual, far from wishing to be rid of his dominion, would lay down his own life to save that of his sovereign.' I attentively listened to what Mentor said; and felt my heart re-inspired with fresh courage at every word which that sagacious friend pronounced. As soon as we arrived at the opulent and magnificent city of Memphis, the governor ordered us to proceed to Thebes, that we might be presented to king Sesostri himself, who was resolved to examine every thing by his own senses, and was particularly incensed against the Tyrians. We therefore went farther up the Nile, to that famous Thebes with an hundred gates where this great king resided. The city appeared of a vast extent, more populous than the most flourishing towns of Greece. There the police is carried to perfection, with respect to the neatness of the streets, the course of the canals, the convenience of the baths, the cultivation of the arts, and the safety of the public. The squares are adorned with fountains and obelisks, the temples are built with marble, in a taste of architecture simple yet majestic. The prince's palace alone appears like a great city; for nothing is seen but marble columns, pyramids, and obelisks, colossal statues, and furniture of massy gold and silver. Our captors told the king⁶ that we had been found on board a Phœnician ship. Every day, at certain hours, he gave audience to all those of his subjects who had either complaints to make, or advice to offer. No person whatever met with either contempt or repulse: he looked upon himself as raised to the

throne for no other purpose but the good of his subjects, whom he loved as his own children. As for strangers, he received them with affability, believing that he should always learn something useful in being made acquainted with the manners and customs of remote countries. This curiosity was the occasion of our being presented to the king. He was seated upon a throne of ivory with a golden sceptre in his hand; already advanced in years, but agreeable, with a mixture of majesty and sweetness in his countenance; every day he heard causes with such patience and sagacity as were admired without adulation. After having fatigued himself all day in regulating his affairs and administering impartial justice, he unbent himself in the evening, in hearing the discourses of learned men, or in conversing with the most virtuous individuals, whom he well knew how to chuse, as companions worthy to be admitted into his familiarity. In his whole life he could not be justly reproached for any thing, except for having triumphed with too much pride over the kings whom he had vanquished, and with having bestowed his confidence on one of his subjects whom I shall presently describe. When he saw me, he seemed touched with my youth, and asked my name and country; while we stood astonished at the wisdom which flowed from his lips. I answered, 'O mighty king, you have heard of the siege of Troy which lasted ten years; and its destruction, which cost such seas of blood to all the states of Greece: my father Ulysses, is one of the principal kings who destroyed that city. He now wanders through the watery main, without being able to regain the island of Ithaca, which is his kingdom: I being in quest of him, have, by misfortune that resembles his own, been taken and made captive. Restore me to my father and country; so may the gods preserve you to your children, and make them sensible of their happiness in living under the protection of such a worthy father.' Sesostris still surveyed me with an eye of pity: but, determined to know if what I said was true, he sent us to the house of one of his officers, who had orders to enquire of those who took our ship, whether we were really Greeks or Phœnicians. 'If they are Phœnicians,' said the king, 'they must be punished with double severity, not only as our enemies, but still more for having attempted to impose upon us by false pretences. If, on the contrary, they are Greeks, it is my pleasure that they should be favourably treated, and sent back to their own country in one of my ships; for I love Greece, where divers Ægyptian legislators have flourished:⁷ I am no stranger to the virtue of Hercules; the glory of Achilles has reached our dominions; and I have heard with admiration what is reported of the wisdom of the unfortunate Ulysses: it is my greatest pleasure to succour virtue in distress.' The officer to whom the king referred the examination of our affair, had a soul as deceitful and corrupt, as that of Sesostris was generous and sincere. His name

was Metophis. The questions which he put, were made with a view to surprize us in some contradiction; and as he perceived Mentor's answers favoured⁸ more of wisdom than mine, he looked upon him with aversion and distrust; for the wicked are always incensed against the virtuous. He parted us therefore; and from that time I never could learn what was become of Mentor. I was thunder-struck at this separation. Metophis still hoped that interrogating us apart, he should find us contradicting one another: in particular, he thought to dazzle me with flattering promises, and make me confess what Mentor would have concealed. In a word, he did not really desire to know the truth; but wanted to find some pretext for telling the king that we were Phœnicians, that he might be able to enroll us in the number of his own slaves.⁹ And indeed, in spite of our innocence, in spite of the king's own wisdom, he found means to deceive him! alas! to what misrepresentations a king is exposed! even the wisest are often thus deceived. They are surrounded by artful and interested men: the virtuous withdraw, because they can neither fawn nor flatter: they wait till they are called, and few princes know where to find them. On the contrary, the wicked are bold, deceitful, insinuating, and complying, expert in dissimulation, and ready to fly in the face of honour and of conscience to gratify the passions of their sovereign. How wretched is the monarch exposed to the arts of wicked ministers!¹⁰ ruin is infallibly his portion, if he has not fortitude enough to resist flattery,¹¹ and if he does not esteem those who boldly speak the truth. Such were the reflections I made in my misfortune; for I recollected all that I had heard Mentor observe upon the subject. Mean while Metophis sent me with the slaves to the mountains in the desert of Oasis, as their fellow-servant in feeding his numerous flocks of sheep." Here Calypso interrupted Telemachus, saying, "Well, what step did you then take, you, who in Sicily had preferred death to slavery?" "My misfortune," replied Telemachus, "every day increased; and I had no longer the wretched consolation of chusing between slavery and death: I was compelled to be a slave, and to exhaust, if I may be allowed the expression, the whole severity of fortune: not the least dawn of hope remained, and I could not even speak one word with a view to effect my own deliverance. Mentor has since told me, that he was sold to certain Ethiopians, whom he attended as a slave to their country. As for me I arrived in those frightful deserts,¹² where the plains are covered with burning sands; and the snows that never melt, form an eternal winter upon the tops of the mountains. Nothing is to be found but some herbage among rocks that serves to feed the flocks. About midway up these steep and frightful mountains, the vallies are so deep, as scarce to be penetrable by the light of day. I found nobody in this country but shepherds as savage as the desert itself. There I passed the night in bewail-

ing my misfortune, and the day in tending my flock, that thus I might avoid the brutal fury of the first slave, who in hopes of obtaining his liberty, accused incessantly the rest, in order to make a merit with his master of his zeal and attachment to his interest. His name was Butis. I had like to have sunk under my misfortune on this occasion: oppressed with grief I one day forgot my flock, and stretched myself upon the grass hard by a cavern, where I resolved to wait for death, no longer able to support the weight of my affliction. At that instant I beheld the whole mountain tremble; the oaks and pines seemed to descend from its summit; and not a breath of wind was heard; then a hollow voice issuing from the cavern, addressed me in these words: 'Son of the sage Ulysses, thou must, like him become great by the exercise of patience. Princes who have never known adversity, are seldom worthy of their good fortune: they are corrupted with effeminacy, and intoxicated with pride. How happy wilt thou be, after having surmounted thy misfortunes, provided thou dost not lose the remembrance of what thou hast undergone!¹³ thou shalt revisit Ithaca, and thy glory shall ascend to heaven. When thou shall become master of the lives of other men, remember thou thyself hast been as weak, and poor, and miserable as they: take pleasure in relieving their necessities: love thy people; detest flattery; and know that thou can'st only be great in proportion to thy moderation, and the victory thou shall obtain over thy own passions.' These divine words made a deep impression upon my heart; and re-inspired it with joy and fresh courage: I felt none of that horror which makes the hair stand on end, and the blood run cold in the veins, when the gods disclose themselves to mortals: I calmly rose, and kneeling with uplifted hands, adored Minerva, to whom I thought myself indebted for this oracle. At once I found myself a new man: my mind was enlightened by wisdom; and I felt within me an agreeable energy sufficient to moderate all my passions, and restrain the impetuosity of my youth. I acquired the love of all the shepherds of the desert; my affability, patience, and the exact discharge of my duty appeased at last the cruel Butis, who was vested with authority over the other slaves, and seemed at first inclined to treat me with the utmost rigour. The better to support the chagrin of captivity and solitude, I endeavoured to find books, for I was overwhelmed with melancholy for want of some instruction to support my mind, and animate my spirits. 'Happy are those,' said I, 'who, disgusted with violent pleasures, have philosophy enough to be satisfied with the sweets of an innocent life! happy are those who find amusement in search of instruction, and take pleasure in cultivating their understanding with science! wheresoever they are thrown by adverse fortune, they still carry along with them a fund of entertainment, and that chagrin, that preys on other men even in the midst of pleasures, is unknown to

those who can employ themselves with reading. Happy are those who love reading, and are not, like me, deprived of books!’ While I was engrossed by these reflections, I lost myself in a gloomy forest, where all of a sudden, I beheld an old man with a book in his hand. His forehead was ample and bald, but a little wrinkled; his white beard flowed down to his middle; his stature was lofty and majestic; his complexion still fresh and rosy; his eyes still keen and sparkling; his voice melodious, and his words fraught with the most engaging simplicity. I never beheld such a venerable old man: he was called Termosiris, and being priest of Apollo, he officiated in a marble temple which the kings of Ægypt had consecrated to the god in this forest. The book which he held in his hand was a collection of hymns in honour of the gods. He accosted me in the most friendly manner, and we entered into conversation: he recounted events so naturally that they seemed to pass before your eyes; but his narrative was so succinct that I was never tired with hearing him: he dived into futurity by means of that profound sagacity which made him acquainted with the characters of mankind, and the designs of which they are capable. With all this prudence, he was gay, complacent, and in his decline of age had all that graceful ease by which the most sprightly youth is distinguished.¹⁴ He likewise loved young people when they had the spirit of docility, and a disposition to virtue. In a little time he conceived a tender affection for me, supplied me with books for my amusement; and favoured me with the appellation of son. I often said to him, ‘Father, the gods who deprived me of Mentor, have taken pity of my sufferings, and afforded me another support in you.’ This man, like Orpheus or Linus, was doubtless insured¹⁵ by the gods. He recited to me verses of his own composing; and favoured me with others, the works of several excellent poets, the favourites of the Muses. When he put on his flowing robe of snowy white, and began to touch his ivory lyre, the tigers, bears, and lions came to fawn upon him, and lick his feet. The satyrs quitting the forest, danced around him: the trees themselves seemed affected; and you would have thought that even the rocks, softened by the charms of his enchanting notes, were going to descend from the summits of the mountains to the plain. He sung no other themes but the greatness of the gods, the virtue of heroes, and the wisdom of those men, who prefer true glory to the delights of sensual pleasure. He bid me often take courage, for the gods would never abandon Ulysses nor his son. He then assured me that I ought, after the example of Apollo, to teach the swains to cultivate the Muses. ‘Apollo,’ said he, ‘seeing with indignation, that Jupiter with his thunder overcast the fairest days, resolved to take vengeance on the Cyclops who forged his bolts, and slew them with his arrows. Immediately mount Ætna ceased to discharge its curling sheets of flame; no longer was

heard the din of those terrible hammers, which striking on the anvil, made the caverns of the earth and the abyss of sea resound with horrid noise.¹⁶ The iron and the brass no longer polished by the Cyclops began to rust. Vulcan, enraged, sallied from his smithy; though lame he soon ascends to the summit of Olympus, and entering the assembly of the gods all covered over with sweat and dust, prefers his bitter complaints. Jupiter, incensed against Apollo, exiles him from heaven and throws him headlong down to earth. But his empty chariot, performed of itself its usual course, that mankind might still enjoy the succession of night and day, together with the regular change of seasons. Apollo, shorn of his rays, was obliged to turn shepherd, and tend the flocks of king Admetus. While he played upon his flute, all the other shepherds came to listen under the shade of elms, on the banks of a transparent stream. 'Till that period they had led a brutal and a savage life. All they knew was how to tend their flocks, to shear their sheep, to milk their ewes, and convert their milk into cheese. The whole country was no better than a frightful desert. Apollo soon taught those swains the arts that serve to render life agreeable. He sung of the flowers that crown the spring; the perfumes that it diffuses around, and the verdure that shoots up under its feet. Then he descanted on the delightful nights of summer, when the cool zephyrs assuage the heat, and the dew refreshes the thirsty earth. He mingled also in his themes, the golden fruits with which autumn rewards the husbandman's toil, and the quiet repose of winter, during which the sprightly youth of both sexes dance round the fire. In fine, he described the gloomy forests that shroud the mountains, and the crooked vallies through which the rivers wind in a thousand meanders amidst the flowery meads. He likewise taught the swains to know the charms of a country life, and to enjoy every delight which simple nature can produce. In a little time, the swains with their flutes found themselves happier than kings; and their cottages attracted in crowds those pure pleasures that fly from gilded palaces. The sports, the laughing loves, and graces wantoned in the train of the innocent shepherdesses. Every day was holiday: nothing now was heard but the warbling of birds, the soft breath of zephyr sporting among the boughs of trees, the murmuring lapse of a transparent streamlet sliding down some rock, and the songs with which the Muses inspired the swains that followed the footsteps of Apollo. This God taught them to win the prize in running, and to pierce with arrows the stags and fallow deer. The gods themselves grew jealous of the shepherds: that life appeared to them more agreeable than all their glory, and they re-called Apollo to Olympus. Son,' continued he, 'this story ought to serve you for instruction: since you are now in the same station which Apollo

filled, cultivate these lands that never felt the plough, like him make the desert flourish, and teach all those shepherds the charms of harmony; soften their savage hearts; display the amiable side of virtue, and make them sensible how happy it is to enjoy amidst their solitude, those innocent pleasures which nothing can deprive them of. One day, my son, one day, the pains and cruel cares that environ royalty, will make you think with regret of a shepherd's life, even while you sit upon a throne.'

"So saying, Termosiris presented me with a flute of such a mellow tone, that the echoes of all those mountains that resounded on every side, soon collected around me all the neighbouring swains. My voice acquired a melody divine: I found myself transported by a supernatural impulse to sing those beauties with which nature has adorned the country. We passed whole days, and even part of the nights, in singing together. The swains, forgetting their cottages and flocks, stood motionless in pleasing suspense around me,¹⁷ while I poured forth instruction: nothing savage now appeared amidst those desarts. All was agreeable and chearful: the very lands themselves seemed to improve in proportion as the inhabitants were civilized. We often assembled to sacrifice in the temple of Apollo, where Termosiris officiated as priest: thither the swains repaired with crowns of laurel in honour of the god: while the shepherdesses went dancing all the way, adorned with chaplets of flowers, and bearing sacred presents in baskets on their heads. After the sacrifice, we formed a rural feast: our most delicate dishes were composed of the milk of our goats and sheep, which we ourselves had milked, with fresh fruit gathered by our own hands, such as dates, and figs, and grapes: the green turf served us for seats; and the tufted trees afforded us a shade more agreeable than the gilded roofs of royal palaces. But the following adventure served to render me completely famous among our shepherds. One day a hungry lion rushed upon the flock. Already he began a dreadful slaughter. I had nothing in my hand but my sheep-hook, nevertheless I boldly advanced: the lion bristling up his mane, disclosed his teeth and claws, and opened wide his throat all parched and inflamed: his blood-shot eyes seemed all on fire, while he lashed his sides with his long extended tail.¹⁸ I overthrew him on the plain: the light coat of mail, which I wore according to the custom of the Ægyptian shepherds, secured me from his claws: three times I threw him on the earth, as oft he rose again, and roared so loud that all the forests echoed with the sound. At length I stifled him in my grasp, and the shepherds who were witnesses of my victory, insisted upon my wearing the spoils of that terrible animal. The fame of this exploit, and the happy change I had effected¹⁹ among the shepherds, diffused itself thro' all

Ægypt, and even reached the ears of king Sesostris. He was informed that one of the two captives, who were taken for Phœnicians, had recalled the golden age amidst his almost uninhabitable desarts. He resolved to see me; for he loved the Muses, and his great heart was touched by every thing that could improve mankind. He saw and heard me with pleasure: he discovered that Metopis had deceived him thro' avarice: he condemned him to perpetual imprisonment, and stripped him of all the wealth he so unjustly possessed. 'How wretched are kings,' said he, 'in being placed so far above the rest of mankind! it is not often that they can see the truth with their own eyes; and they are surrounded by individuals who carefully hinder it from reaching the throne: it is the interest of every one to deceive the sovereign; and each cloaks his own ambition under the appearance of zeal. They pretend to love the king, when in fact they have no attachment but to the riches which he bestows: far from loving him, they, in order to obtain his favours, first flatter and then betray him.' Sesostris in the sequel, treated me with most tender friendship, and resolved to send me home to Ithaca, with ships and forces sufficient to deliver Penelope from the snares²⁰ of all her lovers. The fleet was already equipped, and all our thoughts employed about the embarkation. I could not help admiring the sudden turns of fortune, which suddenly raises those whom it had before the most deeply depressed. My own experience inspired me with hope that Ulysses would return to his kingdom at the long run, how tedious soever his sufferings first might be. I likewise flattered myself with the opinion, that I should see Mentor again, altho' he had been carried away into the most remote province of Æthiopia. While I delayed a little my departure, endeavouring to learn tidings of him, Sesostris, who was very much advanced in years, died suddenly, and his death re-involved me in fresh disasters. All Ægypt appeared inconsolable upon this occasion: every family thought they had lost their best friend, their protector, and their father. The old men lifting up their hands to heaven exclaimed: 'Never before had Ægypt such an excellent king: never more shall she behold his fellow. O ye gods! ye should either not have shewn him at all to mankind, or never have deprived them of the blessing: wherefore should we survive the great Sesostris!' The young people on the other hand, observed: 'The hopes of Ægypt are now blasted: our fathers were happy in living under the protection of such a worthy king: as for us, we have just seen enough of him to be sensible of the loss we sustain by his death.'²¹ His domestics passed the night and day in lamentation. When his funeral obsequies²² were performed for forty days, the people from the most distant provinces flocked thither. Every individual was desirous of seeing once more the body of Sesos-

tris, that he might preserve in his remembrance the idea of his sovereign; and many wished to be interred with him in the same tomb. What still increased their grief for the loss of him, was, that his son Bocchoris possessed neither his humanity towards strangers, nor his taste for the sciences, nor his esteem for virtuous men, nor his love of glory. His father's greatness had contributed to render him so unworthy to reign: he had been bred up in effeminacy and brutal pride: he counted men as nothing, believing that they were made for no other purpose but to serve him, and that he himself was of a superior nature. He thought of nothing but how to gratify his passions, to dissipate the immense treasures that his father had saved with so much care; to oppress his subjects, and suck the blood of the unfortunate; in a word, to follow the flattering advice of some senseless young men that surrounded him, while he removed with contempt all the ancient sages who had enjoyed the confidence of his father. He was a monster, not a king: all Ægypt groaned beneath his yoke; and altho' the name of Sesostris, so dear to the Ægyptians, induced them to bear with the weak and cruel conduct of his son, that son ran headlong to his ruin; and a prince so unworthy of the throne could not possibly reign for any length of time. For my part, I lost all hopes of returning to Ithaca: but I remained in a tower on the sea side near Pelusium, where our embarkation was to have taken place if Sesostris had not died. Metophis having had the address to obtain his discharge from prison, and even to re-establish his influence with the new king, ordered me to be confined in this tower, by way of revenging himself for his disgrace, which I had occasioned. I now passed my days and nights in a state of profound melancholy. All that Termosiris had predicted to me, all that I had heard in the cavern, seemed now no other than an idle dream. I was plunged into an abyss of the most exquisite sorrow. I contemplated the billows, as they came to lash the foot of the tower where I was prisoner. I often amused myself with looking at the tempest-beaten ships which were in danger of being shattered among the rocks on which the tower was built. Far from pitying those men threatened with shipwreck, I envied their condition. 'In a little time,' said I to myself, 'the misfortunes of their lives will end, or they will arrive in safety in their own country. Alas! as to me, I cannot hope for either part of that alternative.' While I thus wasted myself in unavailing sorrow, I perceived a seeming forest of ship-masts. The sea was covered with sails inflated by the winds, while the water foamed beneath the strokes of oars, innumerable confused cries assailed my ears on every side: I perceived on the shore a body of Ægyptians running to arms in a fright, while others seemed to advance as friends to meet that navy which approached the coast. In a little time I

discovered that those foreign ships were partly from Phœnicia, and partly from the island of Cyprus; for my misfortunes began to make me skilful in every thing that relates to navigation. The Ægyptians appeared divided among themselves. I could easily conceive that the senseless Bocchoris, had, by the violence of his conduct, occasioned a rebellion of his subjects, and kindled the torch of civil war. I stood upon the top of the tower spectator of a bloody battle. The Ægyptians who had called the foreigners to their assistance, after having favoured their descent, attacked their countrymen, who were headed by the king in person. I saw that prince encouraging his men by his example, dreadful as the god of war.²³ Streams of blood gushed around him; his chariot wheels were dyed with purple gore congealed and foaming. Scarce could they make their way over the heaps of bodies which they had crushed to death. The young monarch was vigorous and handsome, of a proud and lofty mien, and his eyes sparkled with fury and despair: he was like a beautiful horse unbroke;²⁴ his courage impelled him to rush forwards at random, for his valour was not regulated by wisdom. He could neither rectify his faults, nor give distinct orders, nor foresee the evils by which he was threatened, nor retain the good will of his people when he had the greatest occasion for their attachment. Not that he was destitute of genius: his capacity was equal to his courage; but he had never received the lessons of adversity. His disposition, naturally good, had been poisoned by the flattery of his masters. He was intoxicated with his power and good fortune; and believed that all things ought to yield to his impetuous desires. He was inflamed to rage by the least shadow of opposition: then away with reason; he was transported beside himself: his furious pride metamorphosed him into a savage beast: he was at once abandoned by his natural good humour, as well as by his rational powers:²⁵ his most faithful servants were compelled to leave him; and he loved none but those who flattered his passions. Thus he rashly took his resolutions in extremes, ever contrary to his true interest: and obliged every man of sense and virtue to detest his frantic conduct. For a long time his valour supported him against the multitude of his enemies; but at last he was overwhelmed: I saw him fall: a Phœnician javelin pierced his breast; the reins dropped from his hands; and he fell from his chariot under the horses' feet. A Cyprian soldier cut off his head, and seizing him by his gory locks, exposed it as a trophy to the whole victorious army. I shall all my life remember the dismal sight of that head flowing with blood; the eyes closed and extinguished; the visage pale and disfigured; the mouth half open, as if to complete the unfinished words; and the haughty threatening air, which death itself could not efface. While I live, this picture will appear before my eyes; and

if ever the gods grant me to reign, I shall not forget so fatal an example, that a king is only worthy to command, and happy in his power, in proportion as he himself submits to the restraints of reason. Ah! how wretched is that man destined to reign for the good of the public, if he thinks he is master of so many lives for no other reason but to make them miserable!"

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus proceeds to relate that the successor of Bocchoris, restoring all the Tyrian prisoners, he (Telemachus) was carried to Tyre on board the ship of Narbal, who commanded the Tyrian fleet; that this Narbal described to him their king Pygmalion, from whose avarice every thing was to be feared: that Narbal afterwards made him acquainted with all the regulations of the Tyrian commerce: that he was just going to embark on board a Cyprian vessel, that he might sail from the island of Cyprus to Ithaca, when Pygmalion discovering that he was a foreigner, resolved to detain him captive: that when he was thus reduced to the brink of ruin, Astarbe, the tyrant's mistress, had saved his life, in order to sacrifice in his place a young man who had incurred her resentment by treating her with contempt.

Calyпсо listened with astonishment to words fraught with such sagacity. What chiefly pleased her, was to find Telemachus ingenuously recounting the faults he had committed through precipitation and want of due attention to the advice of the sage Mentor. She distinguished a surprising magnanimity in this young man, who frankly owned his own errors, and seemed to have profited so much by his indiscretion, as to become wise, provident, and modest. "Proceed," said she, "my dear Telemachus, I am impatient to know how you quitted Ægypt, and where you found again the sage Mentor, the loss of whom you so justly regretted."

Telemachus thus resumed the thread of his discourse. "The most virtuous and loyal part of the Ægyptians happened to be the weaker side, and seeing their monarch slain, were constrained to submit. A new king, called Termutis, was raised to the throne. The Phœnicians, together with the troops of Cyprus, retired, after having concluded an alliance with the new sovereign. He on his side restored all the Phœnician prisoners, in which number I was included. Being released from the tower, I embarked with the rest, and hope once more began to dawn within my breast. The favourable wind already swelled our sails; the rowers cleft the foaming billows: the vast ocean was covered with our ships; the mariners shouted with joy; the coast of Ægypt seemed to fly far behind us, and the hills and mountains diminished gradually to our view. We now scarce beheld any thing but sky and water, while the sun rising seemed to issue

from the ocean with all his vivid fires: the tops of the mountains, still visible a little above the horizon, were gilded with his rays; and the whole sky exhibiting an expanse of deep azure, seemed to promise an happy voyage. Although I had been embarked as a Phœnician, I was not known to any one person on board. Narbal, who commanded the ship to which I was allotted, asked me my name and country. 'From what town of Phœnicia are you?' said he. 'I am not of Phœnicia': I replied; 'but the Ægyptians took me at sea on board of a Phœnician vessel: I have been detained captive in Ægypt as a Phœnician; under that name I have suffered a long captivity; under that name I am now delivered.' 'Of what country are you then?' resumed Narbal. I thus replied: 'I am Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, king of Ithaca in Greece; my father is one of the most renowned of all the kings who besieged the city of Troy: but the gods have not granted him the favour of returning to his native country. I have sought him in different parts of the world, but, like him, I am persecuted by fortune; and you see in me an unhappy youth, who longs for nothing so much as the pleasure of returning to his friends, and finding his father safe.' Narbal surveyed me with surprize; and thought he perceived in me certain happy traits¹ proceeding from the gift of heaven, which are not to be found in the common run of mankind. Naturally generous and sincere, he was touched with my misfortunes, and spoke to me with a freedom and confidence inspired by heaven, in order to save me from the most imminent danger. 'Telemachus,' said he, 'I do not doubt but you have told me the truth; I cannot doubt your veracity: that air of mildness and virtue so conspicuous in your countenance, will not suffer me to harbour the least suspicion or distrust.² Nay, I perceive that you are beloved by the gods whom I have always served, and that it is their pleasure that I should likewise love you, as if you were my own son. I will now give you some salutary advice, and require of you nothing but secrecy in return.' 'Fear not,' said I to him, 'that I shall have any difficulty in keeping silence on every subject you shall please to communicate to me in confidence. Young though I be, I am grown old in the practice of never disclosing my own secrets; much less betraying on any account whatsoever, the secrets of other men.' 'How have you been able,' said he, 'to accustom yourself to secrecy in such early youth? I should be glad to know by what means you acquired that good quality, which is the foundation of the wisest conduct, and without which all other talents are vain and useless.' 'When Ulysses,' I replied, 'departed on his expedition to Troy, he set me on his knees and pressed me to his breast, as I have been informed: having embraced me tenderly, he pronounced these words, though I was then too young to understand them: "O my son! may the gods never grant me the pleasure to see thee again; may the shears of the fates

cut the thread of thy days, which is scarce yet formed, as the reaper with his sickle cuts the tender opening flower; may our enemies prevail and crush thee under the eyes of thy mother, and even in my view, rather than that thou shouldst one day be corrupted and abandon the paths of virtue! O my friends," added he, "I leave in your hands this child, so dear to my affection; watch over his infancy with care: if you love me, remove far from him the pernicious band of flatterers, teach him to gain a conquest over his passions: let him be like a young plant still tender, which will take any bent in order to be improved. Above all things, use all your endeavours to make him upright, beneficent, sincere, trusty, and secret. He that can lie is unworthy to be called a man; and the prince who cannot keep his own counsel, deserves not to reign." I mention these words to you, because care was taken to repeat them often in my hearing, until they penetrated to the very bottom of my heart. Nay to this hour I often repeat them to myself. My father's friends took care to exercise me betimes in the practice of secrecy. Even in my tender years, they communicated to me all the affliction they felt in seeing my mother exposed to a great number of insolent pretenders who wanted to espouse her. From thenceforward I was treated as a reasonable and trusty man. I was in private consulted on affairs of the greatest importance, and made acquainted with all the steps that were taken to remove those troublesome suitors. I was charmed with those marks of confidence, in consequence of which I thought myself already a man complete. Never did I abuse their trust:³ never did one word escape me that could discover the least secret: those pretenders often endeavoured to draw me into discourse,⁴ hoping that a child could not possibly conceal whatever circumstance of importance he might have heard: but I well knew how to answer them without lying, yet without telling them a tittle of that which it was my duty not to disclose.' Narbal then spoke to this effect. 'You see, Telemachus, the great power of the Phœnicians, who are formidable to all the neighbouring nations by their numerous fleets. From the trade they carry on as far as the Pillars of Hercules, they derive such wealth, as surpasses that of the most flourishing nations. The great king Sesostris, who could never have vanquished them by sea, found great difficulties in subduing them by land, with his armies which had conquered all the East: he imposed upon us a tribute, to the payment of which we did not long submit. The Phœnicians were too rich and powerful to bear patiently the yoke of subjection. We vindicated our liberty; and death did not give Sesostris time to finish the war against us. True it is, we had every thing to fear, more from his wisdom than his power; but that power devolving to his son, who was totally destitute of discretion, we concluded that we had nothing farther to apprehend. And, indeed, the Ægypt-

ians, far from re-invading our country in an hostile manner, in order once more to subdue us, have been obliged to call us in to their assistance, in order to deliver them from that brutal, impious tyrant. Accordingly we have acted as their deliverers; and thus added glory to the liberty and opulence of the Phœnicians. But while we deliver others, we are slaves ourselves. O Telemachus! beware of falling into the hands of our king Pygmalion: he has bathed those cruel hands in the blood of Sicheus his sister Dido's husband. Dido enflamed with the desire of revenge, escaped from Tyre with several ships; and being followed by the majority of those who had any regard to liberty and virtue, she has founded a noble city, called Carthage, on the coast of Afric. Meanwhile Pygmalion, tormented by an insatiable thirst after riches, becomes every day more and more miserable and hateful to his subjects. To be wealthy at Tyre is criminal: avarice rendering him distrustful, suspicious, cruel, he persecutes the rich, and fears the poor.

“It is still more criminal at Tyre to be virtuous: for to such Pygmalion thinks himself insufferable on account of his baseness and injustice;⁵ and as virtue condemns him, he hates and reviles her in return. Every thing disturbs, frets, and disquiets him; he is afraid of his own shadow, and sleeps neither night nor day: to complete his misery, the gods heap riches upon him which he dares not enjoy. What he covets in order to make him happy, is the very circumstance that prevents his being so. As he regrets whatever he gives away, and is always afraid of losing what he has, so he torments himself continually to increase his wealth. He is scarce ever seen, but is generally alone, immured in the most secret part of his palace,⁶ melancholy and dejected. Even his friends dare hardly approach him, for fear of becoming the objects of his distrust; and a terrible guard with naked swords and pikes extended continually surround his palace. There are thirty apartments that have a communication one with another, with each an iron door, and six strong bolts. In these he shuts himself up; nor is it ever known in which of them he sleeps; but it is said he never sleeps two nights successively in the same, for fear of being assassinated. He is a stranger to every sweet enjoyment; and to friendship, the sweetest of all: if any one exhorts him to indulge in pleasure, he declines the attempt; sensible that joy flies far from him, and will not take possession of his heart. His eyes that fiercely gleam with cruel fire, incessant roll about on every side: alarmed by the least noise that strikes his ear, he turns pale, and stands aghast; and black corroding care is ever painted on his wrinkled face. He speaks little, sighs often, fetching deep groans from the bottom of his heart, and unable to conceal the remorse that preys upon his vitals. The most exquisite dishes can give him no pleasure; and his children, far from being the objects of his hope,

excite his fears, and thus become his most dangerous enemies: he has not been one moment during his whole life in security and free from danger,⁷ and it is only by making away with all those whom he dreaded, that he hath hitherto preserved himself. Fool! not to see that the cruelty, in which he trusts for his safety, will one day prove his ruin! Some one of his domestics, as distrustful as himself, will not fail soon to deliver the world from such a monster. As for myself, I fear the gods; be the consequence what it will, I will be faithful to the king whom they have set over me. I had rather lose my own life than take away his, or even refuse to assist in defending him. As for you, O Telemachus, beware of letting him know that you are the son of Ulysses; for as he would not doubt but that Ulysses on his return to Ithaca would give him a great sum of money for your ransom, he would certainly commit you to prison.'

"When we arrived at Tyre, I followed Narbal's advice, and found that all he had told me was strictly true. I thought it was hardly possible for a man to render himself so completely miserable as Pygmalion appeared. A sight so frightful and unusual surprised me, and I said to myself: here is a man that flattered himself with the hopes of happiness in the possession of riches and absolute power; these he has attained, and yet has made himself miserable by them. Was he a shepherd, as I have lately been, he would be as happy as I then was; he would enjoy the innocent pleasures of the country, and those without remorse, without the terror of either steel or poison. He would love mankind, and be beloved by them in his turn. Though he would not possess that prodigious wealth, which is of no more service to him than as much sand, since he dares not touch it, yet he would enjoy without constraint the fruits of the earth, nor feel the inconvenience of any real want. He does in appearance whatever he pleases, and yet this is far from being the case; for, he is a slave to his passions, and is continually preyed upon either by avarice, fear, or suspicion. He seems to command all other men, and yet has not the command of himself. He has as many masters and executioners, as he has violent and unruly passions. These were my thoughts concerning Pygmalion, though I had never seen him; for he never appeared; all that was seen were those lofty towers surrounded day and night with guards, in which he had shut himself up with his treasures as in a prison, and these were beheld with terror. I could not help comparing such an invisible king with Sesostris, so humane, so accessible, so affable, so eager to see strangers, so ready to hear every body, and so desirous to dive into men's hearts in order to discover the truth, which is generally concealed from kings. 'Sesostris,' said I, 'dreaded nothing, and had nothing to dread; all his subjects had access to him, for he regarded them as his children: but this man dreads every body, and with good reason; he is every moment ex-

posed to a violent death, tho' shut up in an inaccessible palace, surrounded with guards: on the contrary, the good king Sesostris lived in security amidst his numerous subjects, as a tender parent in his own house amidst his family.'

"Pygmalion having given orders to send home the troops of the isle of Cyprus, which had come to join his in consequence of the alliance between the two nations, Narbal laid hold of that opportunity to set me at liberty. He made me pass for one of those soldiers when they were reviewed; for Pygmalion's jealousy extended to the most trivial circumstances. It is the foible of good-natured indolent princes to repose a blind, unlimited confidence in corrupt artful favourites; but the foible of this tyrant, on the contrary, was to distrust men of the greatest honour and integrity. As he was not capable of distinguishing honest and upright men who act without disguise, so he had never seen any such, they always keeping at a distance from princes of so odious a character. Then he found in those whom he had employed since his accession to the throne, so much dissimulation, and treachery, such execrable vices disguised under the appearance of virtue, that he regarded all men as knaves and hypocrites. He thought there was no such thing in nature as sincerity and integrity, and consequently considered all men as much of a piece.⁸ When he found a man false and corrupt he did not give himself any trouble to look out for a better, persuaded the inquiry would be to no purpose. Nay, the good were accounted by him worse than the most openly vitious; because he looked upon them as equally abandoned, and more deceitful.

"But to return to myself. I passed for a Cyprian, and by that means got off unsuspected by the king, notwithstanding his watchful jealousy. Narbal trembled for fear, lest I should be discovered, as it would have cost us both our lives. He was also extremely impatient to see us gone, notwithstanding we were obliged to remain a long time at Tyre, in consequence of contrary winds. This delay I laid hold of to make myself acquainted with the manners of the Phœnicians, a people so famous in all nations. I could not help admiring the happy situation of Tyre,⁹ in an island in the middle of the sea. The neighbouring coast is extremely beautiful and pleasant in consequence of its fertility, the exquisite fruits which it produces, the number of towns and villages that are almost joined one to another, and lastly by the temperature of the climate; for it is screened from the scorching south winds by mountains, and fanned by the north wind that blows from the sea. It lies at the foot of Lebanon, whose lofty top towering up to the stars is hid among the clouds: its brow is covered with everlasting ice, and rivers swelled by snow fall with amazing rapidity from the rocks surrounding its summit. Lower down is seen a vast forest of ancient cedars, that seem to vie with the ground on which they stand for age, and whose

lofty branches reach almost to the clouds; below the forest towards the bottom of the mountain are rich pastures, in which are seen bulls lowing and roaming about, and sheep with their tender lambs bleating and skipping upon the grass: here likewise appear a thousand streams of water, clear and transparent, gliding along. In fine, the foot of the mountain next to these pastures is like a garden, in which the spring and autumn make their appearance together, the one with its flowers, and the other with its fruits. Neither the pestilent breath of the south-wind, that parches and burns up every thing, nor the boisterous cold blasts of the north have ever been able to tarnish the lively colours of that garden. Near this delightful coast lies that island, on which the city of Tyre is built. That great city seems to float on the surface of the waters, and to be queen of the sea. Merchants from all parts of the world resort to it, nor are there any more renowned in the universe than its own inhabitants. Upon entering it, one is apt to imagine it is a city that appertaineth not to one people in particular, but to all nations in general, and the centre of their commerce. It is provided with two vast moles¹⁰ stretching out into the sea like two arms, forming the harbour, which is secured against all winds. Here we see a forest of masts, and such is the number of the ships, that scarce can any of the sea be seen on which they float. All the citizens apply themselves to commerce, nor do their great riches ever produce in them an aversion to the labour necessary to increase their store. In every part of the city may be seen the fine linen of Ægypt, and Tyrian purple¹¹ twice dyed, of marvellous beauty: and so durable is this double dye, that time cannot efface it: it is used only in cloth of fine wool, which they further adorn with gold and silver embroidery. They carry on a trade with all nations as far as the straits of Cadiz; nay they have even penetrated into the ocean that surrounds the whole earth: they also navigate the Red Sea, by which they pass to unknown islands, bringing home gold, spices, and diverse animals, not to be met with elsewhere. I was never weary with surveying that great city, where all was in motion. There I saw none of those idle curious men, who in Greece are continually either going in quest of news to the forum, or gazing at the strangers who arrive in the port. But there, on the contrary, they are constantly employed either in unloading their ships, transporting or selling their merchandize, laying them up in exact order in their warehouses, and keeping regular accounts of what was owing to them by their correspondents in foreign countries.¹² As for the women, they too are never idle, but either spinning wool, making designs for embroidery, or folding rich stuffs. 'Whence is it,' said I to Narbal, 'that the Phœnicians have engrossed the whole commerce of the world, thus enriching themselves at the expence of all other nations?' 'The reason,' he replied, 'is obvious: our city,

you see, is happily situated for commerce, and we have the glory of having invented navigation. The Tyrians were the first, if credit may be given to tradition from the most remote ages, who ventured to sea in ships long before the age of Typhis and the Argonauts, so boasted of in Greece. They were the first, I say, who had the courage to expose themselves in a frail vessel to the mercy of the winds and waves; to sound the depths of the ocean; to observe the stars, as directed by the Ægyptian and Babylonian astronomers: in fine, to unite so many nations, whom the sea had separated. The Tyrians are industrious, patient, laborious, cleanly, sober, and frugal; they have a well-regulated police; there is no discord nor divisions among them; never was there a people more firm and steady, more candid, more loyal, more trusty, or more kind to strangers. What I have said,' continued he, 'without enlarging any further, will account for their having the empire of the sea, and such a flourishing commerce. Should discord and jealousy once prevail among them; should luxury and laziness get footing; should the first men in the nation begin to despise labour and frugality; should the arts cease to be accounted honourable; should good faith towards strangers be no longer practised; should the least alteration be made in the regulations respecting a free trade; should they neglect their manufactures, or forbear to advance the sums necessary to bring their commodities, each in its kind, to perfection; you would soon see this power, that now is so much the object of your admiration, dwindle away to nothing.' 'But,' said I, 'pray inform me of the proper methods of establishing one day in Ithaca a like commerce?' 'Make use,' replied he, 'of the same methods that are employed here; give a ready and kind reception to all strangers; let them find in your havens security, convenience, and entire liberty; never suffer yourself to be blinded by avarice or pride. The true secret to gain a great deal, is never to grasp at too much, and to know how to lose with judgment. Endeavour to gain the love of all strangers: even overlook some misbehaviour on their part: beware of exciting jealousy by your haughtiness: steadily observe the rules of commerce, and see that they be simple and explicit: accustom your people to adhere to them invariably; punish with severity fraud in merchants, and even remissness and extravagance; these ruin commerce, by ruining those who carry it on. But above all things beware of cramping trade in order to make it favour your particular views. Princes ought not to be concerned in trade, but leave the whole profits of it to their subjects, who take all the pains; by acting otherwise, they will discourage them. They will derive advantage enough from it, by the great wealth it will bring into their dominions. It may be compared to certain springs, which, if diverted from their old channel, soon become dry. It is the prospect of gain and convenience alone that bring strangers into a

country. If traffic is rendered less commodious and advantageous to them than before, they withdraw themselves insensibly, and never more return, because other states profiting by your imprudence, invite them to their country, and soon accustom them to think no more of you. I must even acknowledge to you, that the glory of Tyre itself has been for some time upon the decline. O! my dear Telemachus, had you seen it before the reign of Pygmalion, you would have been much more surprised. At present you see only the sad remains of a grandeur that seems to be near an end. O wretched Tyre! into what hands art thou fallen! formerly tribute was brought thee by sea from every nation in the world.

“Pygmalion dreads every thing both from strangers and his own subjects. Instead of opening his ports according to ancient usage to all nations, even the most remote, without the least constraint, he insists upon knowing the number of ships that enter them, and from what country, the names of all on board, the nature of their trade, the price and species of their merchandize, and the time they must remain at Tyre. But that is not the worst part of his conduct, he often employs artifice to ensnare the merchants, and confiscate their goods. He is perpetually plaguing¹³ those of them that he supposes to be rich, and introducing under various pretexts new imposts:¹⁴ he will be a merchant himself,¹⁵ though every body is afraid to have any connexion or dealings with him. Thus our commerce begins to languish and decline. Strangers by degrees forget the way to Tyre, though formerly so well known to them; so that if Pygmalion does not alter his conduct, our power and glory must soon pass from us to a people better governed than we.’ I then asked Narbal by what means the Tyrians had rendered themselves so powerful by sea, for I had a desire to know every thing that regarded the good government of a kingdom. ‘We have,’ said he, ‘the forests of Lebanon to supply us with ship-timber, and we carefully reserve them for that use; they are never touched but for the public; and for the building of ships, we have the most expert and able workmen.’ ‘How, or where,’ said I, ‘did you find these workmen?’ ‘They were formed,’ he replied, ‘by degrees in the country. When those that distinguish themselves in any art are properly rewarded, some individuals are always found, who carry them to the highest degree of perfection; for men of ingenuity and ability will always apply themselves to those arts to which the greatest advantages are annexed. Here we shew a particular regard to those who excell in the arts and sciences that contribute to the improvement of navigation. We esteem a good geometer, or an able astronomer; nor is a pilot that is eminent in his way, neglected; nay, we do not think a good carpenter unworthy of our notice; on the contrary, he is well paid and well treated: dexterous rowers too are sure of

being considered according to their merit, and of being handsomely rewarded for their services: they are well fed, and when sick, carefully tended; and during their absence, their wives and families are not forgotten. If they happen to perish by shipwreck, their families are maintained by the public, and after having served a certain limited time, they are entitled to their discharge. In consequence of this treatment, we are never at a loss for them when there is occasion. Fathers are eager to breed their sons to such an agreeable calling, and therefore lose no time, but begin as early as possible to teach them to handle the oar, to manage the tackle, and to brave the winds and waves. Thus it is that men are led without constraint or reluctance by good treatment and good order. Authority alone will never do, nor is a bare submission sufficient; men's hearts must be won, and they must be made to find their account in a cheerful compliance wherever their service is wanted.' After this conversation, Narbal shewed me all the magazines, arsenals, and artizans concerned in the building and equipment of ships. I begged of him a particular account of every thing, which I set down in writing, for fear I should forget some material circumstance. In the mean time Narbal, who knew Pygmalion, and loved me sincerely, waited with impatience for my departure, being afraid I should be discovered by the tyrant's spies, who were continually going about the city, day and night: but the winds still prevented our embarking. While we were employed in attentively examining the harbour, and interrogating diverse merchants, we saw one of Pygmalion's officers, advance towards us, who thus accosted Narbal: 'The king has been informed by one of the captains of the ships that came from Ægypt with you, that you brought a stranger with you, who passes for a Cyprian: he hath ordered him to be apprehended, that he may learn with certainty of what country he is; and you must answer for him on pain of losing your head.' At that instant I was at a little distance, attentively examining the proportions of a ship which had been but lately built with so much skill and exactness in all her parts, that she was reckoned the best sailer that had ever entered the harbour, and asking some questions of the builder concerning her.¹⁶ Narbal, disconcerted and confounded, made answer: 'I will go immediately in quest of this stranger, who is of the isle of Cyprus.' But no sooner had he lost sight of the officer, than he came running to advertise me of my danger. 'My dear Telemachus,' said he, 'what I but too certainly foresaw, hath happened; we are undone. The king, whom distrust haunts and tortures day and night, suspects that you are no Cyprian; he hath ordered you to be arrested; I must deliver you up to him, or lose my head. O God! what shall we do! inspire us with wisdom to extricate ourselves from our present danger. Telemachus, I am obliged to carry you to the king's palace, but be sure to main-

tain you are a Cyprian, of the city Amalontum, the son of a statuary¹⁷ of Venus, and I will declare that I formerly knew your father: perhaps, the king, without enquiring further into the matter, will let you go: this is the only expedient I can think of to save your life and mine.' My reply to Narbal was this: 'Do not give yourself any trouble, or run any risk for the sake of an unhappy wretch devoted to destruction; I am not afraid, my dear Narbal, of death, and I am under too great obligations to you, to suffer you to endanger your life on my account. I cannot prevail upon myself to tell a lie. I neither am a Cyprian, nor will affirm that I am. The gods are witnesses of my sincerity; they, if they will, preserve my life; but I am determined not to save it by a lie.' To this declaration Narbal replied: 'There is nothing, Telemachus, criminal in such a lie; the gods themselves cannot condemn it: nobody will suffer by it, and it will save the lives of two innocent persons; while the king is deceived merely to prevent his committing a heinous crime. You carry the love of virtue and the fear of wounding religion too far.' 'It is enough,' said I, 'that falsehood is falsehood, to be unworthy of a man who speaks in the presence of the gods, and who ought to sacrifice every consideration to virtue. He who trespasses against the truth, offends the gods, and even himself, by speaking against his conscience. Forbear, Narbal, to propose to me what is unworthy both of you and me. If the gods shall have pity on us, they can easily deliver us: if it is their will that we should perish, we shall then fall the victims of truth, and leave to mankind an example, that unblemished virtue is to be preferred to long life. As for mine, it hath lasted already too long, seeing it hath been so wretched. It is for you alone, my dear Narbal, that I am concerned: alas! that your friendship for an unhappy stranger should have occasioned you so much trouble.' In this manner we contested a considerable time, till at last we saw a man come running up to us out of breath. He was another of the king's officers, dispatched to us by Astarbe. That woman was beautiful as a goddess; to the charms of her person she joined some engaging qualities of the mind; being sprightly, obliging, and insinuating. But, notwithstanding these deceitful charms, she, like the syrens, had a cruel and malignant heart, the depravity of which she knew how to disguise by deep artifice and dissimulation. By her beauty, her wit, her fine voice, and her skill in touching the lyre, she had captivated the heart of Pygmalion, who, in consequence of his blind passion for her, had forsaken his queen Tophia, and stuck at nothing to gratify the desires of the ambitious Astarbe. His love for that woman was almost as fatal to him as his excessive avarice; but notwithstanding the violence of his passion for her, she felt nothing but aversion and contempt for him. However, she concealed her real sentiments, and pretended to love him above all things, at the same

time that she hated him in the highest degree. There was at Tyre a young Lydian, named Malachon, of extraordinary beauty, but soft, effeminate, and debauched. He thought of nothing but how to preserve the delicacy of his complexion, to adjust his fine flaxen hair that luxuriantly overspread¹⁸ his shoulders, to scent himself with perfumes; to give a graceful air to his long flowing robe; and to chant his amours to the sound of the lyre. Astarbe saw, and loved him to distraction; but he neglected her advances with disdain, being passionately fond of another woman. Besides, he was afraid of exposing himself to the cruel jealousy of the king. Astarbe seeing herself slighted, gave way to her resentment. In her despair she took it into her head that she might be able to make Malachon pass for the stranger, whom the king wanted to see, and whom, she was told, Narbal had already brought to the palace. She actually persuaded Pygmalion, that Malachon was he; at the same time bribing all those who might have undeceived him. As he had no regard for good men, and did not know how to distinguish them, those about him were all mercenary and artful, still ready to execute his sanguinary and tyrannical commands. As they also dreaded the authority of Astarbe, they helped her to deceive the king, lest, by refusing, they should incur the displeasure of a haughty woman who had got entire possession of his confidence. Thus Malachon, though known by the whole city to be a Cretan, was taken up instead of the stranger whom Narbal had brought from Ægypt with him, and clapt in prison. Astarbe, in the mean time, afraid lest Narbal should go to the king, and discover the trick put upon him, sent the officer immediately to Narbal with this message. 'It is Astarbe's pleasure that you forbear telling the king who that stranger that you have with you, is; all that she requires of you is silence; and she promises to satisfy the king with regard to you: however, you must lose no time in sending away along with the Cyprians the young stranger, so that he may no more be seen in the city.' Narbal transported with joy that he should now be able to save both his own life and mine, promised secrecy, and the officer satisfied with having gained my assent, returned to Astarbe to give an account how he had executed his commission. Narbal and I could not help admiring the goodness of the gods in rewarding our sincerity, and in protecting those who hazard their lives for the sake of virtue. We were struck with horror at the thoughts of a king entirely delivered up to pleasure and avarice. 'That prince,' said we, 'who is so extremely afraid of being deceived, deserves to be so, and generally is so in the grossest manner. He is distrustful of the good, and bestows an unreserved confidence on miscreants: he is the only person from whom the truth is hid. Observe Pygmalion, he is the sport of a woman lost to all shame. However, the gods make use of the insincerity and falsehood of the wicked to save the lives

of the good, who would rather die than utter falsehood.' In the mean time we perceived the wind was changed and become favourable for the Cyprian fleet. 'The gods,' cried Narbal, 'declare themselves; they are determined to remove you out of all danger: fly then from this cruel and accursed land. Happy he, who could follow you to regions the most unknown! happy he who could live and die with you! but my cruel destiny confines me to this unhappy country; I must be content to suffer with it, and perhaps to be buried under its ruins: it matters not, provided I always speak the truth, and maintain in my heart an invariable love for what is just and right. As for you, my dear Telemachus, may the gods, who lead you as it were by the hand, bestow upon you the most precious of all gifts, pure and unspotted virtue, to the end of your days. May you live to return to Ithaca, comfort Penelope, and deliver her from those insolent suitors. May your eyes see, and your arms embrace the sage Ulysses; and may he find in you a son no ways inferior to himself in wisdom. But amidst your happiness forget not the unhappy Narbal, nor ever cease to love me.' When he had thus spoken, I embraced him and shed a flood of tears, without being able to make him any reply, my speech was interrupted by heaving sighs: our embraces were attended with a profound silence. He then accompanied me to the ship, and continued on the shore looking earnestly at me, whose eyes were fixed on him, till we lost sight of one another."

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Calypso interrupts Telemachus, that he may take some repose. Mentor reproves him in secret for having undertaken to relate his adventures, but at the same time bids him proceed in his recital since he had begun. Telemachus tells how he had a dream in his passage from Tyre to the isle of Cyprus, in which he saw Minerva protecting him against Venus and Cupid; that he afterwards imagined he saw Mentor, who exhorted him speedily to quit the isle of Cyprus: that when he awoke, the ship would have been lost in a storm, had he not taken the management of the helm himself, for that the Cyprians, being intoxicated with wine, were altogether incapable of saving her; that upon his arrival in the island, he had seen examples of the most dangerous and contagious nature; but that Hazael, a Syrian, whose slave Mentor was become, happening also to be there, had re-united the two Greeks, and carried them with him on board his ship to Crete; and that in the passage they had been highly delighted with seeing Amphitrite in her car, drawn by sea-horses.

Calypso, who had thus far heard Telemachus recount his adventures, with the utmost attention and transport, now interrupted him, that he might take a little repose. "It is time," said she, "that you refresh yourself with a little rest after such immense fatigue. Here you have nothing to make you uneasy; all is friendly and favourable. Let your heart then give way to joy; let it relish the quiet, and all the other gifts which the gods are going to pour down upon you. To-morrow, when Aurora with her rosy fingers shall begin to unlock the gilded gates of the east, and the horses of the sun issuing from the briny waves, shall spread abroad the light of day, driving before them all the stars of heaven, you shall resume the recital of your misfortunes. Your father is much your inferior in point of wisdom and courage.¹ Neither Achilles, who vanquished Hector; nor Theseus, who returned from the infernal regions; nor even the great Alcides, who delivered the earth from so many monsters, ever discovered such fortitude and prowess as you have displayed. May balmy sleep make this night seem short to you. But alas! how tedious will it seem to me! how shall I long to see you again, to hear you, to make you repeat what I already know, and to be informed of what I do not know! withdraw, my dear Telemachus, with the sage Mentor, whom the gods have restored to you, withdraw into this

retired grotto, which is furnished with every necessary for your repose. May Morpheus shed his gentle slumbers on your weary eye-lids, transfuse a divine balm into all your fatigued members, and send you pleasant dreams; that, fluttering about you, may amuse your senses with the most agreeable images, and drive far from you every thing that might awake you too soon." The goddess herself conducted Telemachus into the detached grotto,² which had as much the appearance of rustic simplicity, and was as agreeable as her own. A fountain issuing from one of the corners, produced a gentle murmuring that served to invite repose. There were two beds of a soft verdure prepared by the nymphs, on which were spread two fine skins, on one that of a lion for Telemachus, and on the other that of a bear for Mentor. Before Mentor suffered sleep to close his eyes, he thus addressed himself to Telemachus: "The pleasure of recounting the story of your life, hath seduced your heart;³ you have charmed the goddess by your account of the dangers from which you have been delivered by your own courage and dexterity: thus have you more and more inflamed her passion; and prepared for yourself a more dangerous captivity. How can you expect that she will suffer you to quit her island, now that you have filled her with joy and admiration by the recital of your adventures? the passion of vain glory hath betrayed you into this imprudence. She, having engaged to tell you stories, and to acquaint you with the fate of Ulysses, made shift⁴ to talk a long time without saying any thing to the purpose, and yet thereby induced you to inform her of all that she wanted to know; such are the arts of deceitful women who indulge their passions. When, O Telemachus, will you be so wise, as never to speak out of vanity; but to conceal whatever tends to your own praise, when your interest does not require that you should disclose it. Others admire your wisdom at an age, when the want of it would be pardonable; as for me, I cannot pardon you any thing; I am the only one who knows you, and who loves you so, as to advertise you of all your faults. How far short are you yet of your father's wisdom!" "What then," said Telemachus, "could I refuse Calypso the recital of my misfortunes?" "No," replied Mentor, "I do not disapprove of your relating them,⁵ but then it ought to have been done so as to excite her compassion alone. You might very properly have told her how you was some time wandering from one place to another, some time a prisoner in Sicily, and some time in Ægypt. This was all you ought to have told her. The rest hath served only to increase the poison that preys upon her heart. May the gods preserve your's from the like infection." "But," said Telemachus, with an humble submissive accent, "what am I to do then?" "It is now too late," replied Mentor, "to conceal from her what remains of your adventures: she already knows so much of them, that it is impossible to deceive her with

respect to what remains; your reserve would only serve to inflame her curiosity: proceed therefore to-morrow to give her an account of what further the gods have done in your favour, and learn another time to speak more modestly of what you may have done deserving in any measure of applause." Telemachus taking this wholesome advice in good part, they both went to rest. No sooner had Phœbus spread abroad his first rays upon the earth, than Mentor, hearing the goddess call her nymphs in the wood, awoke Telemachus. "It is time," said he, "to shake off sleep; come, let us return to Calypso: but be upon your guard against her delusive words; beware of laying open your heart to her; dread the flattering poison of her praise. Yesterday she extolled you above your sage father, the invincible Achilles, the renowned Theseus, and Hercules exalted to a god. Was not you sensible how extravagant these praises were? did you believe what she said? be assured she did not even believe it herself. She praises you for no other reason but because she looks upon you as a simpleton, and vain enough to suffer yourself to be imposed upon by praises altogether disproportioned to your actions." After these words of Mentor's, they went together to the place where the goddess waited for them. She smiled upon seeing them, disguising, under an appearance of joy, the fear and uneasiness that preyed upon her heart; for she foresaw that Telemachus, being conducted by Mentor, would escape from her as Ulysses had done. "Come," said she, "Telemachus, make haste and satisfy my curiosity; I thought all night that I saw you departing from Phœnicia, and following your destiny to the island of Cyprus: pray then let me know, without loss of time, what befell you in that voyage." Upon this they all sat down upon the grass, that was interspersed with violets, under the shade of a thick grove. Calypso could not help continually eyeing Telemachus in a tender and passionate manner, nor being transported with indignation upon observing that Mentor narrowly watched her looks.⁶ All the nymphs leaned forward in silence, forming a kind of semicircle, the better to hear and see; and the eyes of the whole company were stedfastly fixed upon young Telemachus, who, blushing with a downcast look, thus, in a very graceful manner, pursued the story of his adventures. "Scarce had the favourable breeze filled our sails, when the coast of Phœnicia began to disappear. As the manners of the Cyprians, with whom I now was embarked, were unknown to me, I resolved with myself to observe in silence all that passed, and to act with the utmost discretion, in order to recommend myself to their esteem. While I thus kept silence, a deep sleep stole insensibly upon me; my senses were all locked up and suspended; a delightful quiet took possession of my heart. In a moment I thought I saw Venus cleaving the clouds, and descending thro' the air in her chariot, drawn by two turtle doves. She appeared to me

with all that superlative beauty, that blooming youth, those tender graces, that adorned her when she sprung from the froth of the ocean, and dazzled the eyes of Jupiter himself. She seemed to come with a rapid flight close up to me, when laying her hand with a smile upon my shoulder, and calling me by name, she thus addressed me. 'Young Greek, you are now bound for my empire, and will soon arrive in that happy island, the native seat of pleasure, mirth, and frolick. There you shall burn incense upon my altars, and there shall you swim in a sea of delights. Open your heart to the most flattering hopes, and beware of resisting the most powerful of all the goddesses, who is disposed to make you happy.' At the same time I perceived the boy Cupid, flapping his wings, and fluttering about his mother. Although his countenance exhibited the tenderness, the sprightliness, and graces of childhood, yet there was in his piercing eyes something that frightened me, which I cannot describe.⁷ He laughed when he looked at me; but his laughter was malicious, scornful, and cruel. From his golden quiver he drew the sharpest of his arrows, bent his bow, and was going to let fly at me, when all of a sudden Minerva appeared and covered me with her ægis. In the face of that goddess there was nothing of that effeminate beauty, or that amorous languishment, which I had remarked in the air and attitude of Venus. On the contrary, her beauty was modest, negligent, unaffected; her whole demeanor was noble, grave, stately, spirited and majestic. Cupid's arrow was not able to penetrate the ægis, but dropped upon the ground; at which he was so enraged, that he wept bitterly: he was ashamed to see himself thus baffled.⁸ 'Get you gone,' cried Minerva, 'get you gone, rash boy; never will you subdue any but effeminate souls, who are more enamoured of your infamous pleasures than of wisdom, virtue, and glory.' At these words, away flew Cupid in a rage, and Venus ascending towards Olympus, at length disappeared, after I had for a long time beheld her chariot with the two doves mounting in a cloud of gold and azure. Afterwards looking towards the ground, I found that Minerva was gone. Then methought I was transported into a delicious garden, such as the Elysian fields are described, in which I found Mentor, who thus accosted me: 'Away from this cruel land, this pestilent isle, in which they breathe nothing but pleasure. The most resolute virtue is in danger in it, and can save itself only by flight.' The moment I saw him, I endeavoured to throw myself upon his neck, to embrace him; but I found that my feet would not move, that my legs failed me, and that my hands, when I sought to lay hold of Mentor, grasped a shadow which baffled all my efforts. These, however, occasioned my waking, when I perceived that this mysterious dream, was a warning from heaven. I found myself full of a determined resolution against pleasure, of diffidence in myself, and abhorrence of the effemi-

nate life of the Cyprians. But what shocked me greatly,⁹ was, that I apprehended Mentor had lost his life, and having crossed the Stygian lake, was now in the happy retreat of the just. I was so affected by this thought, that I shed a flood of tears. Being asked the reason of it, I answered, that my weeping was not to be wondered at, being an unhappy stranger tost about without any hope of seeing his native country again. In the mean time, all the Cyprians on board gave themselves up to a foolish extravagant joy: the rowers, averse to labour, fell asleep upon their oars: the pilot forsook the helm, having on his head a crown of flowers, and in his hand a goblet which had been filled with wine, and which he had now almost emptied. He and all the rest, maddened by Bacchus, sung, in honour of Venus and Cupid, verses that must have shocked all that had any regard for virtue. While they thus forgot the dangers of the sea, a sudden storm began to envelop both the sky and ocean. The fierce winds howled among the sails, and the ship groaned under the gloomy waves that beat over her without ceasing. Some times we rode upon the top of a lofty towering billow; sometimes the sea opening, seemed to precipitate us into the abyss. In this condition we perceived, at no great distance, some rocks, against which the waves broke with a horrible noise. Then it was, that I found, by experience, the truth of what Mentor had often told me, namely, that effeminate men, devoted to pleasure, have not courage or resolution to face danger: for all the Cyprians, in the utmost despondency, wept like so many women. Nothing was to be heard but bitter wailings and lamentations, sad reflections upon the pleasures they were going to be deprived of, and vain ridiculous promises to sacrifice to the gods, provided they would bring them safe to land. There was not a single person on board who had resolution enough left either to direct or execute the steps that were necessary for our preservation. It then appeared to me high time to endeavour to save both myself and them:¹⁰ I therefore laid hold of the helm; for the pilot, being intoxicated with wine, and raving like a Bacchanal, was not in a condition to be sensible of the danger of the vessel; I animated the desponding sailors, and gave orders to furl the sails. The crew then vigorously plying their oars, we passed through among the rocks with the utmost hazard of our lives, and had a near view of death and all its horrors. This deliverance appeared like a dream to all those whose lives I had saved, and they gazed on me with wonder and amazement. We arrived in the isle of Cyprus in that month of the spring that is consecrated to Venus. 'That season of the year,' said the Cyprians, 'is peculiarly suited to the goddess; for it seems to animate all nature, and to give birth to pleasures, as it does to flowers.' When I arrived in the island, I found the air so mild and soft, as to render the body sluggish and inactive, though it inspired at the same time a gay frolicksome hu-

mour. I observed too, that though the country was naturally fertile and agreeable, it lay quite uncultivated, so averse were the inhabitants to labour. On all hands I saw women and young girls, gayly dressed, going to the temple of Venus to devote themselves to the service of the goddess, singing her praises as they went along: grace, beauty, joy, and the love of pleasure, were equally displayed in all their countenances; but there was too much affectation in their air: it had nothing of that noble simplicity, of that amiable modesty, which is the greatest recommendation of beauty. Every thing that I observed about these women disgusted me: their studied and effeminate airs, their gay, gaudy attire, their languid gait, their looks that strove to catch the attention of the other sex, their jealous emulation to excite the more violent passions; on all these accounts I could not help despising them: what was intended to attract my love and admiration, served only to inspire disgust. I was conducted to a temple of the goddess: she has many in the island; for instance, at Cythera, Idalium, and Paphos, where she is particularly honoured. It was to that of Cytheræ that I was conducted. It is built entirely of marble, and is an exact peristyle.¹¹ It is a very majestic edifice, the columns being large and lofty: above the architrave and frieze,¹² on each side, are grand pediments, in which are represented in bas relief all the most pleasant adventures of the goddess. At the gate of the temple is continually to be seen a great crowd of people, come to make their offerings. No victim is ever slain within the sacred precincts of the temple; nor is the fat of heifers and bulls consumed by fire; nor is their blood shed on these altars. The beasts to be offered are only presented; and none can be so presented but such as are young, white, and without blemish. They are covered with fillets of purple embroidered with gold, and their horns gilt and adorned with odoriferous flowers. After having been presented before the altar, they are conveyed to a particular place detached from the temple, and slaughtered for the entertainment and feasting of the priests. All sorts of perfumed liquors are also offered, and wine more delicious than nectar. The priests, who are clad in long white robes, with girdles, and fringes at the bottom of their robes, of gold, burn day and night on the altars the most exquisite perfumes of the East, which form a cloud as they ascend to heaven. All the columns of the temple are adorned with hanging festoons: all the vessels used in sacrificing, are of gold; and a sacred wood of myrtles surrounds the edifice. None but young men and damsels of singular beauty can present the victims to the priests, or light the fire upon the altars; but a temple so magnificent is disgraced by dissoluteness and obscenity. At first I could not behold these things without abhorrence, but that wore off insensibly. Vice no longer shocked me: every company inspired me with a greater propensity to de-

bauchery, by rallying me upon my innocence; for my continence and modesty served only for subjects of mirth and ridicule to that abandoned people. They stuck at nothing¹³ to stir up my passions, to ensnare me, and to awaken in me a love of pleasure. I found myself grow less firm and resolute every day; the virtuous education I had received, was no longer able to support me: all my good purposes were forgotten; I saw it would be impossible for me to resist the evil that assailed me on all sides; nay, I was even absurd enough to be ashamed of virtue. My case not a little resembled¹⁴ that of a man swimming in a deep rapid river; at first he stems the torrent, and advances: but, if the banks are steep and rocky, so that he cannot climb, and rest himself upon the shore; he grows tired by degrees; his strength fails him; his wearied limbs become stiff, and he is carried away by the current; thus did my eyes become dim, my heart feeble and irresolute, and I could neither recover the use of my reason, nor recall the memory of my father's virtues: so that the dream in which I fancied I had seen Mentor in the Elysian fields, discouraged me quite from making any further efforts. A secret soothing languor took possession of my soul. I was now enamoured of the agreeable poison that insinuated itself from vein to vein, and penetrated to the very marrow of my bones. Nevertheless I could not help still fetching deep sighs, weeping bitterly, and roaring, in my phrensy, like a lion. 'O the wretchedness of youth!' cried I; 'O ye gods, who cruelly sport with men, why do ye make them pass through that period of life, which is a scene of folly, or a raging fever. O that I were covered with grey hairs, bending with years, and upon the brink of the grave, like my grandfather Laertes! I would prefer death to the inglorious imbecillity into which I am fallen.' Scarce had I uttered these words, when my grief abated, and my heart, intoxicated by a foolish passion, shook off all regard to modesty; in consequence of which, I was overwhelmed with the deepest remorse. During my distraction, I ran up and down the sacred grove like a hind wounded by the huntsman: to ease her pain, she traverses the vast forests; but the arrow that wounded her, sticking in her flank, pursues her still; the deadly dart she carries with her wheresoever she flies. Thus did I run about to divert the thoughts of my situation, but nothing was able to alleviate my uneasiness. At that very moment I descried a good way off, under the thick shade of the wood, the figure of the sage Mentor; but so pale, melancholy and austere did his countenance appear, that I did not feel any joy at the sight. 'Is it you then,' cried I, 'O my dear friend, my only hope? Is it you? Indeed! Is it you, your very self? Does not a delusive phantom impose upon my sight? Is it you, Mentor? Or is it not your shade that still presents itself to my eyes?'¹⁵ Are you not among the number of those happy souls who enjoy the fruits of their virtue, and on whom the gods bestow pure

pleasures and endless peace in the Elysian fields? Speak Mentor, are you still alive? Am I so happy as to possess you, or is it only the shade of my friend?' As I spoke these words, I ran towards him all in a transport and out of breath; while he, without any emotion, waited for me, not advancing a single step. O ye gods! say, for you know, how great was my joy, when my hands felt and touched him. 'No,' cried I, 'it is not an empty shade; I hold him, I embrace my dear Mentor': then I shed a flood of tears as I hung upon his neck, and clasped him in my arms, without being able to speak; he, at the same time, regarding me with a melancholy air, and eyes full of tender compassion. At last I thus accosted him: 'Alas! whence come you? What dangers did you leave me to encounter during your absence? And what could I now do without you?' Without replying to these my questions, 'Fly!' said he, with a terrible tone, 'Away, lose not a moment. This country produces nothing but poison; the very air you breathe is poisoned; the contagious inhabitants cannot converse together without communicating a mortal poison. Infamous effeminate pleasure, of all the plagues that issued from Pandora's box, the most dreadful! here enfeebles men's hearts, and suffers no virtue to exist. Away then, without delay:¹⁶ look not even behind you as you fly, and banish this execrable island entirely from your thoughts.' Thus he spoke, and immediately I perceived, as it were, a thick cloud dissolve from my eyes and disperse, so that I beheld the pure light: a gentle joy, and an undaunted resolution sprung up again in my heart: it was a joy very different from that childish, effeminate delight with which my senses had been intoxicated: the latter is a drunken, turbid joy, chequered with furious passions, and cutting remorse; the former is a rational joy, fraught with something¹⁷ blissful and divine. It is always serene, even, and inexhaustible: the more it is indulged, the more delightful it is: it ravishes the soul without disquieting it. I then shed tears of joy, and found that nothing is so agreeable as to weep with such sensations. 'Happy,' said I, 'are those men who have beheld virtue in all her charms! for they who see her, must love her, and they who love her, must be happy.' 'I must leave you,' said Mentor; 'I cannot stay a moment longer: I have no more time to spare.' 'Ah, whither are you going?' said I. 'There is no part of the world so dismal and uninhabitable, to which I will not follow you. Think not that you can escape from me; I will rather die in the pursuit!' As I spoke thus, I laid hold of him, and clasped him close in my arms with all my strength. 'In vain,' said he, 'do you attempt to detain me. You must know, I was sold by the cruel Metophis to Æthiopians or Arabs. These going to Damascus in Syria, about their commercial affairs, resolved to dispose of me, thinking to get a large sum for me from one Hazael, who wanted a Greek

slave to instruct him in the manners and sciences of the Greeks; and indeed, Hazael purchased me at a very high price. In consequence of what I told him relating to our manners, he had a curiosity to visit the isle of Crete, in order to study the wise laws of Minos. As we were on our way thither, the winds obliged us to put into the isle of Cyprus. Constrained to wait till the weather grows more favourable,¹⁸ he is come to make his offerings in this temple: see, there he is, just coming out; the wind is now fair, it already swells our sails: adieu my dear Telemachus; a slave who fears the gods, will diligently attend upon his master. I am no longer at my own disposal; if I was, I should devote myself entirely to your service. Adieu, forget not the toils of Ulysses, nor the tears of Penelope, and remember the just gods. O ye celestial powers, protectors of the innocent, in what a dissolute country am I obliged to leave Telemachus!' 'No, no,' replied I, 'my dear Mentor, it is not your fault if I am left here to perish, rather than see you depart without me. Is this Syrian master of yours without any feelings? Was he suckled by a tygress? Will he tear you from my arms? He must either put me to death, or allow me to follow you. You yourself exhort me to quit the island, and yet you will not suffer me to go along with you. I will go and speak to Hazael; perhaps my youth and my tears may excite his pity: as he loves wisdom, and is going so far in quest of it, he cannot have a savage, unfeeling heart. I will throw myself at his feet, embrace his knees, and not let him go, till he has granted my request. My dear Mentor, I will make myself a slave, that I may be with you; I will offer myself as such to your master: if he refuses to accept my offer, I am undone, I cannot survive it.' At that instant Hazael called Mentor, and I fell down before him. He was surprised to see a person he did not know in that posture. 'What is the matter,' said he, 'what would you have?' 'Life,' replied I, 'for I must die, unless you permit me to accompany Mentor, who is your slave. I am the son of the great Ulysses, the wisest of all the kings of Greece, who have been at the siege of the superb city of Troy, famous through all Asia. I do not mention my birth out of vanity, but only to inspire you with some compassion for my misfortunes. I have been seeking my father all over the sea, in company with this man, who was to me another father; but fortune, to fill up the measure of my woe, deprived me of him, and made him your slave; suffer me to be so too. If you really love what is just and right, and are going to Crete to learn the laws of the good king Minos, harden not your heart against my sighs and tears. You see in me the son of a king, reduced to the necessity of petitioning for servitude as his only resource. Some time ago in Sicily, I preferred death to slavery. But my first misfortunes were no more than the feeble essays of outrageous fortune:¹⁹ now I am in pain, lest

my offers of servitude should be rejected.²⁰ O ye gods! look upon my woes; O Hazael, remember Minos, whose wisdom you admire, and who will judge us both in the realms of Pluto.' Hazael regarding me with looks of good-nature and humanity, reached me his hand, and lifted me up. 'I am no stranger,' said he, 'to the wisdom and virtue of Ulysses: Mentor has often told me what glory he hath acquired among the Greeks; besides that, swift-footed fame hath proclaimed his name to all the nations of the East. Follow me, son of Ulysses, I will be a father to you, till such time as you meet again with him who gave you birth. Though neither the glory of your father, nor his and your misfortunes moved me, yet the friendship I have for Mentor would engage me to take care of you. It is true, I bought him as a slave, but I regard him as a faithful friend; by the money he cost me, I gained a friend the most dear and the most to be valued of any I have on earth. In him I have found wisdom, and to him I am indebted for the love I bear to virtue. From this moment I declare you both free, and I ask nothing in return from either of you but your affection.' Thus did I enjoy an instantaneous transition²¹ from the deepest distress, to the most transporting joy that any mortal can feel. I saw myself safe from a most dreadful danger; I was drawing near my own country; I had found a friend to assist me in getting thither, and had the consolation and satisfaction to be in company with one who already loved me, purely from his love of virtue. In fine, I found every thing by finding Mentor, from whom I hoped never more to be separated. Hazael proceeded towards the shore, and we followed his steps. We immediately embarked, and the rowers began to ply their oars: the sea was smooth and calm; a light breeze played about our sails, communicating an easy agreeable motion to the ship,²² so that we soon lost sight of the isle of Cyprus. Hazael, impatient to know my sentiments, asked me what I thought of the manners of that island. I frankly owned to him the danger my youth had exposed me to, and the distraction and conflict I had suffered in my mind. He was pleased with the abhorrence I expressed of vice, and thus exclaimed: 'O Venus! I know by experience thy power, and that of thy son. I have burnt incense upon thy altars; yet I cannot help detesting the infamous effeminacy of the inhabitants of thine isle, and the monstrous impudence with which they celebrate thy festivals.' Then Mentor and he began to discourse together of that supreme power that formed heaven and earth; of that infinite, unchangeable light, which, though imparted to all, is never exhausted; of that sovereign, universal truth, which illuminates every mind, as the sun enlightens every body. 'The man,' said he, 'who hath never seen that light, is as blind as the man that is born without the sense of seeing. He passes his days in profound dark-

ness, like those to whom the sun does not shine for several months of the year. He fancies that he is wise, though he is a fool: that he sees every thing, though he is altogether blind; and he dies without having ever seen any thing: at least, all he perceives is only a false and dismal light, vain shadows and phantoms that have no reality. This is the case of all those who are led astray by sensual pleasure, or the delusions²³ of the imagination. There are none that deserve the name of men, but those who consult, who love, and who are guided by that eternal reason. It is that which inspires our good thoughts, and reproves our bad. To it we are indebted for our understanding, no less than our life: it is, as it were, a vast ocean of light, and our souls are a sort of little rivulets, that issue from it, and that afterwards return to it, and are lost in its immensity.²⁴ Though I was not yet able perfectly to comprehend the wisdom of that discourse, yet I felt from it something of a pure and sublime pleasure that I cannot describe:²⁵ my heart was warmed with it, and the truth seemed to me to shine through every word they pronounced. They proceeded then to talk of the origin of the gods, of heroes, poets, the golden age, the deluge, the first histories of mankind, the river of oblivion in which the souls of the dead are plunged, the eternal punishments prepared for the impious in the black gulph of Tartarus, and that happy peace which the just enjoy in the Elysian fields without any fear of forfeiting that blissful state. While Hazael and Mentor conversed together in this manner, we beheld dolphins covered with a shell that shone like gold and azure. In their sport and play they dashed about the foaming billows. After them came the tritons blowing their trumpets of crooked wreathed shells. They surrounded the chariot of Amphitrite, drawn by sea-horses whiter than snow, which cleaving the briny waves, left behind them a vast furrow in the sea. Their eyes were inflamed, and a smoke issued from their mouths. The car of the goddess was a shell of a wonderful figure; its whiteness surpassed that of snow,²⁶ and its wheels were of gold. It seemed to fly upon the surface of the smooth waters. A great number of nymphs, crowned with flowers, swam behind the chariot; their *fine* hair hanging down their shoulders, and waving in the wind. In one hand the goddess held a golden sceptre to awe the waves; with the other, she embraced her son, the little god Palemon, whom, sitting on her knees, she suckled at her breasts. Her countenance displayed a mild, yet majestic serenity, that made the boisterous winds and all the black tempests fly before her. The tritons conducted the horses, and held the gilded reins. Over the chariot a large canopy of purple floated in the air, gently swelled by the breath of a multitude of little zephyrs, who strove to blow it along. In the air appeared Æolus, eager, restless, and impatient. His

wrinkled, peevish countenance, his threatening voice, his thick hanging eye-brows, his dismal, fierce, fiery eyes, in silence hushed the stormy winds, and dispersing every cloud. The unweildy whales and other marine monsters, sallied out from their profound grottos to see the goddess, making the briny waters ebb and flow with the breath of their nostrils."

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates that upon his arrival in the isle of Crete, he understood that Idomeneus the king of it, to perform an indiscreet vow he had made, had sacrificed his only son: that the Cretans taking up arms to revenge his death, had obliged the father to quit the island. That after much perplexity and uncertainty, they were come to a resolution to chuse another, and were assembled for that purpose. Telemachus adds, that he was admitted into the assembly; that he bore away the prize in divers games, and explained the questions that Minos had left recorded in his law-books; that the old men, who were the judges of the island, and the whole body of the people, in consideration of his wisdom, would have chosen him for their king.

After having beheld this scene with admiration, we began to descry the Mountains of Crete, which, however, we could hardly yet distinguish from the clouds and the billows. But we soon perceived the summit of Ida, towering above those of the other mountains of the island, as much as the branching horns of an old stag in the forest over-top those of the young fawns that follow in his train. By degrees we saw more distinctly the coasts of the island, which appeared to our eyes like an amphitheatre. As much as Cyprus seemed neglected and uncultivated, so much did Crete bear the marks of culture and improvement, and of being adorned with all sorts of fruits by the industry of its inhabitants. On all sides we espied villages well built, superb cities, and towns little inferior to them. We could not see a field, that did not bear the impression of the hand of the diligent husbandman. Deep furrows were every where left by the plough. Neither briars nor thorns, nor any other vegetables that uselessly incumber the ground, were any where to be met with in that country. We viewed with pleasure the deep vallies, where, in the rich pastures along the brooks, were herds of cattle feeding and lowing; flocks of sheep grazing upon the brows of the hills; vast plains covered with yellow grain, the rich presents of the fruitful Ceres; and lastly, mountains adorned with vines and grapes already coloured, that promised the vintagers a profusion of the delicious gifts of Bacchus to banish the cares of man. Mentor told us that he had been in Crete before, and acquainted us with what he knew of it. 'This island,' said he, 'admired by all strangers, and famous for its hundred

cities, maintains with ease¹ all its inhabitants, although they are almost without number. The reason is, because the earth never fails to pour forth its riches upon those who cultivate it. Its fertile bosom can never be exhausted. The more people there is in a country, the greater plenty they enjoy, provided they are industrious: they never have occasion to be jealous of one another. The earth, that kind mother, multiplies her gifts according to the number of her children, who are intitled to her produce by their labour. The ambition and avarice of men are the only sources of their misfortunes. They covet every thing, and render themselves unhappy by grasping at superfluities:² if they would live in a simple manner, and be content with satisfying their real wants, we should see plenty, joy, peace, and union reign every where. Of this truth, Minos the best and wisest of kings, was fully sensible. Whatsoever you shall see in this island most worthy of your admiration, is the fruit of his laws. The education he ordained for children, renders their bodies hale and robust: they are inured betimes to a simple, frugal, and laborious life; sensual pleasure of every kind is supposed to enervate both body and mind, and therefore no other is ever proposed or recommended to them, but that of being invincible through virtue, and of acquiring a great share of glory. They do not make courage consist solely in despising death amidst the dangers of war, but also in disdaining excessive wealth, and effeminate pleasures. Here three vices, which fall not under the cognizance of the laws in other countries, are severely punished,³ namely, ingratitude, dissimulation, and avarice. As for pomp and luxury, they have no occasion to take any measures to check them; for they are not known in Crete: there nobody is idle, and yet nobody aims at wealth; they all think themselves sufficiently repaid for their labour, by an agreeable regular life, in which they enjoy in peace and plenty all that is truly necessary. Neither rich furniture, nor costly attire, nor sumptuous entertainments, nor gilded palaces are suffered there. Their garments are of fine wool and beautiful colours, but quite plain and without embroidery. Their meals are sober and simple, little wine is drank; and the principal part of them consists of good bread and fruits, which the trees themselves, as it were, present, together with the milk of their cattle. At their greatest entertainments, they eat only a little coarse meat without any high sauces: all their finest horned cattle⁴ are kept for the purposes of agriculture. Their houses are neat, commodious, and elegant, but without any ornaments. The splendor and magnificence of architecture is not unknown there; but it is reserved for the temples of the gods, and no man must presume to have houses like those of the immortals. The riches of the Cretans consist chiefly in health, strength, courage, the peace and union of families, the liberty of all the citizens, the plenty of all necessities, a contempt of superfluities, a

habit of industry, and abhorrence of idleness; an emulation in virtue, submission to the laws, and reverence towards the gods.' I asked him wherein the authority of the king consisted; and he answered: 'His power over the people is absolute: but still he is subject to the laws. He is under no restraint in doing good, but his hands are tied up from doing wrong.'⁵ The care of the people, the most important of all trusts, is committed to him by the laws, on condition that he be the father of his subjects. The intention of the laws is, that one man by his wisdom and moderation should promote the happiness of such numbers, and not that such numbers by their misery and abject slavery should serve only to flatter the pride and luxury of a single man. A king ought not to enjoy any pre-eminence above other men, except in regard to what is necessary to ease and support him under the fatigue of business, and to impress the people with respect for him to whom the care and execution of the laws is entrusted. As to the rest, the king ought to be more sober, more averse to luxury and effeminacy, more free from pride and pageantry, than any other person. He is not to have more wealth and pleasure, but more wisdom, virtue, and glory than other men. Abroad he is to defend his people, and command their armies; and at home is to be their judge, to render them wise, good, and happy. It is not for himself that the gods have made him king, but for his subjects, whose welfare he is to study, and to whom he owes all his time, all his attention, and all his affection. He is no farther worthy of being king, than as he forgets and disregards his own private concerns, to devote himself entirely to the service of the public. Minos did not desire that his sons should reign after him, but upon condition that they observed these maxims: by which it appeared that he loved his people more than his own family.'⁶ By such wisdom and moderation it was, that he rendered Crete so powerful and happy, and eclipsed the glory of all those conquerors, who were for making the people serve only to promote their own glory, that is, their vanity. In fine, it was in consequence of his justice, that he became one of the judges of the dead in the regions below.'⁷ While Mentor entertained us with this discourse,⁷ we had landed on the island: we viewed the famous labyrinth, built by the ingenious Dedalus, in imitation of the great labyrinth in Egypt. While we were examining that curious structure, we saw the shore covered with people crowding to a place pretty nigh the sea. We asked one, named Nauserates,⁸ whither they were hurrying, and for what? who gave us the following account. 'Idomeneus,' said he, 'the son of Deucalion, and grandson of Minos, went along with the other kings of Greece to the siege of Troy. After that renowned city was taken, he embarked on board a ship in order to return to Crete, but met with so violent a storm, that the pilot and all the experienced mariners thought shipwreck inevitable. Each individual had

death before his eyes: each every moment beheld the watery abyss that opened wide to swallow him; and each deplored his unhappy fate, without even the melancholy hope or consolation of resting after death, like those ghosts, who, in consequence of sepulture,⁹ traverse the river Styx. Idomeneus lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, thus invoked Neptune: "O thou mighty god," cried he, "who presidest over the sea, deign to hear me in my distress: if, notwithstanding the fury of the waves, thou shalt grant me once more to see the isle of Crete, I will sacrifice to thee the first person that my eyes shall behold, after my arrival." Meanwhile his son, impatient to behold him, ran in haste to meet and to embrace him at his return. Unhappy youth! he did not know that he was running headlong to his own destruction!¹⁰ His father, having weathered the storm, arrived at the wished-for haven, and returned Neptune thanks for having heard his vows: but he soon found what sorrow and distress these same vows had brought upon him. A foreboding of the misfortune that was about to befall him, made him heartily repent of his rash vow. He was afraid to go ashore among his own subjects, and trembled lest he should first see some of his dearest relations. But the cruel pitiless goddess Nemesis, who never neglects to punish men, especially proud haughty kings, impelled Idomeneus with a fatal invisible hand. When he arrived, he durst hardly lift up his eyes: he beholds his son! he starts with horror, and recoils.—He throws his eyes around, in hopes of seeing some other person less dear, to be his victim, but in vain. Meanwhile his son throws himself on his neck, amazed at a reception so ill suited to his tenderness; and seeing him dissolved in tears, "Alas! father," cried he, "whence proceeds your sorrow? After so long an absence, are you sorry to find yourself returned to your own kingdom; and to make your son happy at seeing you again? What have I done? You turn your eyes from me, as if afraid to look at me!" To this address the father made no reply for some time; but at last, after many sighs and tears, he exclaimed: "Ah! Neptune, what did I promise you? how dear have you made me pay for delivering me from shipwreck! expose me again to the rocks and waves, and let them put an end to my unhappy days: but let my son live! O cruel god! here, receive my blood, but spare his life!" So saying, he drew his sword, in order to sheathe it in his own bosom: but those who were about him, held his hand. The old Sophronimus, interpreter of the will of the gods, assured him, that he might satisfy Neptune, without putting to death his son. "Your vow," said he, "was rash and imprudent: the gods will not be honoured by acts of cruelty; beware of adding to the guilt and folly of your vow, that of fulfilling it against the laws of nature; offer a hundred bullocks white as snow to Neptune; make their blood flow round his altar, crowned with flowers; and burn sweet incense in honour of the god."

Idomeneus heard these words with downcast eyes, and without making any reply: his looks were full of fury: his pale and ghastly countenance changed colour every moment; and he was seen to tremble in every limb. Meanwhile his son addressed him in these words: "Here I am, father; your son is ready to submit to death to appease the god of the sea; draw not down upon yourself his resentment: I shall die contented, if by my death your life may be secured. Plunge your sword, father, into my bosom, and do not be afraid to find in me a son that is unworthy of you, who dreads the stroke of death." At that instant, Idomeneus, quite beside himself, and, as it were, torn by the infernal furies, to the amazement of all that were about him, plunges his sword in the heart of his own child; he withdraws it all reeking and bloody in order to dispatch himself, but was again prevented by his attendants. The youth sinks down amidst his flowing blood, and his eyes are covered with the shades of death; he opens them again, in quest of light, but has no sooner found it, than, unable to support it longer, they are for ever closed.—As a fair lily in the field, cut from the root by the keen trenchant plough, hangs down its head, and is no longer able to support itself; it loses not at once that lovely white, that splendid hue which charms the eyes; but yet it lives no more, because no longer nourished by the fostering earth. Thus was the son of Idomeneus, like a tender flower, mowed down even in his early days. His father was deprived of reason by an extacy of grief; he neither knew where he was, nor what he did, nor what he ought to do; he moves with trembling steps towards the city, still calling for his son. In the mean time, the people, touched with compassion for the son, and shuddering with horror at the barbarous act of the father, exclaimed, that the just gods had abandoned him to the furies. Rage furnishes them with arms; they snatch up staves¹¹ and stones; and discord blows a deadly poison into every heart. The Cretans, the wise Cretans forget the wisdom they so much adore: they no longer respect the descendant of the sage Minos. The friends of Idomeneus saw that there was no other way left to save him, but to carry him back to his ships, in which they embarked with him, put to sea, and bore away at the mercy of the winds and waves. Idomeneus recovering his senses, thanks them for having forced him away from a country he had stained with the blood of his son, and in which he could no longer bear to live. They were conducted by the winds to the coast of Hesperia, where they have just founded a new kingdom in the country of the Salentines. Mean while the Cretans, having no king to govern them, came to a resolution to elect a sovereign who should maintain the laws of Minos in their full vigour.¹² The measures they adopted for that purpose were these: all the principal inhabitants of the hundred cities are here assembled. They have already begun to offer sacrifices; and have en-

gaged all the most celebrated sages of the neighbouring countries to attend, in order to examine and determine which of the several candidates is most worthy of the crown. They have prepared public games, in which each candidate must be personally engaged; for the crown is to be the prize of him, who is pronounced superior to all the rest in the qualities both of body and of mind. They resolved to have a king dexterous, strong, and active, whose mind should be adorned with virtue and sagacity. Strangers of all countries are invited to put in for the prize.¹³ Nausecrates, after having recounted to us these strange events, 'Strangers,' said he, 'make haste and join the assembly: you shall enter the lists along with the rest; and if the gods grant either of you the victory, he shall reign over this country.' We followed him, though we had no sort of ambition to gain the prize, but merely from a curiosity to see so extraordinary a spectacle. We soon arrived at a kind of circus,¹⁴ surrounded with a thick forest: in the middle was the arena or spot allotted for the combatants, round which, in the form of an amphitheatre, were seats of green turf, to accommodate the spectators, who were almost innumerable. When we arrived, we were received in a respectful manner; for there is not a people on earth that treat strangers with more politeness and hospitality, than the Cretans. They provided us with seats, and exhorted us to enter the lists as combatants. Mentor excused himself upon his great age, and Hazael upon his ill state of health; but my youth and vigour left me without excuse. However, I cast a look at Mentor, to see whether he approved of my engaging as a combatant, and I perceived that he wished me to try my fortune. I therefore embraced the proposal; and having undressed, the streams of smooth and glittering oil were diffused over all my limbs: thus prepared, I mixed among the combatants. A whisper ran through all the spectators,¹⁵ that the son of Ulysses was come to try to carry off the prize, and divers individuals, who had been at Ithaca, and seen me when a child, now recognized my features. The first was a wrestling match. A Rhodian, about thirty-five years of age, excelled all those who had encountered him: he was now in the prime of life and vigorous; his arms were brawny¹⁶ and nervous;¹⁷ on the least motion, all the muscles of his body swelled to view; and he was as nimble and active as he was strong. He looked on me as not worth the vanquishing, and pitying me as a tender stripling, was going to retire; but I stepped up, presented myself for the contest, closing immediately, we locked each other so hard, that scarcely could we breathe. We stood shoulder to shoulder, foot to foot, every sinew strained, and our arms intertwined like serpents, each striving to raise the other from the ground. Sometimes he tried to surprise me by pushing to the right; sometimes he exerted his whole force to wrench me to the left. While he plyed me thus, I pushed him back-

wards with such violence, that the sinews of his loins gave way: he fell upon the sand, and pulled me after him. In vain he strove to get me under; in spite of all his efforts, I kept him down. Then all the people shouted: 'Victory to the son of Ulysses!' I now assisted the disconcerted Rhodian to rise. The contest with the cestus,¹⁸ was much more difficult, and doubtful. The son of a rich citizen of Samos, had acquired the highest reputation in this kind of combat. None of the rest would venture to encounter him: I alone dared to hope for victory. He gave me at first such dreadful blows on the head and stomach, that I vomited blood, and a thick cloud overspread my eyes. I was now staggering, and the Rhodian¹⁹ redoubling his blows, gave me no respite. At that instant, the voice of Mentor inspired me with fresh courage and vigour. 'Son of Ulysses,' cried he, 'will you suffer yourself to be vanquished?' Shame and indignation supplied me with new strength. I dexterously avoided several blows that would have brought me to the ground. At last, the Samian having missed his aim, and his arm being extended without effect, I surprised him in that inclining attitude. Perceiving him recoil, I raised my cestus high, that it might fall with the greater force; which he endeavouring to avoid, and thereby losing his balance, gave me an opportunity of throwing him with ease. As soon as I saw him stretched at his full length on the ground, I offered to assist him in getting up; but he started up without help, all over smeared with blood and dust. Though he glowed with shame,²⁰ he would not venture to renew the combat. Then began the races with chariots, which were distributed by lot. It was mine to have the chariot with the heaviest wheels, and the weakest horses. We started; immediately a cloud of dust arose, and enveloped the sky. I suffered all the rest, at first setting out, to get before me; and a young Lacedæmonian, named Crantor, distanced all the rest: close behind him was a Cretan, named Polycletes. Hippomachus, a relation of Idomeneus, and ambitious of succeeding him on the throne, giving his horses, that smoaked with sweat, the reins, hung over their floating manes; and so rapid was the motion of his chariot-wheels, that they seemed to have none at all, like the wings of an eagle cleaving the air. My horses, by degrees, got wind and spirit; and I soon left behind me all those that had started with such eager impetuosity. Hippomachus, the kinsman of Idomeneus, over-driving his horses, the most vigorous of them fell down, and thereby put an end to his master's hopes of being king. Polycletes leaning too much over his horses, could not stand a jolt of the chariot; he fell, and quitting the reins, thought himself happy in escaping with life. Crantor's eyes gleaming with rage²¹ to see me almost up with him, he redoubled his efforts. Sometimes he invoked the gods; promising them rich offerings; sometimes he endeavoured to infuse new life and spirit into his horses. He was

afraid lest I should get between him and the boundary; for my horses being better managed than his, were upon the point of leaving him behind. He had now no other resource but to block up the passage; and for that end resolved to risque running against the boundary, and accordingly broke one of his wheels. I then thought of nothing, but a dexterous turn that I might not be intangled in his disorder; and in a moment he saw me at the end of our career.²² The people shouted once more: 'Victory to the son of Ulysses! it is he whom the gods have destined to reign over us.' We were then conducted by the wisest and most illustrious among the Cretans to an ancient sacred wood, secluded from the sight of the profane; where the old men, whom Minos had ordained to be the judges of the people, and the guardians of the laws, ordered us to be brought before them. None but those who had been combatants, were called or admitted. The sages opened the books, containing a collection of all Minos's laws. I was struck with awe and reverence when I appeared before these old men, whom age had rendered venerable, without destroying the vigour of their minds. They sat with much order and gravity, each in his place; some of them had hoary locks, and some were almost bald. A solemn and serene wisdom appeared in their countenances; they did not shew any indecent impatience to speak; and said only what they had before resolved to say. When they differed in opinion, they urged their several sentiments with so much moderation,²³ that one would have thought they were all of one mind. The experience they had acquired in a long life, and their great application, enabled them to see far into every thing; but what contributed most to enlighten their judgment, was the tranquillity of their minds, now no longer subject to the follies and caprices of youth. Their conduct was entirely regulated by the dictates of wisdom, and by the long practice of virtue they had obtained such an absolute conquest of their passions and foibles, that they felt the calm and sublime pleasure of being always guided by reason. So much did I admire them, that I wished it had been in my power to forego a part of my life, in order to arrive speedily at so desirable an old age. I lamented the unhappiness of youth in being so much swayed by passion, and so unacquainted with such a calm and enlightened virtue.²⁴ The chief among these sages opened the book of Minos. It was a large volume, generally kept in a perfumed box. Each of them kissed it in a very respectful manner; for they said, that next to the gods, from whom all our good laws come, nothing ought to be held by men in such veneration, as the laws, which are designed to render them good, wise, and happy. Those who are charged with the execution of the laws, and the government of states, ought always to submit to the laws themselves. It is the laws, and not men which ought to govern. Such were the sentiments of these sages. Three ques-

tions were then proposed by the president, to be determined agreeably to the maxims of Minos. The first was, Who, of all men, was the freest? Some said that it was a king, whose authority was absolute, and who had been victorious over all his enemies. Others maintained that it was he, whose wealth was such, that he could gratify all his passions. Others again thought, that it was he who never married, and who spent his whole life in travelling from one country into another, without subjecting himself to the laws of any. It was the opinion of others, that it was a savage, who, living among the woods by hunting, was a stranger both to want and to government. Others fancied, that it was a man just made free, who, immediately after being eased of the yoke of servitude, is more sensible than any other of the value of liberty. There were others, who would have it to be a dying man, because death delivered him from every grievance, and no man had any more power over him. When it came to my turn, I knew how to answer the question immediately, not having forgot what I had so often heard from Mentor. 'The freest man,' said I, 'is he who can be free even in slavery. In whatever country or condition one is, he is perfectly free, provided he fears the gods, and them only. In a word, to enjoy entire freedom, is to bid defiance to fear, and every other passion, and to be subject to the gods alone and to reason.' The old men looked at one another and smiled, not a little surprised to find my answer exactly the same as that of Minos. The second question proposed was this: Who is the most wretched of all men? To this every one made such an answer as his understanding suggested. One said, it is a man, who has neither money, health, nor title. Another alledged, it was one that had no friend. Others thought it was a man whose children were ungrateful and unworthy of him. An old man, who came from the isle of Lesbos, said: 'Of all men, he is the most unhappy, who thinks himself so; for, misery arises not so much from what we suffer, as from our want of patience, which adds to it greatly.' These words were applauded by the whole assembly, and every one thought the Lesbian would carry off the prize for that question. I was then asked my opinion; and, accordingly to what Mentor had taught me, replied: 'That the man of all others the most wretched, was a king, who thought himself happy in making others miserable: he is doubly wretched, in being so blind as not to see his misery; and of this he cannot be cured, for he is even afraid of knowing it. The truth cannot reach him through such a crowd of flatterers. He is a slave to his passions, and altogether unacquainted with his duty. He never knew the pleasure of doing good, nor the charms of pure virtue: he is unhappy, and deserves to be so: his misery encreases every day: he runs headlong to destruction, and the gods will at last plunge him in an eternal abyss of misery.' Then the whole assembly acknowledged I had been more fortunate

than the sage Lesbian, and that my sentiments coincided with those of Minos.²⁵ The third question imported, Which was most eligible, a king victorious and invincible in war; or one without any knowledge or experience in the art of war, but well qualified to govern a nation in time of peace? The king invincible in war was preferred by the greater part. 'What signifies it,' said they, 'having a king well versed in the arts of peace, if he knows not how to defend his dominions in time of war? for, if that is the case, he will be vanquished by his enemies, and his people enslaved.' There were some, on the other hand, who maintained, that the pacific prince deserved the preference, because, as he had an aversion to war, he would exert himself to the utmost to prevent it. It was further alledged in favour of the warlike king, that he would advance the glory of his people, at the same time that he extended his own, that he would make other nations subject to them; whereas a pacific king would habituate them to sloth and inactivity. Being asked my opinion, I replied thus: 'A king who knows how to govern a people either in peace only, or in war only, and who is not qualified for both, is but half a king. But if a king, who understands nothing but war, is compared to a wise king, who, though unacquainted himself with the art of war, can yet, when there is occasion, manage it by his generals; the latter undoubtedly is to be preferred. A prince, whose turn is intirely for war, would be always for extending his glory and dominions, and thereby would ruin his people. Of what advantage is it to any state, that their king brings other nations under their yoke; if, at the same time, they themselves are miserable under his administration? Besides, long wars always occasion a number of disorders: in these times of confusion, even the conquerors are sufferers. See how dear the taking of Troy hath cost Greece; this country having been thereby deprived of its kings during the space of ten years, and more. When war hath set a country all on fire, the laws, agriculture, and the arts droop and languish. The very best of princes, when they have a war to carry on, are obliged to give way to the greatest of evils, namely, the conniving at licentiousness, and employing bad men. How many miscreants are there, whose audaciousness must be rewarded in time of war, that would suffer condign punishment in peaceable times? Never had any nation a king fond of war and conquest, without suffering by his ambition. A warlike prince, intoxicated with the love of glory, is little less fatal to his own subjects, though victorious, than to the countries which he hath subdued. A state cannot reap the benefit of its success in war, if its sovereign is not qualified for the administration of government in peaceable times. He is like a man, who should not only be able to defend his own field, but also take possession of that of his neighbour, and yet could neither till nor sow, nor consequently reap any harvest: such a king

seems born to destroy, to ravage, and turn the world upside down; not to make his people happy by a wise administration. Now let us turn to the pacific prince. He is not, indeed, qualified for making great conquests; that is, nature has not fitted or disposed him to disturb the repose of his people, by aspiring at the conquest of other nations, to which he has no claim or right. But if he is well qualified to govern in peace, he will not be at a loss how to secure his people from the attacks of their enemies. For he will be just, moderate, and easy with regard to the neighbouring states: he will never do any thing that may tend to interrupt the harmony between him and them; and he will be faithful to his engagements. His allies therefore will love him: they will not entertain any jealousy of him; but will repose an intire confidence in his virtue. If there is any of his neighbours of a turbulent, haughty, and ambitious disposition; all the rest, who for that reason are jealous of him, but not at all of the pacific prince, will assist the latter, to prevent his being crushed by the other. His probity, sincerity, and moderation, make all his neighbours refer their differences to his decision: and while the enterprising prince is hated by all others, and continually exposed to their confederacies and combinations, the other has the glory of being esteemed their common father and protector. Such are his advantages, with respect to foreign affairs. With regard to domestic considerations, they are still more considerable. As he is supposed well qualified to govern in peace, he must, in consequence, govern by wise laws. He will restrain luxury and effeminacy, and all those arts that serve only to foster and promote vice: but he will cherish and encourage those that are useful and necessary in life; particularly, he will make his subjects apply themselves vigorously to agriculture, and thereby procure them plenty of all necessities. The people being laborious, simple in their manners, plain and frugal in their way of living, and earning a subsistence easily by the culture of their lands, will multiply prodigiously. They will be almost without number, and at the same time healthy, stout, and strong; not enervated by pleasure, but invigorated by the exercise of virtue, averse to luxury and sloth, above the fear of death, ready to part with life rather than the liberty they enjoy under a wise king, who exerts himself to the utmost to support the authority of reason. Should a neighbouring warlike prince attack this king, perhaps he would not find him very skilful in encamping an army, or drawing it up in order of battle, or in directing a siege; but he would find him invincible in numbers, in courage, in bearing fatigue with patience, and enduring poverty from habit; by his courage in time of action, and his virtue, which adversity cannot subdue. Moreover, such a king, if he wants experience to command his armies in person, will make choice of proper persons for that purpose, without exposing himself to

any danger of losing his authority. Besides, he would be assisted by his allies, and his own subjects, rather than fall under the dominion of a prince of a violent despotic temper, would support him with their lives and fortunes. In fine, the gods themselves would fight for him. Such would his resources be amidst the greatest dangers. To conclude, a pacific prince, who is unacquainted with the art of war, is defective in his qualifications,²⁶ since he cannot perform one of the principal functions of his office, namely, that of subduing his enemies; yet, I maintain that he is far superior to the warrior who is well versed in military affairs alone, and has no capacity to conduct matters properly in time of peace.' I perceived that these notions were not relished by many in the assembly; for the greater part of mankind, dazzled with the splendor of shining actions, prefer them to what is simple, calm, and solid, as are the arts of peace and good government. However, all the old judges declared, that Minos was of the same way of thinking as I.²⁷ Then the chief of them exclaimed: 'I perceive that an oracle of Apollo, well known all over this island, is now accomplished. Minos having consulted that god to know how long his descendants would reign, according to the laws he had enacted, was answered thus: "Thy offspring will cease to reign, when a stranger shall come into thy isle, to put thy laws in force." We were apprehensive lest the meaning of this should be, that a stranger would come and make a conquest of the island; but the misfortune of Idomeneus, and the wisdom of the son of Ulysses, who understands the laws of Minos better than any other person, have discovered to us the true sense of the oracle. Why do we then delay to offer him the crown, whom the fates have ordained to be our king?'"

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates that he refused the crown of Crete, in order to return to Ithaca: that he proposed their electing Mentor, who likewise excused himself: that at last, the assembly importuning Mentor to chuse for the whole nation, he acquainted them with what he had heard of the virtues of Aristodemus; who, in consequence of that recommendation, was immediately proclaimed king: that Mentor and he then embarked for Ithaca; but that Neptune, to gratify Venus, whom they had offended, had wrecked their ship, when they were received by the goddess Calypso in her island.

The old men immediately quitted the sacred grove, and the chief of them taking me by the hand, acquainted the people, who waited with impatience for their decision, that I had gained the prize. Scarce had he done speaking, when a confused noise ran through the whole assembly. Every one shouted for joy. The whole coast, and neighbouring mountains, echoed with these words: 'May the son of Ulysses, who resembles Minos, reign over the Cretans.' After waiting a while, I made a sign with my hand, to intimate my desire to be heard. In the mean time, Mentor whispered thus in my ear: 'Are you going to renounce your country? Will the ambition of being a king, make you forget Penelope, who longs for you as her only remaining hope; and the great Ulysses, whom the gods intended to restore to you?' These words stung me to the heart, and fortified me against the vain desire of a crown. But observing that a profound silence had now taken the place of tumult in the assembly,¹ I thus addressed them: 'O illustrious Cretans, I am not worthy of being your king. The oracle, that was mentioned, expressly declares, that the race of Minos will cease to reign, when a stranger shall come into the island, and enforce the laws of that wise monarch. But it does not say that the stranger shall be king. It is not improbable that I may be the stranger meant by the oracle; since I have accomplished the prediction. I came a stranger into the island, and have shewn the true sense and import of the laws, and I wish my explication may have the effect to make them reign under him whom you shall choose for your king. For my part, I prefer my country, the poor petty island of Ithaca, to the hundred cities of Crete, and all the glory and opulence of this kingdom. Allow me to fulfil my destiny: if I entered the lists as a combatant in

your games, it was not with any hope or view of being your king, but only to recommend myself to your esteem and compassion, and in consequence of that, be furnished with the means of returning speedily to my native land. I had rather execute the commands of my father Ulysses, and administer comfort to my mother Penelope,² than be sovereign of the whole universe. Thus, O Cretans, have I communicated to you my real sentiments: we must part; but while I live, I will never forget my obligations to you. Yes, to his last breath shall Telemachus love the Cretans, and think himself no less concerned to promote their glory, than his own.' I had no sooner done speaking, than a confused noise ensued, like that of the waves of the sea, rolling over one another in a storm. Some said: 'Is it not a god under the form of a man?' Others affirmed, that they had seen me in other countries, and knew me again. There were others that would have compelled me to be king. At length, I resolved to speak to them again, and no sooner did they perceive my design, than they all immediately forbore talking, not knowing whether I might not be going to accept of what I had before refused. I spoke to this effect: 'Allow me, O Cretans, to disclose my sentiments to you.'³ You are of all nations the wisest: yet, methinks, there is a precaution dictated by wisdom, which you overlook. It is not the man who argues best concerning laws, but he who is most steady and exact in the observance of them, whom you ought to choose for your king. As for me, I am young, and consequently without experience, and exposed to the violence of passion. At present, it is more proper that I should learn, by obeying, how to command one day, than I should command immediately. Let not then the man, who has gained the victory in the games in respect both of body and mind, be your choice; but he that has gained a conquest over himself; look out for a man who has your laws written in his heart, and who has made them the rule of his conduct through his whole life; let your choice be determined by actions, and not words.' All the old men, charmed with what I had said, and finding the applause and admiration of the people still increasing, thus accosted me: 'Since the gods do not permit us to hope to have you for our king, you will at least assist us in finding one that will observe and enforce our laws. Know you any person capable of government with such wisdom and moderation?' 'Yes,' said I, 'and it is the man to whom I am indebted for all that you admire in me; it was his wisdom, and not my own, that taught me all I have been saying to you; and the answers I made to the several questions you proposed to me, flowed from the same source.'⁴ The eyes of the whole assembly were now fixed upon Mentor, to whom I directed them by taking him by the hand, when I made the above reply. I told them how careful he had been of me, while a child; from what dangers he had delivered me; what misfortunes had befallen

me, when I did not follow his advice. Before, they had not taken any notice of him, by reason of his plain, unadorned dress, his modesty, his almost uninterrupted silence, and his cold reserved air. But when they examined him more attentively, they discovered in his countenance something great and resolute: they took notice of the vivacity of his eyes, and the spirit he displayed even in the most trivial matters: they put some questions to him, which he answered in such a manner as to excite their admiration,⁵ and induce them to make him an offer of the crown. He declined it without any emotion: he said, he preferred the charms of a private life to the splendor of royalty; he observed, that the best of kings were unhappy, in that they hardly ever did the good they wished to do, and often, misled by the artifice and importunity of flatterers, did the ill they wished to avoid. He added, that if slavery was misery, royalty was no less so, since it was only slavery disguised. 'A king,' said he, 'depends on all those whom he must employ to execute his orders, and maintain his authority. Happy they who are not obliged to wear a crown! it is to our country alone that we are bound to sacrifice our liberty, when, for the public good, we are vested with power and authority.' The Cretans then, still more surprised than before, asked him, whom he would have them choose for their king. 'I would have you,' said he, 'choose one who knows you well, as he is to be your king; and who, notwithstanding, is afraid to take the charge upon him. He that desires to be a king, knows not what royalty is: and how is he like to discharge the duties of it, who is an utter stranger to its nature? He desires it for his own sake; but the man you ought to wish for, should be one that accepts it for your sake alone.' The Cretans were all amazed to see two strangers refuse a crown, which the generality of mankind covet so much, and they had a great curiosity to know with whom they came into the island. Nausicrates, who had conducted us from the port to the circus, where the games were celebrated, shewed them Hazael, with whom we came from the isle of Cyprus. But their astonishment was still much greater, when they understood that Mentor had been Hazael's slave, and that Hazael, struck with his wisdom and virtue, had made him his dearest friend and counsellor; that this slave, now free, was the same who had just refused their crown, and that Hazael, from his love of wisdom, was come from Damascus in Syria to make himself acquainted with the laws of Minos. The old men then addressed Hazael in these terms: 'We dare not venture to propose to you the accepting of our crown, as we conclude, that your sentiments are the same as those of Mentor. You seem to despise men too much, to charge yourself with the government of them; nor do you value riches and the splendor of royalty enough, to purchase them with the toils inseparable from government.' Hazael replied: 'Do not imagine, O Cretans, that I despise man-

kind. No, no; I know how noble and praise-worthy a thing it is, to labour to make them good and happy: but that labour is attended with great danger and trouble. The pomp and splendor annexed to it, are vain and frivolous, and can dazzle none but weak minds. Life is short, and greatness inflames the passions more than it can gratify them: it was to learn how to be easy without these spurious blessings, and not how to attain them, that I came so far from home. Adieu. I have no thoughts but about returning to a life of privacy and retirement, where wisdom may nourish my heart, and where the hopes, that we derive from virtue, of a happier life after death, may support and comfort me under the infirmities of old age. Had I any thing further to wish for, it would be, not that I might be a king, but that I might never be separated from these two men there.' The Cretans then again applied to Mentor: 'Tell us,' said they, 'O thou, the wisest and greatest of all men, tell us, who we shall chuse for king. We will not suffer you to depart hence, till you have told us who it is that we ought to make choice of.' To this declaration he replied: 'While I was in the crowd among the spectators, I observed a man, who appeared quite calm and unconcerned. He was old, but vigorous. I asked who he was, and was answered, that his name was Aristodemus. I afterwards heard them tell him, that his two sons were in the number of the combatants; but he discovered no joy at the news; he said, that as for one of them, he did not wish him the dangers that attend royalty; and that he loved his country too well ever to consent to the other's being a king. By that specimen, I perceived, that he had a rational affection for one of them, who was virtuous, and that he did not flatter the other in his irregularities. My curiosity being roused, I asked, in what manner the old man had spent his days. One of your countrymen made answer: "He carried arms a long time, and his body is covered all over with wounds: but his sincerity, and aversion to flattery, rendered him disagreeable to Idomeneus; and for that reason he did not carry him with him to the siege of Troy. He dreaded a man who would give him wise counsel, which he had not the virtue or resolution to follow: he was even jealous of the glory that he would undoubtedly soon have acquired; he therefore forgot all his former services, and left him behind him, poor, and despised by the worthless and undiscerning, who value nothing but riches: yet, though he is poor, he is chearful and contented, and lives in a retired part of the island; where he cultivates his small farm with his own hands. One of his sons lives with him, and assists him in his labour; and the greatest harmony subsists between them:⁶ their frugality and industry render them happy, having thereby plenty of every necessary that a plain simple way of life requires. The good old man distributes among the sick poor of his neighbourhood, all that his son or himself can spare. He sets all young people

to work; exhorts, and instructs them: he determines all the differences in his neighbourhood, and is the father of every family around. He is unfortunate, however, in having one son, who will take none of his advice. He bore with him a long time, in hopes of reclaiming him; but was at last obliged to banish him from his house. This youth is extremely debauched and dissolute, and has a foolish absurd ambition." Such, O Cretans, was the information I received: how far it is true, you best can tell. But if he is such as he is represented, what occasion had you to ordain games, and assemble such a number of strangers? You have among you a man who knows you, and whom you know; who is acquainted with war, and who has manifested his courage, not only against darts and arrows, but against poverty and want; who scorned to acquire wealth by flattery; who loves labour and industry; who knows of what advantage agriculture is to a state; who detests pomp and vain glory; who does not suffer himself to be misled by a blind partiality for his children, but loves the virtue of the one, and condemns the vices of the other; in fine, a man who is already the father of his country. This is he whom you ought to make your king, if you really wish to see the laws of the sage Minos duly enforced and executed.' All the people cried——'It is true! Aristodemus is indeed such as you have described him, and therefore deserves the crown.' Then the old men ordered him to be called. After some search, he was found in the crowd, among the dregs⁷ of the people. When he was told that he had been pitched upon for king, he discovered no emotion at the news,⁸ but said: 'I will consent to it, only upon three conditions. First, that I shall be at liberty to resign the crown after two years, if I cannot make you better than you are at present, and find you unwilling to submit to the laws: secondly, that I be permitted to continue in my simple and frugal course of life: thirdly, that my children shall not be intitled to any rank or distinction; and that after my death, they shall be on the same footing with the other citizens, and treated according to their merit.' He had no sooner pronounced these words, than the air resounded with shouts of joy. The chief of the old men, who were guardians of the laws, set the crown upon his head, and sacrifices were offered to Jupiter, and the other superior gods. He made us presents, noble and valuable indeed, but without the magnificence usual among kings. He gave Hazael a collection of the laws of Minos, written by the hand of Minos himself, and a complete history of Crete, from the time of Saturn and the golden age; he ordered his ship to be stored with all the best sorts of fruits that grew in Crete, but not in Syria; and offered to supply him with every thing that he might have occasion for in his voyage. As Mentor and I were in haste to be gone, he ordered a vessel to be got ready for us with good rowers, some armed men, cloaths, and provisions. No sooner

were these steps taken, than the wind began to blow fair for Ithaca, but being against Hazeal, he was obliged to wait. As we were now ready to go on board, he took his leave of us, as of friends, whom he should never see again. 'The gods,' said he, 'are just; they are witnesses of a friendship, that is not founded on interest: one day they will again bring us together, and in those happy fields, where the just are said to enjoy an eternal peace after death, shall our souls be reunited, never to be parted any more. O that my ashes might in like manner be united to yours!' As he spoke these words, a flood of tears ran down his cheeks, and his voice was stifled with sobbing. He then accompanied us on board, while we were no less affected, and wept as bitterly as he. As for Aristodemus, he addressed us thus: 'It is you, who have raised me to the throne: remember, in what a dangerous situation you have placed me. Pray to the gods to inspire me with true wisdom, and that I may as far surpass other men in moderation, as I do in power and authority. On my part, I pray, that you may be conveyed in safety to your native country; that the insolence of your enemies may be humbled; and that you may see Ulysses reigning in peace with his dear Penelope. I have given you, Telemachus, a stout ship, full of rowers and armed men, which you may employ against those wicked suitors that are so troublesome to your mother. As for you, Mentor, your wisdom is such, that I have nothing left to wish you. Adieu! live happy together; remember Aristodemus; and if ever the Ithacians should want the assistance of the Cretans, you may depend upon me to my last breath.' He then embraced us tenderly; we thanked him for his kindness, and shed many tears.⁹ The wind now swelling up our sails, we promised ourselves a happy voyage. We soon lost sight of the coast, and mount Ida appeared like a little hill, while, at the same time, the coast of Peloponnesus seemed advancing to meet us in the sea. But all on a sudden a black storm overcast the skies, and roused all the billows of the main. The day was changed into night, and death presented itself before our eyes. It was you, O Neptune, who, by your awful trident, excited all the waters of your vast domain. For Venus, to be revenged of us for having despised her even in her temple at Cythera, had recourse to that god; she appeared before him in great affliction; her beautiful eyes were bathed in tears: at least, I was told so by Mentor, who is well acquainted with divine matters. 'Will you suffer,' said she, 'these impious wretches to make light of my power with impunity? the gods themselves feel it; and yet these audacious mortals have dared to condemn every thing that is done in my island. They pique themselves upon a wisdom that is proof against all temptation; and love by them is accounted folly. Have you forgot that I was born in your empire? why do you then delay a moment to bury in your profound abyss those two men, whom I cannot endure?' She

had no sooner done speaking, than Neptune lifted up his billows to the skies; at which she laughed, thinking that we could not possibly avoid shipwreck. Our pilot, greatly alarmed, declared that it was not in his power to prevent our being driven by the fury of the winds against the rocks: a dreadful squall carried away our mast, and immediately after we struck on the rocks, the sharp points of which entered the bottom of the ship. The water then rushed in on all hands, and the vessel foundered: while the mariners invoked the gods in most lamentable cries. As for myself, I embraced Mentor, saying, 'Death, you see, is now at hand; let us meet it undaunted. The gods have delivered us from so many dangers, only that we might perish to day. Let us die, Mentor, let us die. It is a comfort to me that I shall die with you; it would be in vain to attempt to save our lives in such a tempest.' Mentor replied: 'True courage always finds some resource. We ought not only to be ready to meet death, when unavoidable, with intrepidity, but likewise to use our utmost efforts to escape it. Let us then, both together, lay hold of one of these huge rowers' banks. While these men, in terror and perplexity, lament their fate, without endeavouring to find any expedient to save themselves, let us not lose a moment in trying to preserve our lives.' So saying, he seized a hatchet, and cuts away the mast, which being already broke, and hanging down into the sea, had laid the ship on her side; then pushing it into the sea, he sprung upon it; gets amidst the raging waves; thence calling me by name, and encouraging me to follow his example. As a huge tree assaulted by the united winds, stands firm and steady, fixed its roots profound, so that the storm can only shake its leaves, thus did Mentor, calm and intrepid,¹⁰ seem to command both the winds and waves. I leaped into the sea; and who would not have done it, encouraged as I was by him? We both then clung to the mast, and it was of great service, by affording us wherewithal to rest upon: for without it, our strength would have been soon exhausted in swimming, and struggling with the waves: but the raging of the sea continually rolling it about, we were often plunged into the abyss. We then swallowed the salt water in abundance, and great quantities of it ran from our mouths, ears, and nostrils. Thus overturned, we were oft obliged to struggle some time with the waves, before we could recover the mast. Sometimes a lofty billow, like a mountain, breaking over us, we were under a necessity of grasping it with all our strength, lest, losing our hold in such a violent shock, we should not be able to retrieve the only support on which our whole dependence was placed. While we remained in this dreadful situation, Mentor, who was as unconcerned as he now is, sitting upon that turf, accosted me thus: 'Do you imagine, Telemachus, that your life is now at the mercy of the winds and waves? Do you imagine, they can deprive you of it, without the order or per-

mission of the gods? No, no; it is the gods who dispose of every thing. It is the gods then, and not the sea, that you ought to be afraid of. Was you at the bottom of the deep, the hand of Jupiter could bring you thence in safety. Was you in Olympus, and saw the stars under your feet, Jupiter could plunge you in the abyss, or throw you headlong into the dismal flames of Tartarus.' I heard, I admired these words of Mentor, which yielded me some comfort; but I was not enough master of myself, to make him any answer. It was now night, which we passed shivering with cold, and half-dead, neither seeing one another, nor knowing whither we were driven by the tempest. At last the wind began to abate, and the bellowing sea might be compared to one who had been long in a high passion, but who, after his rage has subsided, feels only a gentle emotion, the remains of his former perturbation. Thus there remained in the sea no other symptoms of the storm, besides a grumbling noise, and her billows were now no higher than ridges in a ploughed field. In the mean time, Aurora came to open the gates of heaven to Phœbus, and cheered us with the prospect of a fine day. The east was all on fire, and the stars, which had been so long hid from our eyes, made their appearance again, but fled immediately upon the approach of Phœbus. We descried the land at a distance, and the wind gently wafted us towards it. Hope began now again to spring up in my heart, and I looked about to see if I could discover any of our companions, but could not. It is likely they all gave way to despair, and were swallowed up in the deep, together with the ship. When we drew near the land, the sea drove us against some pointed rocks, which would have been fatal to us, if Mentor had not presented the end of the mast to them,¹¹ of which he made the same use, that an expert pilot does of a good helm. Thus did we avoid these frightful rocks, and found at last a smooth open beach, whither we swam, and landed on the shore. It was there that you, O mighty goddess, who inhabit this isle, first saw us; and there it was you favoured us with an hospitable reception."¹²

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Calypso, struck with admiration of Telemachus and his adventures, uses all the means she can think of, to prevent his quitting the island, and to captivate his heart. Mentor, by his remonstrances, enables Telemachus to baffle both the artifices of the goddess, and of Cupid, whom Venus had sent to her assistance. Nevertheless, Telemachus and the nymph Eucharis become mutually enamoured of one another; which excites first the jealousy, and afterwards the anger of Calypso against the two lovers. She swears by Styx, that Telemachus shall quit her isle. Cupid comes and comforts her, and engages her nymphs to go and burn the bark which Mentor had built; and to which he was then in a manner dragging Telemachus, in order to put him on board, and carry him off. Telemachus feels a secret joy at seeing the bark on fire; which Mentor perceiving, pushes him into the sea, and throws himself in after him, in order to swim to another ship, that was but a little way from the shore.

When Telemachus had finished the recital of his adventures, the nymphs, who had never taken their eyes off him all the time, and had been extremely attentive, now stared at one another. "Who," said they to one another, greatly surprised, "are these two men, so much favoured by the gods? Were ever such marvellous adventures heard of before? The son of Ulysses already surpasses his father in eloquence, wisdom, and valour. What an air! what beauty! what sweetness! what modesty! nay, and what nobleness and magnanimity! if we did not know he is a mortal, we should be apt to take him for Bacchus or Mercury, or even the great Apollo! but who is that Mentor, who has the appearance of a plain, simple, ordinary person; yet, upon a nearer view, there appears in him something more than human?"

Calypso could not hear them talk in this manner without betraying great uneasiness. She was continually gazing, one while at Mentor, and another at Telemachus. Sometimes she would have the latter enter on the long story of his adventures anew; then she would begin to say something, and immediately break off. At last, starting up, she took Telemachus hastily by the hand, and conducted him all alone into a myrtle grove, where she was extremely inquisitive, in order to learn from him, whether Mentor was not a divinity under the form of a man. But Telemachus could not satisfy her curiosity; for Minerva

had never discovered herself to him, whilst she accompanied him under the appearance of Mentor, on account of his youth. She did not, as yet, confide enough in his secrecy, to communicate to him her designs. Besides, she intended to put him to the proof,¹ by exposing him to the greatest dangers; but had he known that Minerva was his attendant, that would have supported him, and the most alarming accidents would have made no impression upon him. But as it was, he knew nothing of Mentor's being Minerva, and therefore all the artifice employed by Calypso to discover it, was altogether ineffectual.

In the mean time, all the nymphs crowding about Mentor, were busied in asking him questions. One begged to know what happened to him in his travels to Æthiopia; another was curious to learn what he had seen at Damascus; and a third asked him if he was acquainted with Ulysses, before he went to Troy. He answered them all with good nature and affability, and expressed himself in a simple, yet graceful manner. Calypso soon returned and joined them; and while the nymphs were gathering flowers, and singing to divert Telemachus, she took Mentor aside, to try if she could engage him to make a discovery.² Balmy sleep does not more sweetly steal upon the heavy eyes, and diffuse its healing virtue through weary limbs, than did the flattering words of the goddess insinuate themselves to deceive and ensnare Mentor. But she always found in him a certain secret energy,³ that repelled all her efforts, and baffled the force of her charms. Like a high towering rock, whose summit is hid among the clouds, and which the most furious winds assail in vain, did Mentor remain unshaken in his purposes against all the attempts of the goddess. Sometimes he would make her fancy that she should be able to entangle him by her questions, and extract the secret from the inmost recess of his soul. But, the moment she fondly hoped her curiosity would be satisfied, all her hopes vanished. What she thought she had a fast hold of, in an instant slipped away: and some concise reply of Mentor, reinvolved her in all her doubts and uncertainty. Thus, she passed days, sometimes flattering Telemachus, sometimes in endeavouring to detach him from Mentor, whom she now despaired of inveigling into a confession of the truth. She employed her most beautiful nymphs to kindle the flame of love in the heart of young Telemachus, and a divinity more powerful than herself came to assist her in obtaining her wish.

Venus, still glowing with resentment for the contempt which Mentor and Telemachus had shewn of the worship paid her in the isle of Cyprus, was extremely mortified to find that these two rash mortals had escaped the fury of the winds and waves, in the storm raised by Neptune. She made heavy complaints of it to Jupiter; but the father of the gods would not let her know that the son of Ulysses had been saved by Minerva, under the appearance of

Mentor: he only smiled, and gave her permission to search new expedients for completing her revenge. Thus authorized,⁴ she quitted Olympus, and mounted her chariot drawn by doves; but instead of steering her course for Paphos, Cythera, or Idalium, where sweet perfumes are burnt on her altars, she went and called her son, and thus accosted him, while grief diffused new charms upon her lovely countenance. "Do you see, my son, these two men, who despise both your power and mine? Who for the future will be our votaries? Go down with me to that island, and with thy arrows transfix these two unfeeling hearts, while I discourse with Calypso." She had no sooner uttered these words, than cleaving the air in a golden cloud, she presented herself before Calypso, who was then all alone by a fountain, at a considerable distance from her grotto. "Unhappy goddess!" said she, "you was despised by the ungrateful Ulysses; and now his son, still more insensible, would treat you in the same manner: but Cupid himself is come to revenge you on him; I shall leave him with you; he will be among your nymphs, as the infant god Bacchus was formerly among the nymphs of Naxos, by whom he was nursed. Telemachus will look upon him as no more than a child; he will entertain no suspicion of him, though he will soon be made sensible of his power." Thus she spoke, and immediately regained the gilded cloud from which she had descended, leaving behind her an ambrosial odour, with which all Calypso's groves were perfumed.

The god of love remained in the arms of Calypso, who, though a goddess, found that the flame had reached her heart. To ease herself, she gave him to the nymph who was next to her, named Eucharis. But alas! how heartily did she afterwards repent of having thus disposed of him. At first, nothing appeared more innocent, gentle, amiable, frank, and good-humoured than that child. To see him always sprightly, obliging, laughing, one would have thought that he never could be the occasion of any uneasiness: but no sooner was any confidence placed in his caresses, than they were found to convey a kind of poison to the heart. The false malicious child employed those arts only, in order to betray, and never laughed, but on account either of the mischief he had done, or wished to do. Mentor's severity frightened him, so that he was afraid to go near him, having found him proof against all his arrows, and absolutely invulnerable. As for the nymphs, all of them soon felt the flames that the treacherous Cupid had lighted up; but they carefully concealed the deep wounds that rankled⁵ at their hearts. In the mean time, Telemachus, seeing the child playing with the nymphs, was struck with his beauty and good humour. Taking him up, he sometimes hugged him in his arms, sometimes dandled him on his knees. But he soon felt an uneasiness, the cause of which he could not discover;

the more he sought innocent amusement, the more uneasy he grew, and the less resolution he had. "Have you observed," said he to Mentor, "these nymphs? What a difference there is between them and the women of the isle of Cyprus, whose want of modesty made their charms disgusting: but these immortal beauties display an innocence, modesty, and simplicity, replete with charms." While he spoke thus, he blushed, without knowing why he did so. He could not forbear talking; yet scarce had he begun, when he stopped short, and could not proceed; and his conversation, upon the whole, was broken, obscure, and often without any meaning at all.

Mentor's reply was this: "O Telemachus! the dangers to which you were exposed in the isle of Cyprus, were nothing, when compared to those, of which you have not at present the least apprehension. Gross impudence, and undisguised vice, excite abhorrence; and are therefore less dangerous than modest beauty. In loving it, we imagine we only love virtue, and thus are insensibly caught by the delusive bait of a passion, which we are seldom aware of, till it is too late to get the better of it.⁶ Guard, my dear Telemachus, guard against those nymphs, who only affect modesty, that they may the more easily ensnare you. Guard against the dangers to which your youth exposes you; but, above all, guard against that boy, who is really the god of love, though you know it not, and was brought hither by his mother Venus to take vengeance of you for despising her worship at Cythera. He hath shot his darts, not only into the heart of the goddess Calypso, who is passionately in love with you, but likewise of all her nymphs: nay, he has not even spared you, O unhappy young man! though you are not sensible of the wound."

Telemachus often interrupted Mentor, and said: "Why do not we fix our residence in this island? Ulysses must be dead: he must have been buried long ago in the sea. Penelope, not seeing either him or me return, must have yielded to the solicitations of some of her suitors. Her father Icarius has, without doubt, compelled her to take another husband. Shall I return to Ithaca, and see her engaged in new connexions, after having violated the faith she plighted to my father? The Ithacians have forgot Ulysses. We cannot return thither without exposing ourselves to certain death, as Penelope's lovers have, no doubt, secured all the avenues of the port, that they may be sure to destroy us at our return."

Mentor thus replied. "Behold the effects of a blind passion. We are very ingenious in finding arguments to defend it, but cannot or will not see those that condemn our weakness. The only use we then make of our understandings, is, to deceive ourselves, and stifle our remorse. Have you forgot all that the gods have done, in order to restore you to your native country? How did you escape

from Sicily? Did not the misfortunes you met with in Egypt, soon terminate in prosperity? What unseen hand delivered you from all the dangers that threatened you in Tyre? After so many wonderful escapes, are you still to learn, what the destinies have in reserve for you? But what do I say? You are unworthy of it. As for me, I will stay no longer here: I know very well how to retire from the island. Base, effeminate son of so wise and generous a father, lead here an indolent, dishonourable life among women; and, in direct opposition to the will of the gods, do what your father counted unworthy of his name."

These reproaches stung Telemachus to the heart; and excited in him both shame and sorrow. He dreaded the displeasure and departure of so wise a man, to whom he was so greatly indebted. But he was no longer the same man, in consequence of the passion that was beginning to kindle in his heart; of which, however, he was not aware. "What then," said he to Mentor, with tears in his eyes, "do you reckon the immortality offered me by the goddess, as nothing?" "Yes," replied Mentor, "I reckon as nothing whatever is contrary to virtue, and the will of the gods. Virtue calls you to your native country, to see Ulysses and Penelope, and forbids you to give way to a foolish passion; and it is the will of the gods, who have delivered you from so many dangers, to make your glory equal that of your father, that you should quit this isle. It is love alone, that shameful tyrant, that can make you wish to stay in it. Alas! what would immortality signify to you, without liberty, virtue, or glory? You would be only so much the more miserable in being immortal."

To these reflections Telemachus replied only by sighs. Sometimes he would have been glad if Mentor had carried him away by main force;⁷ at other times he wished that he was gone, that he might not any more be upbraided with his weakness, by such a rigid austere friend. By such contrary thoughts as these was his heart agitated, and in a continual fluctuation, like the sea, when it becomes the sport of stormy winds. Sometimes he lay stretched and motionless upon the beach, sometimes in the middle of some gloomy wood, weeping bitterly, and roaring like a lion. His eyes were sunk, wild, and hollow, and he was become so meagre, pale, and dispirited, that one would have been apt to take him for another person.⁸ His beauty, his vivacity, and his noble graceful air, now vanished: in fine, his life decayed apace. As a flower, which blows in the morning, and diffuses its sweet perfumes all around, towards evening begins to fade and lose its colour; its beautiful head drooping, and unable any longer to support itself. Thus did the son of Ulysses draw near the gates of death.

Mentor, finding that Telemachus could not resist the violence of his passion, formed, with great sagacity, a scheme, to deliver him from so great a danger. He observed, that Calypso was deeply enamoured of the youth; and Te-

lemachus no less captivated by the young nymph Eucharis; for the cruel Cupid, in order to torment poor mortals, has so decreed, that a mutual passion is seldom found to take place between two persons. He therefore resolved to excite the jealousy of Calypso. Accordingly, one day when Telemachus was engaged to go a-hunting with Eucharis, he said to Calypso: "I find Telemachus is grown very fond of the chase; a diversion which he never loved before. So enamoured is he of it, that he begins to lose all relish for any other: he takes delight in nothing so much as forests, and the wildest mountains. Is it you, O goddess, who have inspired him with this new taste?"

Calypso was extremely piqued at hearing this remark: and could not forbear giving vent to her chagrin. "That Telemachus," said she, "who was proof against all the pleasures of the isle of Cyprus, cannot resist one of my nymphs, who has but a moderate share of beauty. How can he have the assurance to boast of having performed so many wonderful exploits, he whose heart is enslaved and enervated by pleasure, and who seems to have been born only to lead an obscure life among women?" Mentor, observing with pleasure, that the heart of the goddess was distracted with jealousy, said no more at that time, lest she should conceive a distrust of him. Only he appeared melancholy and dejected. Therefore, when she saw any thing that made her uneasy, she was sure to acquaint Mentor with it, and was incessantly making fresh complaints to him. But the hunting, of which Mentor had advertised her, drove her quite to distraction. She saw it was a contrivance of Telemachus to get rid of the other nymphs, and have an opportunity of speaking to Eucharis alone. And now another hunting was proposed, with the same view, she imagined, as the first. But in order to defeat the youth's design, she declared she would be of the party: yet, immediately after, unable to check her resentment, she thus accosted him. "Was it for this, O rash young mortal, that thou came into my isle, and thereby saved yourself from the wrath of the gods, and from perishing in the storm that Neptune had deservedly brought upon you? Was it, I say, to slight my power, and the love I have expressed for you, that you came into this isle, from which every mortal is excluded? O ye divinities of Olympus and Styx, give ear to an unhappy goddess! Destroy immediately this perfidious, impious, and ungrateful man. As you are more cruel and unjust than your father, may your sufferings be greater and more lasting than his. No, no, may you never see again your native land, that poor wretched Ithaca, which, notwithstanding, you have had the assurance to prefer to immortality; or rather, may you perish in the midst of the sea, while you are beholding it at a distance, and may your body, after being the sport of the waves, be cast upon the shore of

this island; may it never be buried, but may my eyes see it devoured by vultures. She too, whom you love, will see it, and will be distracted with the sight, and her despair will yield me inexpressible pleasure.”

Calypso's eyes, as thus she spoke, were fiery and enflamed, her looks were fierce and gloomy, perpetually shifting from one object to another: her quivering cheeks were full of black, livid spots, and she changed colour every moment: a death-like paleness often overspread her countenance: but she did not shed so many tears as formerly; rage and despair having, seemingly, dried up their source; only now and then a few drops might be seen stealing down her face: her voice was hoarse, broken, and faltering. Mentor observed all these emotions, but forbore speaking any more to Telemachus, whom he regarded as a patient given over by his physicians; yet he would often look at him with tenderness and compassion.

Telemachus was sensible how much he was to blame, and how unworthy the friendship of Mentor. He was afraid to open his eyes, lest they should meet those of his friend, whose very silence, he saw, condemned him. Sometimes he had a strong inclination to go and throw himself upon his neck, and profess his sorrow, and repentance of his fault: but he was withheld, sometimes by a false shame, and sometimes by the fear of going farther than he had yet a mind to advance, in order to deliver himself from danger: for hitherto the danger seemed inviting; and he could not yet resolve to disengage himself from his frantic passion. The celestial gods and goddesses assembled, and in profound silence, fixed their eyes upon the island of Calypso, to see who would prove victorious, Minerva or Cupid. Cupid by playing with the nymphs, had set the isle all on fire; and Minerva, under the figure of Mentor, employed against the god of love, the jealousy inseparable from that passion. Jupiter resolved to remain neuter, and be only a spectator of the combat.

Mean while, Eucharis, afraid lest Telemachus should get the better of his passion for her, employed a thousand artifices to rivet his chains. The time appointed for the second chace being come, she dressed herself like Diana: so many new charms and graces had Venus and Cupid bestowed upon her, that her beauty that day eclipsed even that of Calypso herself. The goddess first looking at her, and then surveying her own image in the most transparent of her fountains, was quite ashamed when she observed the difference, and went and hid herself in the most secret part of her grotto, where she spoke thus all alone.

“It was in vain then that I hoped to make a breach betwixt these two lovers, by declaring that I would accompany them. Shall I be as good as my word? Shall I go with them, and make my beauty serve for a foil to her's, and thereby

contribute to her triumph? Shall the sight of me have no other effect than to heighten the youth's passion for Eucharis? O unhappy goddess! what hast thou done? No, I will not go, nor shall they go; I know very well how to prevent their pleasure. I will go and find Mentor, intreat him to carry off Telemachus, and make the best of his way with him to Ithaca. But what do I say? What will become of me, when Telemachus is gone? Where am I? What yet remains to be done, O cruel Venus! Venus, you have deceived me; O what a perfidious present you sent me! thou mischievous boy, thou pestilent Cupid! I laid open my heart to thee in expectation of being made happy by the love of Telemachus: but thou hast plunged me into trouble and despair. My nymphs have rebelled against me, and my divinity will now serve only to make my misery endless. O that I had it in my power to put an end to my woes by death! but Telemachus, since I cannot die, you must. I will be avenged of thy ingratitude; I will dispatch thee, and that too before the eyes of thy beloved nymph. But I rave! wretched Calypso! what is thy design? Wouldst thou put to death an innocent youth, whom thou hast plunged into an abyss of misery? For it was I, who lighted up the flame in the bosom of the chaste Telemachus. What innocence! what virtue! what abhorrence of vice! what steadiness and resolution against infamous pleasures! alas! that I should have corrupted his heart: but otherwise he would have left me, and departed. Well! but must I not part with him at last? Or, shall I still see him despising me, and living only to make my rival happy? No, no; I have no just cause of complaint!⁹ my sufferings are no more than I deserve. Begone, Telemachus; convey yourself far beyond the sea; leave Calypso comfortless, unable either to support life, or find relief in death. Leave her, I say, inconsolable, overwhelmed with shame and despair,¹⁰ to pass her days with thy proud paramour Eucharis." Having thus vented her sorrows alone in her grotto, she suddenly sallied out, exclaiming: "Mentor, where are you? Is it thus you defend Telemachus against the assaults of vice, by which he is in danger of being overcome? While Cupid is active and watchful to seduce him, you are secure and asleep. I cannot any longer bear such base indifference. Will you always look on calmly and unconcerned, while the son of Ulysses is thus dishonouring his father, unmindful of his high destiny? Was it to you or me that his parents committed the care of him? Shall I endeavour to cure him of his passion, and will you do nothing? Towards the extremity of this forest are large poplars, of which a ship may be built; it was of such Ulysses built the ship in which he sailed from this isle. At the same place, in a deep cavern, you will find all the tools necessary for preparing and putting together the several parts of a vessel."

Scarce had she pronounced these words, than she repented. Mentor did not lose a moment, but going directly to the cavern, and finding the tools, he felled

some poplars, and in one day fitted up a vessel for the sea. For such is the power and diligence of Minerva, that she requires but a short time to execute the greatest works.

Calypso was now very much perplexed in her mind: on the one hand, she wanted much to see how Mentor proceeded in his work; on the other, she could not prevail on herself to relinquish the chace, and thereby leave Telemachus and Eucharis at full liberty. Her jealousy would not suffer her to let the two lovers go out of her sight: but she contrived to turn the chace towards the place where she knew Mentor was at work. At length, she heard the strokes of the hatchet and hammer. She listened with great anxiety, and trembled at every stroke. And at that very instant too she was uneasy, lest some sign or some glance of the eye from Telemachus to Eucharis, should have escaped her unobserved.

In the mean time, Eucharis said to Telemachus with a sneer: "Are you not afraid lest Mentor should call you to an account, for presuming to go a-hunting without him? How much you are to be pitied, in being subject to so rigid a master! his austerity, it is impossible to mitigate; he affects an aversion to all sorts of pleasure, and cannot bear that you should partake of any; your most innocent actions he charges on you as crimes. You was not to blame, in suffering yourself to be guided by him while you was not in a condition to conduct yourself; but after having displayed so much wisdom, you ought not to allow yourself to be treated as a child."

This artful remonstrance made a deep impression upon Telemachus, and incensed him against Mentor, whose yoke he resolved to shake off. He was so much mortified, that he made no reply to Eucharis, and was afraid of seeing Mentor. In fine, the chace, which had passed in continual constraint on both sides, being over, they returned by a corner of the forest, adjoining to the place where Mentor had been at work all day. There Calypso saw the ship at a distance, in appearance quite finished; and no sooner did she observe her, than a thick darkness, like that of death, overspread her eyes. Her trembling limbs sunk under her, and a cold sweat broke out all over her body, so that she was obliged to lean upon the nymphs about her: but Eucharis, among the rest, offering her hand, she pushed her away, and at the same time darted at her a dreadful look.

Telemachus having observed the vessel, but not Mentor, who, after having finished his work, had retired; asked the goddess who she belonged to, and what she was intended for? At first, she could make no reply: but at last said: "I ordered her to be built to carry Mentor home; you will no longer be under any constraint from that austere friend, who prevents your being happy, and is jealous of your becoming immortal." "Mentor is going to forsake me, I am un-

done!" cried Telemachus. "Eucharis, if Mentor forsakes me, you are the only person that I regard besides." These words escaped him in the transport of his passion, before he had time to reflect on the consequences, and he was immediately sensible of his error. All the nymphs were struck dumb with surprise at what he had said.¹¹ Eucharis, blushing and in great confusion,¹² stood behind the rest, and was afraid to shew herself. Yet, while shame glowed upon her countenance, joy dilated her heart. Telemachus was quite confounded, and could not conceive how he could be so rash and inconsiderate. What he had done, appeared to him like a dream, but at the same time gave him much uneasiness.

Calypso, more furious than a lioness robbed of her whelps, traversed the forest without minding any path, or knowing whither she went. At last, however, she found herself at the entry of her grotto, where Mentor was waiting for her. "Get out of my isle," said she, "ye strangers; you have robbed me of my tranquillity: away with you, foolish boy; and you, imprudent old man, you too shall know what it is to incur the resentment of a goddess, if you do not immediately take him away. I will see him no more, nor suffer any of my nymphs to see him or speak to him. I swear to it by Styx, an oath at which the gods themselves tremble. But know, Telemachus, thy misfortunes are not at an end: ungrateful boy! thou shalt quit my isle, only to be the prey of new disasters; and thou shalt live to regret Calypso in vain: I'll be revenged! Neptune, still incensed against thy father, who offended him in Sicily, and solicited by Venus, whom thou hast treated with contempt in the isle of Cyprus, is preparing more storms for thy devoted head.¹³ Thy father is not dead, and thou wilt see him again; but thou shalt see him, without knowing who he is; nor shalt thou join him in Ithaca again, till after having been the sport of the most cruel, unrelenting fortune. Go: may the celestial powers be my avengers! Mayst thou, hanging from a rock in the middle of the sea, and blasted by the thunder, in vain invoke Calypso, who will be over-joyed at thy sufferings."

Having thus vented her indignation,¹⁴ such was the distraction and fluctuation of her mind, that she was ready to take new resolutions, directly contrary to the former. Cupid again excited in her heart a desire to detain Telemachus. "Let him live," said she to herself, "let him continue here; perhaps, he will at last be sensible how much he is indebted to me. Eucharis cannot, like me, bestow upon him immortality. O short-sighted Calypso! you have ruined yourself by your oath: you are now fast bound; and as you have sworn by the waters of Styx, there remains no more hope for you." Nobody heard these words: but the Furies appeared in her countenance, and all the poison of black Cocythus seemed to exhale from her heart.

Telemachus was struck with horror at the sight of her. This she perceived, (for what is there that can escape the penetration of a lover?) and his horror served only to increase her rage. As a bacchanal, who fills the air with howling until the lofty mountains of Thrace re-echo with the sound, so did the goddess traverse the woods with a dart in her hand, calling all her nymphs, and threatening to put to death whoever did not follow her. Terrified with this menace, they all ran after her together. Even Eucharis followed with tears in her eyes, looking at Telemachus, to whom she no longer durst speak. The goddess shuddered when she saw her among the rest; and instead of being appeased by her submission, she became more outrageous, finding that Eucharis's beauty was heightened by distress.

In the mean time, Telemachus, being left alone with Mentor, fell down before him, and clasped his knees; for he was afraid to embrace him otherwise, or even to look at him. He shed a flood of tears, and would have spoke, but his voice faltered. Besides, he did not know what he should say, or do, nor indeed what he was doing, or what he would be at. At last he exclaimed, "O Mentor! my true father, deliver me from so many woes. I am not able to prevail upon myself either to forsake you, or to follow you. Deliver me from so many woes: deliver me from myself, and put me to death."

Mentor embraces, comforts, and encourages him, and without flattering his passion, teaches him to support his character. He addressed him thus: "Son of the sage Ulysses," said he, "whom the gods have so much loved, and still regard, it is in consequence of that regard you now suffer such dreadful woes. He who is a stranger to his own weakness, and the violence of his passions, cannot be said to be wise; as he is unacquainted with himself, and knows not what it is to distrust himself. The gods have led you, as it were, by the hand, to the very brink of the precipice; to shew you the height of it, without suffering you to fall down. You may now learn what, without experience, you never would have comprehended. It would have been in vain, before to have talked to you of the delusions of love, which flatters only to destroy, and which, under an appearance of pleasure, conceals the most exquisite pain and uneasiness. The charming boy Cupid came attended with smiles, sports, and graces. You saw him: and when he stole your heart, you was pleased with the theft. You industriously sought pretences to render you insensible of the wound he had made in your heart. You endeavoured also to deceive me, while you flattered yourself, and you had no apprehension of any danger. Behold now the effects of your rashness: you wish for death, and from that alone you hope relief. The distracted, despairing goddess raves like an infernal fury, and Eucharis is consumed by a flame more insupportable than the agonies of death. All the

nymphs are ready, from jealousy, to tear one another in pieces, and these are the doings of the treacherous Cupid, who yet appears so innocent and engaging. Resolve to be no longer a slave, and to act with your wonted courage and resolution. How much do the gods love you, since they point out a way to you, by which you may escape from Cupid, and once more see your native land? Calypso hath bound herself by oath to banish you from her isle, and the ship is quite finished and ready: why then do we delay a moment to quit this isle, where virtue cannot inhabit?"

So saying, Mentor took him by the hand, and pulled him towards the shore. Telemachus followed with reluctance, continually looking behind, and gazing at Eucharis as she withdrew. As he could not see her face, he marked her fine braided hair, her flowing robe, and noble mien. He would have thought himself happy, could he have kissed her footsteps. After he had lost sight of her, he listened attentively, fancying he heard her voice, and though he saw her no more, thought she was yet before him. She was still present to his imagination, and he even imagined he was talking to her, not knowing where he was, nor hearing Mentor, when he spoke to him. At last, waking as from a deep sleep, he thus accosted Mentor: "I am determined to go along with you, but I have not yet bid adieu to Eucharis. I would rather die, than depart in such an ungrateful manner. Wait till I see her once more, and bid her an eternal farewell. At least, suffer me to say thus much to her: 'O nymph, the cruel gods, jealous of my happiness, oblige me to depart: but sooner shall they make me cease to live, than cease to remember you.' O my father, either grant me this so reasonable request and consolation, or put an end to my life this instant. No, I will neither abide in this island, nor abandon myself to love. It is not love, but only friendship and gratitude that my heart feels for Eucharis. Allow me to bid her only once adieu, and I will go along with you without any farther delay."

"How much I pity you!" said Mentor: "your passion is so violent, that you are not sensible of it. You pretend your heart is altogether unaffected, and yet say, you would rather die than not see her once more.¹⁵ Can you have the assurance to maintain, that love has not made a conquest of you, when you cannot bear the thoughts of parting from the nymph? You neither see nor hear any thing but her: to every thing else you are blind and deaf. Thus does a man in the delirium of a fever, say, I am not sick. O Telemachus, how has love blinded you!¹⁶ you would have renounced Penelope, who longs for your return; Ulysses, whom it is decreed that you shall see again; Ithaca, where you are one day to reign; and the glory and high destiny, which it appears that the gods have in reserve for you, by the many miracles they have wrought in your favour! all these great and good things would you have renounced, to live in dishonour

with Eucharis! and will you, after all, deny that you are in love with her? What is it then that makes you uneasy? Why do you wish for death? How came you to speak with such emotion before the goddess? I do not accuse you of falsehood and insincerity, but lament your blindness. Fly, Telemachus, fly. It is only by flight that love is to be overcome. Against such an enemy, to fear and to fly, is true courage; and to fly too, without deliberating, and without ever taking time so much as to look back. You have not, I hope, forgot with what care and anxiety I have watched over you since you was a child, and how many dangers you have escaped by following my advice: either be guided by me, or let me go, and leave you to yourself. Did you know how it grieves me, to see you run thus to ruin; did you know what I suffered, while I forbore speaking to you; you would allow that the pangs of the mother which bore you, were short of mine: I devoured my chagrin, and was silent, still hoping that you would, of your own accord, repent and return to me. O my son, my dear son, comfort my heart, and give me back again that which is dearer to me than life. Give me back Telemachus, whom I have lost, and resume again the command of yourself, which you have lost. If your wisdom shall get the better of your love, I shall live and be happy; but if love shall triumph over your wisdom, Mentor cannot survive."

While Mentor spoke thus, he was still advancing towards the shore; and though Telemachus was not yet so much master of himself as to follow him of his own accord, yet he was calm enough to suffer himself to be led along without making any resistance. Minerva still disguised under the figure of Mentor, by covering Telemachus with her ægis, though invisible, and diffusing a ray of divinity around, inspired him with a species of fortitude and resolution,¹⁷ that he had never experienced since he came into the isle. They at last arrived at a part of the sea-coast that was steep and craggy, a rock, continually beaten by the foaming waves. From the top of this, looking to see if the ship, that Mentor had built, was still in the same place, they beheld a dismal spectacle.

Cupid was extremely chagrined to find that the old stranger not only bid defiance¹⁸ to his darts himself, but had rescued Telemachus from his snares. He wept with vexation, and went in quest of Calypso, who was roaming through the gloomy forests. At sight of him she shuddered; and found all the wounds in her heart began to bleed afresh. Cupid accosted her thus: "You are a goddess, and yet you suffer yourself to be overcome by a weak mortal, who is a prisoner in your isle. Why will you suffer him to escape?" "O, mischievous Cupid!" she replied, "I will no longer listen to thy pernicious counsels: it is thou, who hast robbed me of a profound and sweet tranquillity, to plunge me into an abyss of misery. Nay, I cannot, if I would, listen to thee; for I have sworn by the waters

of Styx, that I will let Telemachus go: and even Jupiter himself, with all his power, dare not infringe that tremendous oath. Telemachus, begone out of my isle; and thou, mischievous boy, take thyself likewise away; thou hast done me more prejudice than he." Cupid, wiping away his tears, replied with an ironical and malicious sneer: "Here is a mighty difficulty indeed! I do not desire you should break your oath, or oppose his departure; only oppose not me. Neither I, nor your nymphs, have sworn by the waters of Styx, that we will let him go. I will persuade them to set fire to that ship which Mentor has built in such a hurry. His diligence, which surprised you, will signify nothing. He shall be surprised in his turn, and shall not have it in his power to deprive you of Telemachus."

These flattering words inspired the heart of Calypso with fresh hope and joy. The same effect produced by the cooling zephyr, in refreshing the panting flocks that faint beneath the summer's heat, on the banks of a translucent stream, now flowed from his proposal in soothing the anguish of the goddess. Her looks resumed their serenity, her eyes their sweetness; and the violent uneasiness that preyed upon her heart, was for a little while suspended. She paused, smiled, and caressed the gamesome, little god; and by those caresses brought new trouble on herself.

Cupid, glad that he had obtained her consent, went next in quest of the nymphs, in order to engage them in the design.¹⁹ They were dispersed all over the mountains, like a flock of sheep, pursued by famished wolves, and driven far from the shepherd. Cupid brought them together, and accosted them thus: "Telemachus is still in your power. Haste, burn the vessel which the presumptuous Mentor has built to convey him hence." They forthwith light the torches; and ran raging to the shore, screaming aloud and tossing their dishevelled locks like bacchanals. Already the curling flame ascends and preys upon the vessel, composed of dry, seasoned timber, smeared with pitch; a cloud of mingled smoke and fire mounts upwards to the clouds.

From the summit of the rock, Telemachus and Mentor beheld the flames, and heard the shouting nymphs. Telemachus felt something like joy on this occasion; for his heart was not yet cured; and Mentor perceived his passion, like a fire ill-extinguished, which breaks out from time to time, from underneath its ashes, and fiercely sparkles as it burns. "Now," said Telemachus, "am I again entangled in the toils of love. No hope remains of being able to quit this isle."

Mentor saw plainly that Telemachus was going to relapse into all his former weaknesses, and that there was not a moment to be lost. He perceived a little out at sea a ship at anchor, not daring to approach the island, as all the pilots knew it was inaccessible to every mortal. The sage conductor, without further



Mentor throws Telemachus into the Sea and then
follows Him to escape the Isle of Calypso.
(By permission of the Huntington Library, San Marino, California.)

hesitation,²⁰ pushed Telemachus into the sea, as he sat upon the edge of a rock, and threw himself headlong into the same abyss. Telemachus, at first, being quite confounded and disconcerted with the fall, was tossed about by the waves, and swallowed bitter draughts of sea-water. But, recollecting himself, and seeing Mentor holding out his arm to assist him in swimming, he thought of nothing now, but vigorously to cleave his way far from this fatal isle.

The nymphs, who thought they held their captives safe, now seeing that they could not hinder their escape, broke out in furious exclamations. Calypso, inconsolable, retired within her grotto, which echoed with her dismal shrieks and lamentations. Cupid, finding his promised triumph changed into a shameful overthrow, sprang upwards to the middle air, and with expanded wings flew to the Idalian grove; where his cruel mother waited his return. Her offspring still more cruel, consoled himself by laughing with her for the mischief they had done. In proportion as Telemachus advanced from the island, he found his courage and his love of virtue revive. "I now experience," said he, "the truth of what you told me, and which, for want of experience, I could not believe; namely, that vice can only be conquered by flight. O my father, what love have the gods manifested to me, in granting me your advice and assistance!²¹ but I own, I deserved to have been deprived of them, and left to myself. I now fear neither storms, winds, nor seas. It is my passions alone I fear. Cupid alone is more to be dreaded than a thousand shipwrecks."²²

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mentor and Telemachus are kindly received on board the ship, which was from Tyre, and commanded by Adoam the brother of Narbal. The captain soon knew Telemachus again, and informed him of the tragical death of Pygmalion and Astarbe, and that Baleazar, whom the tyrant, his father, had disgraced at the instigation of that woman, had been advanced to the throne. During an entertainment he gave Mentor and Telemachus, Achitoas sung so charmingly, that he drew the tritons, nereids, and the other sea-gods and goddesses about the ship. Mentor, taking a lyre, far excels Achitoas in playing upon it. Adoam then recounts the wonders of Bætica, describing the mild temperature of the air; with other advantages and beauties of the country; where the inhabitants lead a calm, peaceable life, with a great simplicity of manners.

The ship at anchor,¹ towards which they swam, was from Phœnicia, and bound to Epirus. The people on board had seen Telemachus in the passage from Egypt to Tyre, but they could not recognize him amidst the waves. Mentor, having approached near enough to the ship to be heard, raised his head above the water, and, with a loud voice, thus addressed himself to those on board:² “O Phœnicians, whose humanity is known to all nations, refuse not to save the lives of two men, who expect it from your goodness. If you entertain any veneration for the gods, take us on board; we will accompany you whithersoever you are bound.” The master of the ship replied thus: “We will take you on board with pleasure; we are not to learn, how much it is our duty to succour strangers in such distress.” Accordingly they took them on board. They were scarce admitted, when, their breath being quite exhausted, they fainted away; having swam a great way, and struggled hard with the waves. By degrees, however, they recovered their strength and spirits, after having changed their cloaths, which were so thoroughly wet, that the water poured from them in abundance. As soon as they were in a condition to speak, the Phœnicians crowded about them, impatient to hear their adventures; and the master addressed them in these terms: “How did you get footing³ in that island, from whence you came? It is said to be inhabited by a cruel goddess, who suffers nobody to land in it. Besides, it is surrounded with frightful rocks,

against which the sea beats furiously, so that there is no approaching it without being shipwrecked.”

Mentor replied: “We were cast upon it; we are Greeks, and the place of our nativity is Ithaca, which is not far from Epirus, whither you are bound. If you do not intend to put into Ithaca by the way, you are welcome to carry us to Epirus; we will find friends enough there to convey us to Ithaca, as it is not far off, and we shall always think ourselves obliged to you, for our seeing again, what we long for above all things in the world.”

Thus Mentor was the speaker, and Telemachus kept silence, without taking offence;⁴ for the faultiness of his conduct in the isle of Calypso, had made him much wiser and more cautious than he was before. He was more sensible of his own weakness, and saw how necessary it was for his happiness, always to follow the sage counsels of Mentor; so that when at any time it was not proper to ask his advice, he consulted his eyes, and endeavoured thereby to discover his sentiments.

The Phœnician commander fixing his eyes upon Telemachus, thought he remembered to have seen him before, but could not recollect when or where. “Allow me,” said he, “to ask you, if you remember to have seen me before, as I have a notion that I have seen you. Your face is so familiar to me, that it struck me at first sight; but I know not where I might have seen you: perhaps, your memory is better than mine, and will clear up the difficulty.”⁵

Telemachus replied with surprize and joy: “The sight of you has the same effect upon me. I have seen you somewhere; I remember your features: but I cannot recollect whether it was at Tyre or in Egypt.” Then the Phœnician, like a man, who, when he wakes in the morning, by degrees recollects the fleeting dream that had vanished with his sleep, exclaimed immediately: “You are Telemachus, for whom Narbal conceived a friendship, in our passage from Egypt. I am his brother; without doubt, he must have often spoke of me to you. I left you with him in Tyre, after our return from Egypt, being obliged to embark for the famous Boëtica, near the Pillars of Hercules, far beyond the sea. Thus having had but just a sight of you, it is no wonder if I could not easily recollect you.” “I find,” said Telemachus, “you are Adoam. I had scarce an opportunity of seeing you at that time; but I know you by the conversation I had with Narbal. O what joy it gives me, that I can be informed by you concerning a man, that shall ever be dear to me! is he still at Tyre? Is he not suffering some cruel treatment from the jealous, barbarous Pygmalion?” Adoam interrupted him, and replied: “Telemachus, be assured, fortune hath put you into the hands of one, who will take the utmost care of you. I will carry you to the isle of Ithaca, before I go to Epirus; and you shall find as good a friend in Narbal’s

brother, as you did in Narbal himself." As he spoke thus, perceiving that a breeze, which he waited for, was springing up, he ordered the anchors to be weighed, the sails to be hoisted, and the oars to be plied.⁶ Then he retired to have some private conversation with Mentor and Telemachus, which he opened in this manner.

"I am now going, Telemachus, to satisfy your curiosity. Know then, that Pygmalion is now no more; the just gods have delivered mankind from that tyrant. As he trusted in nobody, so nobody could trust in him; the good contented themselves with lamenting and guarding against his cruelties, but would not be concerned in any design upon his life. On the other hand, the wicked thought they could not otherwise secure their own lives, but by putting an end to his. There was not a person at Tyre, that was not every day in danger of becoming an object of his jealousy; but his guards were, in a particular manner, exposed to this danger. For, as his life was in their hands, he dreaded them much more than others; and, upon the least suspicion, sacrificed them to his fears. Thus, by endeavouring to secure his person against all danger, he exposed it to the greatest. His guards lived in continual apprehensions, in consequence of his jealousy; and they had no other way to rid themselves of that, than by cutting off the tyrant.

"The first, however, that formed a design to take away his life, was the wicked Astarbe, of whom you must have often heard. She being passionately in love with a rich young Tyrian, named Joazar, flattered herself with the hopes of being able to set him upon the throne. In order to succeed in this design, she made the king believe, that his eldest son, named Phadael, from an impatience to mount the throne, had conspired against his life; and she procured false witnesses to confirm the information by oath. The unhappy king, in consequence of this intelligence, put his innocent son to death.⁷ The second son, named Baleazar, was sent to Samos, in order, as was pretended, to instruct himself in the manners and sciences of Greece; but in reality, because Astarbe had told the king, that it was necessary to send him away, to prevent him forming connections with the malecontents. But, when the ship, in which the prince had embarked, had got out to sea, those that commanded on board, having been bribed by the cruel Astarbe, made shift⁸ to sink her in the night; they threw the young prince into the sea, and then swam to some foreign barks that waited to take them up.

"In the mean time, nobody was unacquainted with Astarbe's amours, but Pygmalion alone; who imagined that he was the only object of her love. Thus did that prince, otherwise so distrustful, blindly repose an entire confidence in that wicked woman; and this was owing to the violence of his passion. In the

mean time, his avarice prompted him to seek pretexts for putting to death Joazar, with whom Astarbe was so desperately in love; and the desire of getting possession of the young man's wealth was his only motive.

"While Pygmalion was thus a prey to avarice, love, and distrust, Astarbe was contriving how to make away with him. She was apprehensive that he might, perhaps, have made some discovery with regard to her intrigues with Joazar: besides, she knew that avarice alone was sufficient to determine him to take off that young man, and therefore she resolved to lose no time, to be beforehand with him.⁹ The principal officers about court, she saw were ready to imbrue their hands in the king's blood; and she heard every day of some new conspiracy: however, she was afraid to communicate her design to any individual, lest she should have been betrayed. She resolved therefore to take him off by poison, as the surest and safest way. He had generally nobody at table with him, besides her, and what he intended for his own eating, he dressed himself, as he could not trust any other person. In order the better to conceal his distrust, and that he might not be seen while he was dressing his victuals, he shut himself up in the most retired part of his palace; and thus was he obliged to forego almost all the pleasures of the table, being entirely confined to such dishes as he knew how to prepare himself. Consequently he was excluded from all pastry and ragouts,¹⁰ prepared by the hands of professed cooks; nay, he durst not even make any use of wine, bread, salt, oil, milk, or other ordinary food, but was fain to content himself with the fruits which he gathered with his own hands in his garden, or pulse¹¹ which he had sown and boiled for his own eating. His only drink was water, which he drew himself from a well in a corner of the palace, that had a door leading to it,¹² the key of which he always kept. Whatever confidence he might seem to repose in Astarbe, he took care to guard against any ill designs she might have: for he made her always first taste whatever he was to eat or drink, that if he was poisoned, she might be so too; and not have any hopes of surviving him. But, having taken an antidote, which an old woman, who was the confidante of her amours, and, still more wicked than herself, had furnished her with, she was no longer afraid to give the king poison. The manner in which she executed her purpose, was this. The old woman, whom I just now mentioned, all of a sudden made a noise at the gate, at the very instant they were sitting down to table. The king, always apprehensive of a design upon his life, was alarmed, and ran immediately to the gate, to see it if was fast. In the mean time, the old woman had retired, and the king was in great perplexity, not knowing what to make of it, and not daring to open the gate to see what was the matter. Astarbe endeavours to compose his fears, caressing him, and pressing him to eat; for she had thrown some

poison into his golden cup, while he went to the gate. Pygmalion, according to custom, bid her drink first, which she did without hesitation, trusting to the antidote. He then drank himself, and soon after swooned away. As Astarbe knew, that he would make no scruple to put her to death upon the least suspicion, she immediately fell a-tearing her cloaths, and hair, and shrieking most hideously; she embraced the dying king, and hugged him in her arms, shedding at the same time a flood of tears, which she had at command, and cost her nothing.¹³ At last, when she saw that the king was, in appearance, ready to expire, and almost in the agony of death, to prevent all possibility of his recovering, and attempting to take away her life, she passed in a moment from caresses, and the strongest outward marks of tenderness, to the most savage fury; for she flew directly upon him, and strangled him. Then taking the ring from his finger, and the diadem from his head, she sent for Joazar, and gave them to him; flattering herself, that all those, who had been her adherents, would indulge her passion, and proclaim him king. But these, her adherents, were a set of mean, mercenary wretches, altogether incapable of a sincere attachment. Besides, they were destitute of courage, and dreaded the effects of the popular hatred, that Astarbe had drawn upon herself; and still more, her own haughtiness, dissimulation, and cruelty. In fine, every one, for his own security, wished, that a woman so profligate and abandoned, might be cut off.

“The palace, in the mean time, was become a dreadful scene of noise and tumult, people running about on all hands, and crying out: ‘The king is dead!’ Some were struck, as with a panic; while others ran to arms. However, every body seemed to be pleased with the news, though apprehensive of the consequences. The report of the king’s death flew like lightning¹⁴ all over the vast city of Tyre, but there was not a single person that regretted him; on the contrary, his demise was counted a deliverance, and occasioned universal joy. Narbal received the news with great emotion. He lamented, like a good man, the infatuation of Pygmalion, in betraying himself, by a blind, implicit submission to the wicked Astarbe; and in chusing rather to be an execrable tyrant, than to discharge the duty of his office, and be the father of his people. Then taking into serious consideration the public danger, he resolved to lose no time, but to engage all good men to unite immediately in opposing Astarbe, whose tyranny would be still more insupportable, than that of the late reign.

“Narbal knew that Baleazar was still alive; though he had been thrown into the sea. Those, who told Astarbe that he was dead, actually believed that he was so: but he had saved himself by swimming in the dark, and had been taken on board a bark by some Cretan merchants, who pitied his situation. He did not venture to return to his father’s dominions, suspecting that there was a de-

sign upon his life, and fearing no less the cruel jealousy of his father, than the intrigues of Astarbe. He wandered about a long time in disguise upon the coast of Syria, where the Cretan merchants had left him; nay, he was even obliged, for a subsistence, to turn shepherd. At last he found an opportunity to make known his situation to Narbal, to whom, as a man of approved virtue, he thought he run no risk in communicating the secret. Although Narbal had been ill-used by the father, he did not for that hate the son, or neglect his interests; but he took care of them, so as to hinder him effectually from violating the duty he owed his father; he even engaged him to bear his sufferings with patience.

“Baleazar had wrote to Narbal in these terms: ‘When you think I may venture to come to Tyre, send me a gold ring, and I shall set out immediately after I receive the intimation.’ During the life of Pygmalion, Narbal did not think proper to send for him, as he would thereby have exposed both the prince and himself to great danger, so difficult was it to elude the jealousy and vigilance of Pygmalion. But no sooner had that unhappy king made an exit suitable to his crimes, than Narbal dispatched a messenger with the gold ring; upon the receipt of which, Baleazar set out directly, and arrived at Tyre when the whole city was in suspence and fear, in regard to the person that should succeed. He was soon recognized by the principal Tyrians, and the whole body of the people, who loved him much; not as the son of the late king, whom they all detested, but on account of his own moderation and humanity. His misfortunes too recommended him greatly, and gave an additional lustre¹⁵ to all his virtues, by melting every heart with compassion towards him. The chief citizens, the old men who composed the council, and the priests of the great goddess of Phœnicia, having been assembled by Narbal, Baleazar was declared king, and the heralds ordered to proclaim him. Then every place rung with joyful acclamations, which were heard even by Astarbe in the most secret part of the palace, where she was shut up with her infamous paramour Joazar. All the wicked instruments which she had employed during the life of Pygmalion, had now forsaken her; for the bad fear and distrust the bad, and like not to see them vested with power and authority; knowing, from the depravity of their own hearts, how much they would abuse them, and how tyrannical they would be. But they can readily submit to be governed by the good, hoping, at least, to find in them moderation and lenity. Astarbe, therefore, had now no other adherents than certain accomplices in the most atrocious crimes, and who, for that reason, could expect no mercy.

“When an attempt was made to force the palace, these miscreants made little resistance, and soon betook themselves to flight. Astarbe thought to

escape in the disguise of a slave, but was known by a soldier; and when she was discovered and taken, it was with great difficulty that the enraged people were kept from tearing her in pieces. They had already begun to drag her through the mud of the streets, when Narbal came and rescued her out of their hands. Then she begged to be allowed to speak to Baleazar, fancying she might dazzle him with the charms of her beauty, and make him believe that she could discover secrets of importance. Baleazar could not refuse her a hearing. At first, she assumed such a mild, modest air, as, together with her beauty, were sufficient to disarm the rage of her most inveterate enemies. She flattered Baleazar with the utmost delicacy and address; took notice how much Pygmalion had loved her; by whose ashes she conjured him to have compassion upon her; she invoked the gods, as if she had been a sincere worshipper of them, and shed a flood of tears, throwing herself at the same time at the king's feet. Then she endeavoured to excite in his breast jealousy and hatred against his most affectionate servants. She accused Narbal of having been engaged in a plot against Pygmalion, and of having tampered with the people, to get himself advanced to the throne, in prejudice of Baleazar: she even charged him with an intention to poison that young prince, and forged calumnies of the like nature against every other virtuous Tyrian, hoping to find the heart of Baleazar no less susceptible of distrust and suspicion, than that of Pygmalion had been. But that prince, shocked at her rancour and malignity, could not bear her any longer, and called his guards. By them she was conducted to prison; and some old men, eminent for wisdom, had orders to make a severe scrutiny into her whole conduct.

“Upon her examination, it appeared, that she had first poisoned, and then stifled Pygmalion; and that her whole life had been a continual succession of the blackest crimes. In consequence of this conviction, she was to have been sentenced to suffer the punishment inflicted in Phœnicia only on the greatest criminals; namely, to be burnt with a slow fire. But when she found that she had no mercy to expect, she became outrageous, and raved like a fury. Then she took the dose of poison, which she used always to carry about her, in order to make away with herself, in case she should be doomed to a death of lingering torment. Those who attended her, perceived, that she suffered the most excruciating pains, and signified their readiness to give her what relief they could; but she made them no answer, except by signs, intimating, that she declined all assistance.¹⁶ They spoke to her of the vengeance of the gods, whom she had offended; but, instead of discovering the penitence that her guilt required, she looked towards heaven with a kind of arrogance and contempt, as it were to insult the gods.

"In her dying countenance were delineated impiety and rage, and there remained no traces of that beauty, by which such numbers had been ensnared. Her charms were all vanished, and so was the lustre of her eyes; in which there appeared a savage wildness and fierceness, as they rolled in her head. Her lips were agitated with a convulsive motion, and her mouth gaped in a most frightful manner. Her countenance was shrivelled up, and hideously distorted; her body was all over pale, cold, and livid; and, though she seemed sometimes to recover strength, she quickly sunk down again with shrieks and groans. At last, she expired; leaving all those who were about her in the utmost horror and amazement. Her impious manes went, without doubt, to those dismal regions, where the cruel Danaids are eternally drawing water in sieves; where Ixion is for ever turning his wheel; where Tantalus, though up to the chin in water, in vain endeavours to quench extreme thirst; where Sisypheus is incessantly employed in rolling a huge stone up a mountain, which always falls back again; and where the vulture will be eternally devouring the liver of Tityus, which grows up afresh, as fast as it consumes.

"As soon as Baleazar found himself delivered from that monster, he offered a great number of sacrifices, as a thanksgiving to the gods. His behaviour, at the beginning of his reign, hath been very different from that of Pygmalion. He endeavours to make commerce flourish again, which was decaying every day more and more; he consults Narbal in all matters of importance, but is not blindly led by him; for he will see every thing with his own eyes. He hears every advice and opinion which is offered, and then adopts that which appears to him most eligible.¹⁷ He is loved by his people, and thereby possesses a greater treasure, than his father could amass by his avarice and cruelty; for there is not a family in his dominions that would not be ready, upon an emergency, to assist him with its whole substance: so that it is more at his disposal, than if he took it from them by violence. He has no occasion to take any measures for the security of his person; for he has the best of all guards, and the most to be depended upon, namely, the love of his people. There is not one of his subjects that would not be sorry for the loss of him, and who would not risk his own life to preserve that of so good a king. He is happy, and so is his people. On the one hand, he is afraid of laying too great burthens on the subjects; they, on the other, are afraid lest they should not make him an offer of what is sufficient: and though he indulges them in the enjoyment of wealth and plenty, yet they are not thereby rendered idle or insolent, but continue still industrious; applying themselves diligently to commerce, and adhering steadily to their ancient laws. Thus is Phœnicia arrived at the highest pinnacle of glory

and grandeur; and it is to her young king that she is indebted for all her prosperity.

“The administration of the government under the king, is chiefly in the hands of Narbal.¹⁸ O Telemachus, with what pleasure would he load you with presents, was you now his guest! how happy would he be in conveying you in a magnificent manner to your native land! must not I then be happy in having an opportunity to do what he would be over-joyed to do himself, I mean, to carry the son of Ulysses to Ithaca, and set him on the throne; on which he would acquit himself with no less wisdom and dignity, than Baleazar displays at Tyre!”

When Adoam had finished his narrative, Telemachus embraced him tenderly; extremely delighted both with the tidings he had communicated, and still more affected with the kindness he had shewn him in his distress. Adoam then begged to be informed, how he had ventured into Calypso’s isle. To satisfy him in this particular, Telemachus gave him an account how he had left Tyre; how he afterwards went to Cyprus; how he found Mentor again; and, together with him, visited Crete; where games had been ordained for the election of a king, in place of Idomeneus, who had abandoned the throne; how Venus had been offended; how they had been shipwrecked; with what joy Calypso had received them; how jealous she had been of one of her nymphs; and how Mentor had thrown him into the sea, when he discovered the Phœnician ship. After their curiosity was thus mutually satisfied, Adoam regaled them with a magnificent entertainment; and to manifest the more joy, and render it more complete, he united every pleasure that could be enjoyed on the occasion. While they were at table, where they were served by young Phœnicians, clad in white, and crowned with flowers; the most exquisite perfumes of the East were burnt. The seats of the rowers were filled with musicians, who played upon the flute; and they were interrupted from time to time by Achitoas, who touched the lyre, and sung in so ravishing a manner, as would have charmed the gods, and even Apollo himself. The tritons, nereids, and the other marine gods and goddesses, and even the sea-monsters, quitting their deep and humid grottos, gathered round the ship, to hear such exquisite music. Some young Phœnicians, of singular beauty, and clad in linen whiter than the snow, danced a long time; first, according to the fashion of their own country; then after that of Egypt; and lastly, in the manner of Greece: and every now and then the sound of trumpets was returned in echoes from distant coasts. To enhance the pleasure of this elegant entertainment, the night was still; the sea was calm, the trembling light of the moon played upon the waters, and the azure sky was bespangled with stars.

Though Telemachus, from his natural vivacity and sensibility, was much delighted with all these different objects, yet he durst not discover an immoderate joy.¹⁹ Since the mortifying proof he had experienced in the isle of Calypso, how violent the passions of youth are, he was afraid even of the most innocent pleasures, and the slightest indulgence. He was now, therefore, often looking at Mentor, with a view to discover his sentiments, in regard to these entertainments. Mentor was not sorry to perceive his embarrassment, but seemed at first to take no notice of it. At last, much pleased with his moderation, he said to him with a smile: "I see what it is that you are afraid of, and I commend you for it: but such fear may be carried too far. There is not a person living that wishes you more pleasure than I; but it is such as will neither intoxicate, nor enervate you. The pleasures to be indulged, are such as will unbend the mind, yet leave you in possession of yourself; not such as will bewitch and enslave you. The pleasures I wish you, are calm and serene; not such as turn a man into a savage brute. You may now, with propriety, unbend your mind after the many hardships you have undergone. Enjoy the amusements, then, that Adoam hath procured you, with gratitude and good-humour. Be joyful, Telemachus, be joyful. True wisdom disclaims all austerity and affectation: all true pleasure is derived from her: she alone can make it genuine and durable; she alone knows how to blend mirth and sport with serious and important business; amusement with application; and diversion with labour; thus seasoning and sweetening both by a constant succession."²⁰ Wisdom is not ashamed, upon occasion, to appear easy and chearful."

After this preamble, Mentor took a lyre, and played upon it in so masterly a manner, that Achitoas, stung with jealousy, and in great confusion, dropped his instrument: he changed colour; his eyes sparkled with fire, and his shame and disorder were so visible, that they must have been observed by all that were present, had not their attention been engaged by Mentor's performance. Hardly durst they venture to breathe, for fear of interrupting the silence, and losing some of these divine touches; they were in pain too, lest he should stop too soon. Mentor's voice had nothing of an effeminate softness in it, but was strong, pliant, sweet, and affecting.

He first sung the praises of Jupiter, the father and king of gods and men; who, with a nod, shakes the vast universe. His next subject was Minerva, who sprung from Jupiter's head; by which is meant the wisdom that is formed therein, and which from thence descends to illuminate such as are open to instruction. Mentor sung her maxims with so affecting a voice, and so much piety, that the whole assembly thought themselves transported to the highest summit of Olympus, and in the presence of Jupiter, whose looks are more

awful than his thunder. In the next place, he sung the unhappy fate of Narcissus, who, being enamoured of his own beauty, and continually gazing at it in a fountain, pined away with grief, and was changed into a flower that bears his name. Lastly, he sung the tragical death of the beautiful Adonis, who was torn to pieces by a wild-boar; and whom Venus, who was passionately in love with him, could never restore to life, though she complained of it bitterly to the gods.

All those that heard him now burst into tears, and even felt a sort of pleasure²¹ in weeping. When he had done singing, the Phœnicians stood amazed, and gazed at one another: one said, "It is Orpheus; it was thus that he tamed wild-beasts, and drew the rocks and woods after him; it was thus that he charmed Cerberus, suspended the pains of Ixion and the Danaids, and soothed the inexorable Pluto, so that he permitted him to take the beautiful Eurydice with him from the infernal regions."

One exclaimed: "This is Linus, the son of Apollo!" Another said, he was mistaken; for it was Apollo himself. Telemachus was no less surprised than the rest; for he did not know, that Mentor could sing and play upon the lyre in so masterly a manner. Achitoas too, having had time to recollect himself, and to disguise his jealousy, began now to extol Mentor: but he blushed in praising him, and was not able to conclude his panegyric. Mentor, observing his confusion, took up the discourse, as if he would have interrupted him; and endeavoured to make him easy, by giving him all the praise that he deserved. But Achitoas was not satisfied: for he perceived that Mentor surpassed him still more in modesty than in his talent for music. Mean while Telemachus turned to Adoam: "I remember," said he, "you mentioned a voyage you had made to Bætica, after your return from Egypt. Bætica is a country, of which such wonders are told, as seem scarce credible. Be so kind as to inform me, what credit is due to these stories." "I will with pleasure," said Adoam, "give you an account of that famous country; it is deservedly an object of your curiosity; for it even far exceeds what fame hath published concerning it." Accordingly, he thus began: "The river Bætis runs through a fertile country, and the climate is always serene and temperate. From this river, which falls into the great Ocean, near the Pillars of Hercules, where, once upon a time, the impetuous sea, breaking over its bounds, parted the land of Tarsis from the vast continent of Africa, does the country take its name. In it the golden age seems still to exist: for the winters are mild; the cold north winds never blow; and in summer, the air is always cooled and tempered by refreshing breezes that spring up about noon. Thus the whole year seems to consist of spring and autumn,²² without any other intervening season.

“The lands, both in the vallies, and wide extended plains, bear, every year, two crops; and the high-ways are lined with laurels, pomegranates, jessamines, and other trees, always green, and always in blossom. The mountains are covered with flocks of sheep, whose fine wool is in great request amongst all nations; and there are several mines of gold and silver in the country. But, the inhabitants, simple in their manners, and happy in that simplicity, do not reckon them as any part of their wealth. They account nothing such, that does not serve to supply the real wants of men. When we first began to trade with them, we found gold and silver employed for the same purposes as iron; as, for instance, to make plough-shares. Destitute of foreign traffic, they had no occasion for money. They are all either shepherds, or husbandmen. There are but few artificers to be seen in the country, for no other arts are allowed, but such as minister to the real wants of life.²³ The inhabitants being mostly husbandmen and shepherds, and leading a simple, frugal life, have generally skill enough to perform themselves all the handicraft work they have occasion for.

“The women spin their wool, and make stuffs of it, exceeding white and fine; they bake the bread, and dress the victuals; which is attended with no great trouble, for their diet consists chiefly of the fruits of the earth and milk; and but seldom of flesh meat. Of their sheep-skins they make a light sort of shoes and stockings for themselves, their husbands, and children. They likewise make tents, either of the bark of trees, or of waxed leather. All the cloathing of the family is made and washed by them, and the houses are kept extremely neat and clean. Their garments are easy to make; for in that mild climate they only wear a piece of fine light stuff, not shaped and adjusted to the body, but wrapped about it in long folds, and in the form every one likes best, provided it be consistent with modesty.

“The only arts in which the men are employed, besides the culture of their lands, and the tending of their flocks, are those of working wood and iron. But of iron they make no great use, except for the implements of husbandry. All the arts that have any relation to architecture, are to them entirely useless; for they never build any houses. It discovers, they say, too great an attachment to the earth, to erect houses upon it much more durable than ourselves; to guard against the injuries of the air is sufficient. As for the other arts in request among the Greeks, Egyptians, and other polite nations, they detest them, as the inventions of vanity and luxury.

“When they are told of nations that have the art of raising magnificent buildings, of making gold and silver plate, stuffs enriched with embroidery and precious stones, exquisite perfumes, delicacies for the table, and musical instruments that breathe enchanting sounds; their reply is this: ‘These nations

are very unhappy in having taken so much pains to corrupt themselves; for these superfluities enervate, intoxicate, and torment those who possess them; while they tempt those that are destitute of them, to have recourse to violence and injustice to acquire them. Can a superfluity that serves only to make a man vicious, be deemed a source of happiness? Are the inhabitants of those countries more healthy and robust than we? Are they longer lived? Are they more united? Do they enjoy greater liberty, tranquillity or contentment? On the contrary, they must be jealous of one another; mean, spiteful, and envious; and continually harrassed by avarice, fear, and ambition; incapable of true, genuine pleasure, as being enslaved by so many imaginary wants, on the supply of which they make their happiness depend.'

"Such," said Adoam, "are the sentiments of these sages; who are indebted to simple nature alone for their wisdom and philosophy. Our politeness is extremely shocking to them; and it must be owned, they have a great deal, though their manners are simple. The lands are not the property of individuals, but common to all; and every family is governed by its chief, who is in reality its king. Every father of a family may punish any of his children or grandchildren for any misdemeanor; but, before he does so, he always takes the advice of the rest of the family. But such punishments are rare; for that happy country is the habitation of innocence, sincerity, obedience to parents, and abhorrence of vice. It would seem, that Astræa, who is said to have quitted the earth, and retired to heaven, is still in this lower world, and concealed among that people. They have no occasion for judges, being judged by their own consciences. Every thing is common among them; and the fruit of the trees and of the earth is in such plenty, together with the milk of herds and flocks, and the people are so sober, and so easily satisfied, that there is no necessity to make any partition. Every family moves from one part of this charming country to another, after having consumed the fruits and pasturage of the place where they had pitched their tents. Thus, having no opposite interests to pursue, they love one another with a brotherly affection, that is never interrupted. And, it is to their contempt of superfluities, and delusive pleasures, that they are indebted for this their union, peace, and liberty. They are all free, and all equal; there being no other distinction to be found among them, but what results from the experience of the ancient sages, or the uncommon wisdom of some young men, who are not inferior to these sages in consummate virtue. In this happy country, the horrid, cruel voice of fraud, violence, perjury, chicane, and war, is never heard. Never did human blood stain the land; and even that of lambs but seldom. When they are told of the bloody battles, the rapid conquests and revolutions that happen in other nations, they are quite lost in

wonder and amazement. 'What,' say they, 'are not mankind short-lived enough by nature, but they must hurry one another to a premature death! life is short, yet it would seem to appear to them too long. Was it to massacre, and make one another miserable, that they were sent into the world?'

"Again, these inhabitants of Bætica cannot conceive how conquerors, and such as bring mighty empires under their yoke, come to be so much admired. What madness, say they, to place one's happiness in ruling strangers; a task so difficult and troublesome, if it is performed according to the dictates of reason and justice! but how can they take pleasure in compelling them to submit to their government? It is all a wise man can be supposed to do, to submit to govern a tractable people, over whom the gods have set him; or a people who solicit him to be their father and ruler. But to assume the government of a people by force, is to make one's self very miserable, to have the false glory of keeping them in subjection. A conqueror is a man, whom the gods, incensed against mankind, have, in their wrath, sent into the world, to ravage kingdoms, to spread far and wide terror, misery, and despair; and to banish liberty from the earth. If a man is ambitious of glory, will he not find sufficient, in ruling, with wisdom, those whom God hath committed to his charge? Does he imagine, that, to merit praise, he must become unjust, violent, proud, a tyrant, and an usurper?²⁴ War ought never to be thought of, but for the defence of liberty. Happy he, who is neither a slave himself, nor is madly ambitious of making slaves of others. These mighty conquerors, of whose glory so much is said, may be compared to rivers, which have overflowed their banks, and appear so majestic; though, at the same time, they have desolated all those fields which they ought only to have watered and fertilized." After Adoam had thus described Bætica and its inhabitants, Telemachus, who was charmed with the description, put several questions to him. "Do these people," said he, "drink wine?" "They never drink any," replied Adoam, "nor make any; not that they want grapes, for there is no country that produces better; but they are satisfied with eating them, as they do other fruits, and are afraid of wine, as tending to corrupt the human race. It is, say they, a kind of poison, that makes men mad; and though it does not kill them, it turns them into beasts. Health and strength may be preserved without it; but those who indulge it, not only endanger their health but their morals."

Telemachus then said: "I should be glad to know what are the rules in regard to marriage in that country." "No man," said Adoam, "must have more than one wife; and he must keep her as long as she lives. The honour of the men, in that country, depends as much upon their fidelity to their wives, as the honour of the women in other countries depends upon their fidelity to their husbands.

In no nation are married persons truer to one another, or more jealous of the honour of the marriage bed. The women are beautiful and agreeable, but without dissimulation; modest and industrious. The consequence of marriage in that country is a numerous issue, tranquillity, and unspotted chastity.²⁵ The husband and wife seem to be but one person in two bodies, and each of them bears a part in all the cares and concerns of the family. The husband manages every thing without doors, and the wife confines herself to the œconomy²⁶ of the household within: she studies to ease and comfort her husband; and her whole ambition is to please him; thus she gains his confidence, and engages his affection more by her virtue, than her beauty; and their mutual tenderness and attachment continue unimpaired till death. The people are long lived, being subject to few diseases, in consequence of their sobriety, moderation, and regularity. Old men may be seen aged a hundred, or a hundred and twenty years, who are still hearty and vigorous."

"I have one question more to ask," said Telemachus, "and that is, by what means they guard against wars with their neighbours." "Nature," said Adoam, "hath separated them from other nations; on one side by the sea, and on the other by high mountains towards the north: besides, the neighbouring nations respect them on account of their virtues. It hath often happened, that the neighbouring states, when they could not amicably terminate their differences, have chosen them for arbitrators, and as such, put them in possession of the controverted territories and cities. As they never insult or incroach upon their neighbours, these entertain no sort of jealousy of them. They cannot forbear laughing, when they are told of kings, who cannot agree in settling their frontiers. 'Are they afraid,' say they, 'that the earth should become too scanty for its inhabitants? There will always be more land than can be cultivated. As long as there are among us lands unoccupied and uncultivated, we would not even defend those we possess, should our neighbours think proper to seize them.' As the people of Bætica are entirely free from pride, vanity, deceit, and all desire of extending their territories, their neighbours have nothing to apprehend from them; and, indeed, as little to hope from attacking them; and therefore they never make the least attempt against them. They would submit to the loss of their lives or their country, rather than be made slaves. They are equally incapable of enslaving others, and of being enslaved themselves; in consequence of which disposition, a profound peace subsists between them and their neighbours."

Adoam concluded with an account of the trade which the Phœnicians carried on with Bætica. "They were much surprised," said he, "to see strangers come by sea from a country so remote; and they gave us liberty to build a city

in the isle of Cadiz. We were treated with great kindness, and had part of all their effects, without paying any thing for it. Further, they generously offered us gratis all the wool that they should not have occasion for themselves, and actually sent us a very valuable present of it. They take pleasure in giving away their superfluities to strangers. As for their mines, they yielded them up to us without the least hesitation; for they were of no use to them. They thought those men had no great pretensions to wisdom, who, with such infinite labour, penetrated into the bowels of the earth, in quest of what could not make them happy, nor satisfy any real want. ‘Do not,’ said they to us, ‘dig so deep into the earth; be contented with ploughing it, and it will yield you true riches, by supplying you with food; the fruits it will produce, are of more value than gold or silver, since it is to procure food for the support of life, that these metals are coveted.’

“We have often offered to teach them navigation, and to carry their young men with us to Phœnicia; but they would never consent to their learning to live in our manner. ‘They would,’ said they, ‘thereby learn to want whatever is become necessary to you. They could not dispense with them; and would therefore quit the path of virtue, and take indirect methods to obtain them. They would become like a man, who had good legs, but who, by not using them, and being carried about like a sick man in a chair, thinks at last he cannot live without that convenience.’ As for navigation, they admire the ingenuity and industry of it; but think it of dangerous tendency. ‘If,’ say they, ‘those nations who practise it, have, in their own country, wherewithal to satisfy nature, what do they go to other countries for? For what do they seek more than is sufficient to supply their real wants? They deserve to perish, who risk their lives amidst storms and tempests, to glut the avarice of merchants, and flatter the passions of other men.’”

Telemachus listened to Adoam with infinite pleasure; and was very glad to find that there was yet a people on the earth, who, by following nature and right reason, were, at the same time, so wise, and so happy. “O how widely,” said he, “do the manners of these people differ from the silly, conceited, and affected manners of those nations that are accounted the wisest. To such a degree are we spoiled and corrupted, that we can hardly believe, that a simplicity, so agreeable to nature, is any where to be found. We regard descriptions of the manners of such a people, as entertaining fables; and they, on their part, may well regard ours as wild extravagant dreams.”

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Venus, still breathing revenge against Telemachus, applies to Jupiter, to have him destroyed. But the Fates, not allowing of that, she goes and consults with Neptune, how to prevent his reaching Ithaca, whither Adoam was carrying him. In order to do this they employ a deceitful divinity to mislead the pilot Athamas; who, while he imagined he was arrived at Ithaca, entered the port of the Salentines on full sail. Idomeneus, the king of that people, receives Telemachus in his new city, where he was busy in making preparations for a sacrifice, to be offered to Jupiter, for success in a war against the Mandurians. The priest, upon consulting the intrails of the victim, promises Idomeneus great success; and tells him, that he would be indebted for it to the two strangers, who were just arrived.

While Telemachus and Adoam were thus engaged in conversation, never thinking of sleep, nor perceiving that the night was already half spent; a malicious, deceitful divinity carried them far from Ithaca, which the pilot Athamas endeavoured to make in vain. Neptune, though he favoured the Phœnicians, yet could not digest Telemachus's escape in the tempest, which had driven him upon the rocks in Calypso's isle. Venus was still more exasperated against him, for his having triumphed over Cupid, and all the powers of beauty. So violent was her chagrin, that she bid adieu to Paphos, Cythera, Idalium, and all the honours which are paid her in the isle of Cyprus. She could no longer bear the sight of those places in which Telemachus had made light of¹ her power. She ascends towards the bright Olympus, where the gods were assembled about the throne of Jupiter. From thence the heavenly bodies are seen revolving under their feet. This globe appears no bigger than a little mole hill,² and the immense seas upon it, look like drops of water. The largest empires are but as grains of sand upon the surface of it; and the vastest multitudes, and most numerous armies, appear but as ants contending about a blade of grass. The immortal gods make a jest of the most serious and important affairs, with which weak mortals are agitated, and count them no better than children's play. What men call grandeur, glory, power, and deep policy; in the eye of these supreme divinities, is nothing more than misery and folly.

It is in this exalted region³ that Jupiter hath fixed his immoveable throne; his eyes penetrate the abyss, and illuminate the darkest corners of the heart; as his smiles diffuse joy and peace throughout the whole universe. On the other hand, when he shakes his awful locks, both the heaven and the earth tremble. Even the gods, dazzled with the glory that surrounds him, cannot approach him without awe and dread.

The celestial divinities were then assembled around him, when Venus, adorned with every grace and charm, presented herself before his throne. Her flowing robe displayed a greater and brighter variety of colours, than all the tints of Iris, when she appears amidst the dark gloomy clouds, to give notice to affrighted mortals of the cessation of tempests, and the return of fair weather. It was bound by that famous girdle, which is the seat of the graces. Her hair hung down with a graceful negligence behind, tied with a golden fillet. The gods were all struck with admiration⁴ of her beauty, as if they had never seen her before; and their eyes were dazzled in the same manner as those of mortals are, when, after a long night, the rays of Phœbus suddenly flash upon them. They looked at one another quite amazed, though they could hardly take their eyes off Venus. But they quickly perceived, that she shed tears, and that grief was evidently expressed on her countenance. In the mean time, she advanced towards the throne of Jupiter, with soft, but hasty steps; as a bird, in its rapid flight, darts through the immense space of air. He beheld her with a soft complacent smile, and rising, received her with a tender embrace. "My dear daughter," said he, "what occasions your uneasiness?⁵ I cannot behold your tears without emotion. Unbosom yourself to me without constraint. You are no stranger to my tenderness and indulgence." Venus replied in a soft accent, interrupted by deep sighs: "Father of gods and men! can you, who see all things, be ignorant of the cause of my uneasiness? Minerva, not satisfied with having razed to the foundations the superb city of Troy, which I defended, and with having revenged herself on Paris, who preferred my beauty to hers; conducts, over the whole face of the earth, by sea and land, the son of Ulysses, that cruel destroyer of Troy. Telemachus is accompanied by Minerva; and this is the true reason, why she does not now appear to fill her place, among the other divinities. She brought the rash youth into the isle of Cyprus, in order to affront me: there he slighted my power, and would not so much as deign to burn incense upon my altars. He testified an abhorrence of the festivals that are celebrated to my honour, and shut his heart against all the pleasures of love. In vain did Neptune, at my request, pursue him with winds and waves: for, after he had been cast, by a dreadful tempest, upon the isle of Calypso, he triumphed over Cupid himself, whom I sent thither on purpose to try to make an

impression upon his heart. Neither the youth nor charms of Calypso, and her nymphs, nor the fiery darts of Cupid, have been able to defeat the stratagems of Minerva, or prevent her carrying him off the island. Thus have I been baffled; and thus a boy hath triumphed over all my power!"

Jupiter, in order to assuage her grief, replied: "It is, indeed, true, my daughter, that Minerva defends the heart of that young Greek, against all your son's attacks; and has such glory in reserve for him, as no young man ever merited before. I am sorry that he despised your altars, but I cannot subject him to your power. I consent, from the love I bear you, that he continue still to wander over sea and land, far from his native country, exposed to hardships and dangers of every kind: but the destinies do not admit of his perishing, or being overcome by those pleasures, with which you allure mankind. Make yourself easy then, my dear daughter, and be contented with holding in your chains so many other heroes and immortals." In pronouncing these words, he indulged Venus with another smile, replete with majesty and grace, a gleam that emulated the keenest flash of lightning, darted from his eyes. He then embraced her tenderly, diffusing, at the same time, an ambrosial odour, that perfumed the whole extent of Olympus. The goddess could not but be satisfied with this mark of tenderness from the most mighty of all the gods. In spite of her grief and her tears, joy diffused itself through every feature: she veiled her lovely countenance in order to conceal her glowing cheeks, and agitation. The whole assembly of the gods applauded what Jupiter had said, and Venus went immediately in quest of Neptune, to concert with him the properest methods of taking vengeance on Telemachus.

When she repeated to Neptune what Jupiter had said: "I knew," said he, "before, the unalterable decrees of the fates: but, if we cannot plunge Telemachus in the abyss of the sea, let us, however, omit nothing that may contribute to make him miserable, and retard his return to Ithaca. But I cannot consent to the destroying the Phœnician ship, in which he is embarked; I love the Phœnicians. They are my peculiar people;⁶ and, above all other nations, cultivate my empire. By this means the sea is become the bond of society which holds the nations of the earth together. They are continually, in honour of me, offering sacrifices upon my altars; they are just, sagacious, and active in the prosecution of commerce; and they diffuse plenty, and the conveniencies of life, all over the earth. No, goddess, I will not suffer one of their ships to be wrecked; but I will make the pilot mistake his course, and steer wide of Ithaca, whither he is just now bound." Venus was satisfied with this promise, and laughed with a malicious joy; then mounting her flying chariot, she returned to the flowery lawns of Idalium, where the graces, sports, and smiles, testified

how glad they were to see her again, by dancing around her on the flowers, with which that charming retreat is perfumed.

Neptune immediately dispatched a deceitful divinity, resembling a dream, except that dreams deceive only during sleep; whereas, that divinity imposes on the senses of those who are awake. This malicious god, amidst an infinite number of winged lies, that flutter around him, went, and shed some drops of a subtle, fascinating liquor, upon the eyes of the pilot Athamas, while he was attentively observing the moon shining bright, the course of the stars, and the coast of Ithaca, whose craggy rocks he descried at no great distance. From that moment, all he beheld, was mere illusion.⁷ Neither the heaven, nor the earth that appeared to him, were real; and the stars seemed to have changed their courses, and turned back. Olympus looked, as if it moved altogether by new laws, and even the earth appeared to be changed. The pilot, to amuse him, had a false Ithaca continually presented to his eyes, while he was departing farther and farther from the real coast. As he advanced, this phantom retreated, still flying before him; so that he did not know what to think of it. Sometimes he imagined he heard the noise that is usual in a port, and according to the orders he had received, was going to put into a little island that lies hard by the other, in order to conceal the return of Telemachus from Penelope's lovers, his professed enemies. Sometimes he was apprehensive of the shelves⁸ which lie along that coast, and fancied he heard the waves roaring, and dashing against them. Then, in a moment, the land seemed at a great distance, and the mountains appeared no bigger than the little clouds, that sometimes darken the horizon, at the setting of the sun. Thus was Athamas in great perplexity; and felt, in consequence of the deceitful deity's illusion, a kind of delirium, to which he had been hitherto a stranger. He even began to fancy that he was not awake, but asleep, and dreaming. In the mean time, Neptune commanded the east wind to spring up, in order to carry the ship to the coast of Hesperia. This wind obeyed the injunction with such violence, that the vessel soon reached the destined coast.

Aurora now began to usher in the day, and the stars, which dread, and are jealous of the sun's rays, were going to conceal their dull fires in the ocean, when the pilot thus exclaimed: "Now I can no longer doubt of it, we are almost close up with Ithaca; now, Telemachus, give a loose to joy,⁹ in an hour you will be blessed with the sight of Penelope, and, perhaps, of Ulysses returned, and seated again upon his throne."

Telemachus, who before was fast locked in the arms of sleep, at this exclamation awoke, arose, embraced the pilot, and laid hold of the helm; surveying, at the same time, with eager attention, the neighbouring coast, though his eyes

were yet hardly open. But, soon perceiving that it was not the coast of his native country, he fetched a deep sigh. "Alas! where are we?" said he. "This is not my dear Ithaca. You are mistaken, Athamas, and seem to be but ill acquainted with this coast, which is far from my native land." "No, no," said Athamas, "I cannot be mistaken in the coast of that island. Have I not been often in your port? There is not a rock, how small soever, that I am not acquainted with; even the coast of Tyre is not better known to me. Do not you recollect that mountain, that advances towards us? Or that rock, that towers above the waters? Do not you hear the waves rolling and dashing against these other rocks, that overhang the sea, and threaten every moment to tumble into it?¹⁰ But do not you observe that temple of Minerva, which rises to the clouds? See there the fortress and palace of your father Ulysses."

"You are under a mistake, Athamas," replied Telemachus; "on the contrary, I see a coast pretty high, but flat; and a city, but it is not Ithaca. O gods! is it thus you sport with wretched mortals!" While he pronounced these words, the charm suddenly dissolved before the eyes of Athamas. He saw the coast such as it really was, and acknowledged his mistake: "I own it, O Telemachus," said he; "some hostile divinity enchanted my eyes: I imagined I saw Ithaca, and had the image of it full and distinct before me; but this moment it vanished like a dream. I now see another city, which is doubtless Salentum in Hesperia, founded by Idomeneus, who lately fled from Crete. I can discern the rising walls as yet not finished; and I perceive the harbour, the fortifications of which are not yet complete."

While Athamas was viewing the several edifices lately erected in this new city, and Telemachus deploring his misfortune, the wind, that Neptune had raised, carried them on full sail into a road,¹¹ where they found themselves safe, and at no great distance from the port.

Mentor, as he knew both Neptune's rage, and Venus's cruel artifice, only smiled at the mistake of Athamas. When they were safe at anchor in the road, he thus addressed Telemachus: "Jupiter aims not at your destruction, but only proves you; and he proves you only in order to lead you to glory. Remember the labours of Hercules, and never lose sight of those of your father. Whoever is incapable of suffering adversity, is destitute of all greatness of mind. You must, by resolution and patience, tire out the cruel fortune that persecutes you. I dread not so much the consequences of Neptune's rage against you, as I did those of the flattering caresses of the goddess, in whose isle you lately sojourned. Why do we hesitate a moment to enter the port? The inhabitants of the place are Greeks, and consequently friends: Idomeneus, having himself experienced the rigours of fortune, will be apt to feel for the unfortunate." They

immediately entered the harbour of Salentum, into which the Phœnician vessel was admitted without any difficulty; the Phœnicians maintaining a friendly intercourse and trade with all the nations of the world.

Telemachus could not behold this upstart city¹² without admiration. As a young tender plant, nourished by the gentle dews of night, feels the sun's morning rays, by which it is adorned; it shoots up; opens its tender buds; expands its green leaves; and, when it blows, displays in its fragrant flowers, a thousand charming colours, so as to disclose new beauties every moment. So did the new-built city of Idomeneus flourish upon the margin of the sea. Every day, and every hour it became more magnificent, and exhibited to those at a distance on the sea new ornaments of architecture towering up to heaven. The whole coast echoed with the noise of the workmen, and the sound of hammers. Stones were seen suspended in the air by ropes and cranes. At break of day, all the chiefs of the people attended, to animate and encourage them in the prosecution of the works; and even Idomeneus went about and gave orders himself, so that they advanced in a surprising manner. As soon as the Phœnician ship arrived, Telemachus and Mentor were received by the Cretans with marks of the sincerest friendship; and a messenger was immediately dispatched to acquaint Idomeneus with their arrival. "What," said he, "the son of Ulysses arrived? Of Ulysses, that dear friend of mine, that wise hero, through whom we at last laid Troy level with the ground! bring him hither, that I may let him see how much I loved his father."

Accordingly Telemachus was brought and presented to him; when he told him his name, and begged his protection. Idomeneus, with a serene smiling countenance replied: "Though I had not been told who you was, I believe I should have known you. In you I behold Ulysses himself; his piercing eyes, and stedfast look; his first appearance breathing cold reserve, which yet concealed a rich fund of vivacity and elegance. I recognize that artful smile, that careless demeanour, that elocution so soft, so simple, yet insinuating, which won assent ere caution had time to be upon its guard. Yes, you are undoubtedly the son of Ulysses, and you shall be mine also. O my son, my dear son! what accident hath brought you hither? Are you in quest of your father? Alas! I can give you no account of him. Both he and I have been persecuted by unrelenting fate: his misfortune consists in not being able to find his country, and mine in finding it only to feel the heavy indignation of the gods." While Idomeneus spoke thus, he eyed Mentor attentively, as a man whose face he knew, though he could not recollect his name. Meanwhile, Telemachus, while the tears bedewed his cheeks, replied. "Pardon my grief, O King, which I am not able to suppress even now, when I ought to manifest nothing but joy and

gratitude for your goodness and humanity. By the concern you express for the loss of Ulysses, you teach me to feel the misfortune of not being able to find my father. I have now been wandering in quest of him a long time, from sea to sea. The offended gods do not permit me to see him again; nor to learn whether he hath been shipwrecked; nor to return to Ithaca, where Penelope languishes with the most eager desire of seeing herself delivered from her importunate lovers. I thought to have found you in Crete, where I was informed of your cruel destiny, but never imagined I should touch upon the coast of Hesperia, where you have founded your new kingdom. But fortune, that sports with the miseries of mankind, and keeps me wandering about in countries remote from Ithaca, hath brought me at last upon your coast. Among all the evils fate hath detailed upon¹³ me, this is what I most willingly endure. If it detains me at a distance from my native country, I must also acknowledge it hath introduced, and made me known to the most generous of princes.”

Idomeneus, hearing these words, tenderly embraced Telemachus; and, having led him by the hand to his palace, addressed him thus: “Who is that sage old man that accompanies you? Methinks I have often seen him before.” “It is Mentor,” replied Telemachus; “the friend of Ulysses, who committed my infancy to his charge; a circumstance from which you may conceive the extent of my obligations to his care and affection.”

Idomeneus, at this intimation, advancing towards Mentor, took him by the hand, saying: “We have seen one another before. Do not you remember the visit you made me at Crete; and the good advice you gave me? But I was then hurried away by the impetuosity of youth, and the love of idle amusements. There was a necessity for my being taught by misfortune, what I would not then believe. O, would to heaven I had given ear to your salutary counsels, most venerable sage! but I observe with astonishment, that you are very little, if at all altered, in such a long course of years! your complexion is as fresh, you walk as upright, and seem as vigorous as you was then; all the difference I perceive, is, that your hair begins to adopt a silver hue——.”

“Great king,” replied Mentor, “was I a flatterer, I would tell you in my turn, that you still retained that glow of youth which animated your features before the siege of Troy. But I had rather run the risk of offending you, than violate the truth: besides, I perceive by your judicious discourse, that you are averse to adulation; and that there is no danger in speaking to you with sincerity. I must tell you then,¹⁴ that you are much altered, and that I should hardly have known you again. I am well acquainted with the cause of that alteration; namely, the repeated misfortunes you have undergone: yet you have still been a gainer by these misfortunes, since they have taught you wisdom. We have

very little cause to be concerned for the wrinkles that take possession of the forehead, while the heart improves and grows stronger in the exercise of virtue. Besides, you must observe, that kings wear faster than other men. In adversity, the extraordinary fatigues both of body and mind, bring upon them an early old age. In prosperity, the pleasures of an effeminate life waste them much faster than even the toils of war. Nothing so much impairs the health and constitution as immoderate pleasure. Thus it happens, that kings in peace have pleasures, and in war fatigues, that hasten the approach of old age, before the natural date of its arrival. A sober, moderate, regular, active life, free from violent uneasiness and passion, maintains, in the constitution of a wise man, a youthful vigour; that otherwise is ever ready to vanish on the wings of time."

Idomeneus, charmed with Mentor's discourse, would have heard him with pleasure a long time, if he had not been called away to assist at a sacrifice to Jupiter. He was followed by Mentor and Telemachus, and a great multitude of people, who surveyed these strangers with great eagerness and attention. "There is a great difference," said they to one another, "between these men. The younger has something very sprightly and amiable in his air and countenance; and his person is adorned with all the graces of youth and beauty; but it is a beauty neither languid nor effeminate: even in the tender blossom of early youth, he appears vigorous, hardy, and robust. The other, though much older, enjoys all his strength and faculties unimpaired: at first sight his mien seems less noble, and his look not so engaging; but, upon a nearer view, under the appearance of simplicity, one discovers marks of uncommon sagacity and virtue, mingled with a striking air of conscious dignity.¹⁵ Doubtless, when the gods came down to the earth to converse with mortals, they assumed the forms of such travellers and strangers."

Meanwhile they arrived at the temple of Jupiter, which Idomeneus, who was descended from that god, had adorned in a very magnificent manner. It was encompassed with a double row of columns of jasper, whose capitals were of silver, and incrustured all over with marble, representing in bas reliefs Jupiter metamorphosed into a bull; the Rape of Europa,¹⁶ and her passing through the waves to Crete. Jupiter seemed to be treated with respect, though under a strange form. Besides these, there was a representation of the birth and youth of Minos, and also of his more advanced age, when he gave laws to the whole island, to make it flourish and prosper to all ages. There Telemachus also observed the principal events of the Trojan war, in which Idomeneus had acquired the reputation of a great warrior. Among these representations of battles, he endeavoured to find his father, and at last discovered him seizing the horses of Rhesus, whom Diomedes had slain; then disputing with Ajax, the

armour of Achilles, before all the Grecian chiefs assembled; and lastly, descending from the belly of the fatal horse, to shed such torrents of Trojan blood.

Telemachus recognized him immediately by these renowned exploits, which he had often heard recounted, even by Mentor himself. The tears now began to trickle down his cheeks, his colour changed, and he seemed greatly affected. Idomeneus perceiving it, though Telemachus turned another way in order to conceal his emotion: "Do not be ashamed," said he, "to let us see how much you are affected by the glory and misfortunes of your father." In the mean time, the people flocked in crowds under those vast porticos, formed by the double row of columns that surrounded the temple. There were two choirs of boys and girls, who sung hymns in praise of the God who wields the thunder. These young singers were distinguished by the beauty and elegance of their persons,¹⁷ and their fine hair that overspread their shoulders. Their heads were crowned with roses, and perfumed; and they were all cloathed in white. Idomeneus, upon this occasion, sacrificed a hundred oxen to Jupiter, to render him propitious in a war he had undertaken against his neighbours. On all hands the blood of victims smoked, while it flowed into large goblets of gold and silver.

The ancient Theophanes, who was priest of the temple, and beloved of the gods, during the sacrifice, covered his head with the skirt of his purple robe. Then he consulted the intrails of the victims that were still panting. Finally, mounting the sacred tripod,¹⁸ he exclaimed: "O ye gods! who are then these two strangers, whom heaven hath sent hither? But for them, the war we have undertaken would have proved fatal to us, and Salentum would have been laid in ruins before it was half finished. I see a young hero, whom wisdom leads by the hand; to say more is not permitted to mortal mouth."

While he pronounced these words, his eyes sparkled, and his looks grew wild; he seemed to see other objects than those that were before him; his countenance was bloated and inflamed; he was agitated by a transport of phrenzy; his hair stood on end, his mouth foamed, and his arms were extended and motionless: his hoarse voice sounded more than human; he panted for breath, and struggled with the god, unable to restrain the divine spirit that possessed him.

"O happy Idomeneus," cried he, "what do I see? What misfortunes escaped? What profound peace at home, but abroad what battles! what victories! O Telemachus! thy exploits surpass those of thy father; the proud enemy lies groaning in the dust under thy sword! the gates of brass, and the inaccessible ramparts fall at thy feet! O thou great goddess, whom his father O young man! thou shalt behold at last." Here his speech failed in spite of all his efforts; and he stood intranced in silent astonishment.

The people were struck with horror and amazement.¹⁹—Idomeneus trembling in every limb, had not courage to desire the priest to proceed. Telemachus himself was so surprised, that he could scarce comprehend what he had heard; nay, he could scarce believe his own senses, that such important oracles were really uttered. Mentor was the only person whom the divine spirit had not disconcerted. “You hear,” said he to Idomeneus, “the will of the gods. With whatever nation you shall engage in battle, you shall come off victorious;²⁰ and, for that success, you will be indebted to the young son of your friend. Do not be jealous of him, but make the most of the advantages which the gods offer you by his means.” Idomeneus, who had not yet recovered from his confusion, in vain endeavoured to speak: his tongue refused its office. But Telemachus, who was not so much disturbed, said to Mentor: “What can these last words mean: you shall again see? Is it my father, or only Ithaca? Alas! why did he break off thus, and leave me in greater uncertainty than I was in before. O Ulysses! O my father! is it you whom I shall see again? Shall this really come to pass? But I flatter myself with vain hopes; cruel oracle! thou takest pleasure in making sport of an unhappy wretch; a word more would have made me completely happy.” “Respect what the gods have been pleased to disclose,” said Mentor, “and attempt not to discover what they have thought fit to conceal. A rash curiosity deserves to be disappointed and punished. It is an effect of the wisdom and goodness of the gods, that the destinies of weak mortals are wrapped up in impenetrable darkness. It is an advantage to foresee whatever is controulable by our will; but it is no less for our good and quiet to be ignorant of what is independent of our will, and of the fate for which we are reserved by the decrees of heaven.” These words made an impression upon Telemachus, though he could not suppress his curiosity without reluctance. On the other hand, Idomeneus being now come to himself, broke out in praises to almighty Jupiter, who had sent him the young Telemachus, and the sage Mentor, to render him victorious over his enemies. After the sacrifice, he entertained these two strangers in a magnificent manner, and then addressed them in the following terms.

“I own that I was not sufficiently acquainted with the art of government when I returned from the siege of Troy to Crete. You know, my dear friends, the tragical events that obliged me to quit that isle; for, you have told me you were there since my departure. Yet, I may still be happy, if these heavy calamities serve as lessons to me, and teach me moderation. After bidding adieu to Crete, I traversed the seas, like a fugitive pursued by the vengeance of gods and men. All my past grandeur now served only to make my fall more disgraceful and insupportable. I fled for refuge with my household gods to this

desart coast, which I found altogether uncultivated, over-run with briars and thorns, or forests as ancient as the earth itself, and rocks almost inaccessible, which were the habitations of wild beasts. I was fain to be contented with a few soldiers, and others who were willing to share my ill fortune, to take up my abode and settle on this uncultivated land, as I could not hope ever to see again that happy isle, where the gods destined me to see the light, and afterwards to reign. Alas! said I to myself, what a change! what a terrible example am I made to all those who exercise the sovereign power! I ought to be held up as a lesson to all who reign, that they may take warning by my fate. They imagine they have nothing to fear, as being exalted so high above the rest of mankind. Alas! it is on that very account they ought to fear. I was myself dreaded by my enemies, and loved by my subjects. I reigned over a powerful and warlike nation, and fame had wafted my name to the most remote nations. I had for my realm a fertile and pleasant island; a hundred cities paid me an annual tribute out of their wealth; and I was acknowledged the descendant of Jupiter, who was born in Crete. I was beloved too, as the grandson of the sage Minos, whose laws had rendered them so powerful and so happy. What else was wanting to complete my happiness, but sense to enjoy it with moderation. Pride, however, and the flattery to which I listened, have overturned my throne. And thus will all kings fall, who give a loose to passion, and listen to the voice of adulation. In the day-time I endeavoured to display a chearful countenance, elate with hope, in order to keep up the spirits of those who had followed my fortunes. Let us, said I, erect a new city, that may console us for all that we have lost. We have a noble example set us for such an undertaking, by all the neighbouring nations. There is Tarentum rising at no great distance: Phalantus, with a colony of Lacedæmonians, founded that new kingdom. There is another great city on the same coast built by Philoctetes, and named Petilia. A third colony planted there is called Metapontum. Shall not we imitate all these strangers, whose fortunes resemble our own? Our lot hath not been more calamitous than theirs.

“While I thus endeavoured to soothe the affliction of my companions, the most violent grief preyed upon my own heart. It was to me a consolation to see the day at an end, and to be enveloped in the shades of night, that I might in freedom deplore my unhappy fate. A flood of bitter tears ran down my cheeks, and balmy sleep was a stranger to my eyes. Yet next day I resumed my labours with fresh ardour. Thus, Mentor, you may see how I came to look so old, and to be so much altered.”²¹

When Idomeneus had given this account of his misfortunes and sufferings, he solicited²² the assistance of Mentor and Telemachus in the war in which he

was engaged. "As soon," said he, "as the war is over, you shall be transported to Ithaca. In the mean time, I will dispatch ships to all countries, even the most distant, to make enquiry about Ulysses. I will find him out, and bring him home, into what part soever of the known world, either storms, or the wrath of any god, may have conveyed him. Heaven grant he may be still alive! As for you, I will send you home in some of the best ships ever built in the isle of Crete, the wood of which actually grew upon mount Ida, where Jupiter was born. Ships of that sacred wood cannot be lost in the waves; for it is revered and respected even by the winds and rocks. Neptune, in his greatest rage, dare not rouse his billows to assault it. Rest assured, therefore, that you will happily and easily return to Ithaca; and that it will not be any longer in the power of any hostile divinity to keep you wandering over so many stormy seas. Besides, the passage from hence is short and easy. Send away the Phœnician vessel that brought you hither, and let the only object of your thoughts be, the acquiring the glory of establishing Idomeneus in his new kingdom, and repairing his losses. Thus, and thus only, O son of Ulysses, will you be accounted worthy of your father. Should the inexorable destinies have already dismissed him to the gloomy realms of Pluto, yet will all Greece, with joy, believe they see him revived in you."

Here Telemachus interrupting Idomeneus, "Let us," said he, "send away the Phœnician vessel. Let us take arms immediately, and attack your enemies: they are now ours also. If we were victorious, when we fought in Sicily for Acestes, a Trojan, and the enemy of Greece, shall we not be still more successful, as we shall be more hearty and more favoured by the gods, when we fight for one of the Grecian heroes, who took and destroyed the unjust city of Priam? Of this, the oracle we heard but just now, leaves us no room to doubt."

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus informs Mentor of the occasion of the war with the Mandurians. He tells him, that at his arrival, this people had ceded to him that part of the coast of Hesperia, where he had founded his city; and had themselves retired to the neighbouring mountains: that some of them having afterwards been ill used by a party of his men, had deputed to him two old men, with whom he had settled articles of peace; that after an infraction of the treaty had been committed by some of his people who were unacquainted with it, the Mandurians immediately prepared for war. While Idomeneus proceeded in his narrative, these Mandurians, who had been very expeditious in taking up arms, appeared all of a sudden before the gates of Salentum. Nestor, Philoctetes, and Phalantus, who Idomeneus supposed would have observed a neutrality, were found to be in arms against him among the Mandurians. Mentor goes from Salentum all alone, to propose to the enemy conditions of peace.

Mentor, looking with a mild and pleasant countenance at Telemachus, who discovered a noble ardour for the fight, addressed him thus: "Son of Ulysses, I am very glad to find you animated with such a noble passion for glory; but then you ought to remember that it was by shewing himself to be the wisest and most moderate among them, that your father acquired so much among the Greeks at the siege of Troy.¹ Achilles, though invincible and invulnerable, carrying terror and death wherever he charged, yet, was never able of himself to reduce the city of Troy. He even perished under its walls, which triumphed over the conqueror of Hector. But Ulysses, whose valour was guided by prudence, carried fire and sword into the very heart of Troy, and he it was who laid level with the ground those proud lofty towers, that for ten years threatened destruction to the united forces of all Greece. As far as Minerva surpasses Mars, so far does cool, deliberate valour surpass the courage of headlong, blind ferocity. Let us then begin with informing ourselves of the circumstances of the war we are going to engage in. I decline no danger; but methinks, O Idomeneus, you ought first to satisfy us with respect to the justice of the war; then tell us with whom it is to be carried on; and lastly, on what forces and resources your prospect of success is founded."

Idomeneus replied to this effect: "At our arrival upon this coast, we found it inhabited by a savage race, who roamed through the forests, and lived by hunting, and the fruits which the trees spontaneously produced. These people, who are called Mandurians,² were greatly surprised and alarmed at sight of our ships and arms. They retired to the mountains: but our soldiers, going to view the country, and hunt deer, were met by some of these savage fugitives, whose chiefs accosted them thus: 'We quitted, for you, the pleasant sea-coast; so that we have nothing left but these almost inaccessible mountains: of these, at least, we might reasonably expect you would leave us the free and undisturbed possession.'³ We have found you straggling up and down, and unable to defend yourselves against us, so that we might, if we had a mind, cut you all to pieces; and even take such precautions as would prevent your companions from having the least intimation of your misfortune. But we will not embrue our hands in the blood of those who are men like ourselves. Go, and remember that you owe your lives to our humanity, and that it was a people, whom you call rude and savage, that treated you with so much gentleness and generosity.' Those of our men, who had been dismissed in this manner by these barbarians, returned to our camp and gave an account of what had happened to them. Our soldiers were greatly enraged and mortified, that Cretans should owe their lives to a parcel of fugitives, who appeared to them to resemble bears more than men. They went, therefore, a-hunting in greater numbers than before, and provided with all sorts of arms. In a short time they met and attacked the savages: the encounter was obstinate⁴ and bloody,⁵ and the arrows fell thick on both sides, as hail-stones in a field during a storm. But at last the savages were obliged to retire to their craggy mountains, whither our men durst not hazard the pursuit.

"In a little time after this transaction, these people deputed to me two of their wisest old men, to sue for peace. They brought me some presents, consisting of the skins of wild beasts, and the fruits of the country. When they had delivered these presents, they addressed me thus: 'O king, we have, you see, in one hand the sword, and in the other an olive branch. (And they actually had both in their hands.) We offer you either peace or war, chuse which you will. We, for our part, should prefer peace. It was on that account we were not ashamed to leave you in possession of the pleasant sea-coast, which the sun fertilizes, and which produces so many fine fruits. But peace is sweeter than these fruits, and on that account we retired to these lofty mountains, which are always covered with ice and snow, and where neither the flowers of the spring, nor the rich fruits of autumn, are ever seen: we abhor that brutality, which, under the gaudy names of ambition and glory, madly ravages whole

provinces, and sheds the blood of men, who are all brethren. If you are ambitious of this false glory, we envy you not, but pity you, and pray to the gods we may be preserved from the like madness. If the sciences, to which the Greeks apply themselves so closely, and the politeness on which they value themselves so highly, inspire them with such an absurd, detestable ambition, we cannot but think ourselves happy in being destitute of such advantages. We will always glory in being ignorant barbarians, while, at the same time, we are just, humane, faithful, and disinterested; can be satisfied with a little, and despise that vanity and delicacy that cannot be gratified without wealth. The things we value are these; health, frugality, liberty, and vigour of body and mind; the love of virtue, the fear of the gods, a kind disposition towards our neighbours, attachment to our friends, fidelity to all the world, moderation in prosperity, fortitude in adversity, courage always boldly to speak the truth, and abhorrence of flattery. Such is the people, whom we offer you for neighbours and allies. If the offended gods so far blind you, as to make you reject the offer of peace, you will find, when it is too late, that the people who are moderate and lovers of peace are the most formidable when obliged to engage in war.'

"While these old men harangued in this manner, I could not help surveying them with insatiable curiosity.⁶ Their beards were long, and uncombed; their hair shorter, but white; they had thick eye-brows, lively eyes, and a bold resolute look; they spoke with gravity and authority, and their manners were simple and ingenuous. The furs, with which they were clad, were tied together about their shoulders; so that their arms being naked, we observed they were more brawny and muscular than those of our stoutest wrestlers. In answer to what they had proposed, I told them I was desirous of peace. Accordingly we agreed on several articles, with a sincere intention to observe them; which we called all the gods to witness. Then, after having received some presents from me, they returned home. But the gods, who had driven me from the throne of my ancestors, were not yet weary of persecuting me. That very day, a party of our men, who had been hunting, and whom it was not possible so soon to apprize of the peace which had been concluded, met a considerable number of these barbarians, as they were returning with the two envoys from our camp, attacked them furiously, killed some, and drove the rest into the woods. Thus the war was renewed. The barbarians thought they could not depend either upon our promises, or oaths. The better to ensure success in this war, they have called to their assistance the Locrians, Apulians, Lucanians, Brutians, together with the inhabitants of Crotona, Neritus, and Brundisium. The Lucanians come in chariots armed with scythes; the Apulians are clad, each with the skin of some wild beast which he hath slain. They are armed with huge knotty

clubs, pointed with iron. Their stature is almost gigantic, and so robust are they in consequence of the laborious exercises to which they are accustomed, that the very sight of them is terrible. The Locrians, who came originally from Greece, still retain something of the manners of that country, and are more civilized than the rest: but to the exact discipline of the Greeks they have joined the vigour and hardiness of the barbarians; so that they are invincible. They use light bucklers made of *ozier*⁷ covered with skins, and swords of an immoderate length. The Brutians are swift of foot, and in running equal the stag or deer. They seem hardly to touch the grass they run over, and the print of their feet is scarce visible in the sand. They fall upon their enemies like lightning, and disappear as suddenly. The people of Crotona are dexterous bowmen. An ordinary man among the Greeks could not bend the bows commonly used by the Crotoniates; if they should ever apply themselves to our exercises, they would certainly carry off the prizes at the games. Their arrows are dipped in the juice of certain herbs, which, it is said, grow on the banks of Avernus, and contain a mortal poison. As for the inhabitants of Neritus, Messapium,⁸ and Brundusium, they are remarkable for nothing but strength of body and artless valour. At sight of their enemy, they yell in a hideous frightful manner. They are pretty expert slingers, darkening the air, when they engage, with showers of stones; but they fight without any order. Thus, Mentor, I have endeavoured to give you the satisfaction you required. You now know the occasion of the war, and who and what our enemies are."

After this explanation, Telemachus, impatient for the fight, was going directly to take arms; but Mentor stopped him, and thus addressed Idomeneus: "I should be glad to know, how it happens that the Locrians, who came originally from Greece, have joined the barbarians against the Greeks; and how it happens, that so many Greek colonies flourish on this coast, without having the same wars to maintain as you. O Idomeneus! you say that the gods are not yet weary of persecuting you: but I say, they have not yet finished your instruction. The many misfortunes you have undergone, have not yet taught you how to act in order to prevent a war. What you have said yourself of the good faith of these barbarians plainly shews that you might have lived in peace with them: but pride and haughtiness give rise to the most dangerous wars. You might have exchanged hostages; and you might have easily sent some of your officers along with their envoys to conduct them safely back to their country. Even after the war had broke out afresh, you might have easily pacified them, by representing to them, that those by whom they had been attacked were ignorant of the alliance which had been concluded. You should have offered

them all the security they could desire, and threatened to punish those with the utmost severity who should be guilty of the least infraction of the treaty. But, pray what hath happened since the war was renewed?" "I thought," replied Idomeneus, "it would be stooping too low,⁹ to endeavour to pacify these barbarians, who had now mustered all their people that were able to carry arms, and sent to implore the assistance of all the neighbouring states, in whom they excited a hatred and jealousy of us. I resolved, therefore, as the most prudent step I could take, immediately to make sure of certain passes in the mountains which were but slightly guarded. We got possession of them without any difficulty, and consequently have it in our power to lay waste their country. I have fortified them with towers, from whence the garrisons can easily overpower with darts all that attempt to enter our country from the mountains. On the other hand, we can invade their country whenever we have a mind, and ravage their principal settlements. Hence, with forces far inferior, we can resist that innumerable multitude of enemies that surround us. And now it is become very difficult to bring about a peace betwixt us: for we cannot evacuate these forts, without exposing ourselves to their incursions; and they look upon them as citadels, built with a view to enslave them."

Mentor made this reply to Idomeneus: "You are a wise king, and desire to have the truth told you without disguise. You are not one of those weak men, who are afraid of it, and who, as they have not the greatness of mind to own and correct their errors, employ all their authority to support the faults they have committed. Know then, that these barbarians gave you an admirable lesson, when they came to sue for peace. Was it from a sense of their weakness that they made it their request? Did they want courage, or resources wherewith to maintain the war against you? You see they do not, since they are so brave a people, and supported by so many formidable neighbours. Why did not you imitate their moderation? But a false shame, and false notions of honour, led you into this error and misfortune. You was afraid of making your enemy proud and insolent, but you was not afraid of making them too powerful, by bringing so many states to unite against you, in consequence of your haughty, unjust conduct. What purpose can these forts, of which you boast so much, serve, but that of laying all your neighbours under a necessity either of destroying you, or being themselves destroyed, to prevent their being made slaves. You erected them, with a view to secure you against all danger, and yet you have thereby exposed yourself to the greatest. The best bulwarks to a state are justice, moderation, good faith, and the confidence of your neighbours, that you are incapable of encroaching upon their territories. The strongest

walls may be demolished by many unforeseen accidents, and fortune is very capricious and inconstant in war. But the love and confidence of your neighbours, when once they have experienced your moderation, secure your dominions from being subdued, and almost from being attacked. But if they should be attacked by an unjust neighbour, all the rest, who are interested in protecting them, immediately take arms for their defence. Thus supported by so many states, who would have found it their interest to espouse your cause, you would have been much more powerful than these forts can make you; which, in fact, render your misfortunes irretrievable. If you had taken care at first, not to give any umbrage to your neighbours, your new city would have flourished in a happy peace, and all the nations of Hesperia would have referred their differences to your decision.¹⁰ But let us now consider, how you are to act for the future, in order to repair past errors. You told me, I think, that there were several Greek colonies settled upon this coast. These, I should imagine, would be inclined to assist you. They cannot have forgot, either the great name of Minos, the son of Jupiter, or your exploits at the siege of Troy, where you distinguished yourself so much among the other chiefs in the common cause of Greece. Why then do not you endeavour to engage these colonies to arm in your defence?"

"They have all," replied Idomeneus, "taken a resolution to stand neuter. They had, it is true, some inclination to assist me; but the promising appearance of this city, from its foundation, alarmed them. These Greek colonies, as well as the other states, were apprehensive that we had a design upon their liberty. They were persuaded, that if we should subdue these savages of the mountains, we would be ambitious of extending our conquests still farther. In short, they are one and all against us. Even those who are not avowedly against us, yet would be glad to see us humbled: so that jealousy has not left us a single ally."

"What an extremity!" exclaimed Mentor: "by aiming at appearing too powerful, you have ruined your power; for, while abroad, you are the object of the hatred and jealousy of your neighbours, you exhaust yourself at home in the efforts and preparations necessary to maintain a war against them. O unhappy, doubly unhappy Idomeneus, whom such a dangerous situation hath but half instructed! must you fall a second time to learn to foresee the dangers that threaten the greatest kings? But leave me to act for the best: meanwhile, give me a particular account of these Grecian cities."

"The chief," replied Idomeneus, "is Tarentum; it was founded three years ago by Phalantus, who, for that end, assembled in Laconia a great number of young men, the offspring of those wives, that, during the war of Troy, had forgot their absent husbands. When the husbands returned, the wives thought

of nothing but pacifying them, and disavowing their faults. Hence that great number of young men, who were born out of wedlock, being disowned both by father and mother, became extremely licentious and abandoned. But the magistrate interposing and checking these disorders, they made choice of Phalantus, a bold, intrepid, ambitious, artful man,¹¹ for their conductor, came and settled on this coast, and of Tarentum have made a second Lacedæmon. On another part of the coast, but in the neighbourhood, hath Philoctetes, who gained so much glory at the siege of Troy, by carrying thither the arrows of Hercules, built the city Petilia; less powerful indeed, but better governed than Tarentum. Finally, we have, at no great distance from us, Metapontum, which was founded by the sage Nestor, and his Pylians." "What," said Mentor, "have you Nestor in Hesperia, and yet could not engage him in your interests? Nestor, who saw you so often encounter the Trojans, and was then your friend?" "I lost him," replied Idomeneus, "by the artifice of those people who are barbarians only in name. They had address enough to persuade him that I wanted to bring all Hesperia under my yoke." "We will undeceive him," replied Mentor. "Telemachus saw him at Pylos, before he had made any settlement on this coast, and before we had made any considerable voyage in quest of Ulysses. He cannot have yet forgot that hero, nor the love and regard he expressed for his son: but the difficulty will be, to remove his jealousy. It is the umbrage you have given your neighbours that hath lighted up this war, which can be quenched only by removing the cause. But I say once more, leave that task to me."

Here Idomeneus was so much affected, that he immediately embraced Mentor, but was not able to speak. At last, however, he made shift to pronounce these words. "O wise old man, sent by the gods to repair all my faults! I own, I should have been offended with any others who had spoke to me with the same freedom; and that no one else could have persuaded me to make an offer of peace: for I had taken a resolution either to perish, or subdue all my enemies. But it is better to listen to your sage counsels, than obey the dictates of my own unruly passions. O happy Telemachus! you never bewilder yourself as I have been bewildered, while you have such a guide and instructor! Mentor, you shall command on this occasion! you possess all the wisdom of the gods. Not even Minerva herself could have given more salutary advice. Go, promise, negotiate, make all the concessions you think proper; Idomeneus will approve of every step you take."

While this conversation passed between Mentor and Idomeneus,¹² their ears were suddenly invaded by a confused noise of rattling chariots, neighing horses, and frightful shouts of men, intermingled with the warlike sound of

trumpets echoing from hill to dale. The cry was now: "The enemy is at hand! they have fetched a great compass,¹³ to avoid the guarded defiles¹⁴ in the mountains: they are coming to besiege Salentum." The women and old men were struck with consternation: "Alas!" said they, "did we quit our dear country, the fertile Crete, and follow an unhappy king across so many seas, to found a city, that will soon be laid in ashes as Troy was!" From the walls but lately built were seen glittering in the sun all over the plain, so as to dazzle the eye, the helmets, cuirasses, and bucklers of the enemy. The plain too was covered all over with bristling pikes, as the fields of Enna in Sicily are in summer by a rich crop which Ceres is preparing to reward the toils of the husbandman. Already all those chariots armed with scythes appeared; and the several nations engaged in the war were easily distinguished.

Mentor, in order to view their disposition, ascended an high tower, and was followed by Idomeneus and the son of Ulysses. Scarce had he reached the top, when he descried on one side Philoctetes, and on the other Nestor, with his son Pisistratus. Nestor was easily distinguished by his venerable old age. "What!" exclaimed Mentor, "you thought then, O Idomeneus, that Philoctetes and Nestor would be satisfied with not affording you assistance! lo, there they are in arms against you; and, if I am not deceived, these troops that march so slowly, and in so good order, are the Lacedæmonians, commanded by Phalantus; so that all your neighbours, without exception, are your enemies, though you had no intention to make them so." So saying, Mentor descended hastily from the tower, and repaired to one of the city gates on that side towards which the enemy was advancing, he commanded the guards to open it; and Idomeneus, struck with the majesty of his demeanour, durst not ask what he intended. Mentor made a sign with his hand, that nobody should presume to follow him, and advanced towards the enemy, who were amazed to see a single man approach their army. While yet at a distance, he held up to them an olive-branch in token of peace; and, when near enough to be heard, he desired that all the chiefs might be assembled. Immediately they did assemble, and he harangued them thus: "Ye generous men, assembled here from various states, that flourish in the rich Hesperia, I know you are come hither only in order to maintain your common liberty. Your zeal is laudable; but allow me to propose a method by which you may easily preserve your liberty and the glory of your people, without the effusion of human blood.

"Nestor, sagacious Nestor, whom I perceive in this assembly, you are not ignorant how fatal war is, even to those who undertake it with justice on their side, and under the protection of the gods. War is one of the greatest calam-

ities with which the gods afflict mankind. You never can forget what Greece suffered by the ten years siege of the ill-fated Troy. What divisions among the chiefs! what reverses of fortune! what slaughter of the Greeks by the hand of Hector! what disasters in all the principal cities, occasioned by the war, and the long absence of the kings. Of these, some in returning suffered shipwreck at the promontory of Caphareum, and others were murdered in the arms of their consorts. O ye gods! it was in your wrath then that you armed the Greeks for that famous expedition. O people of Hesperia! may the gods never grant you so fatal a victory. Troy, it is true, is laid in ashes: but it would have been better for Greece that it had been still in being, and in all its glory, and that the effeminate Paris were still carrying on his infamous intrigues with Helen. You, Philoctetes, who were so long unhappy, and forsaken in the isle of Lemnos, do you not dread the return of the like calamities, in such another war? I know too, that the Lacedæmonians were not without a share of the disasters occasioned by the long absence of the princes, officers, and soldiers, that went to the siege of Troy. O ye Greeks who are now settled in Hesperia, all of you are come hither only by a train of those calamities which the Trojan war produced." After this preamble, Mentor advanced towards the Pylians; and Nestor, who now recognized him, advanced at the same time to meet and salute him as a friend. "O Mentor," said he, "I rejoice to see you again. A great many years are elapsed since I first saw you in Phocis; you was then but fifteen years old, yet, even then, I foresaw you would one day be the wise man you have approved¹⁵ yourself in the sequel.¹⁶ But what accident hath brought you to this part of the world? What is the expedient you have to propose for putting an end to this war? We were all desirous of peace; it was the interest of us all to desire it: but Idomeneus laid us under a necessity of attacking him; for we could not otherwise have preserved our independency. He hath violated every treaty made with his neighbours. Peace with him, would, in effect, be no peace at all: it would only afford him means to dissolve our confederacy, which is our only security. He hath plainly shewn his ambitious design of bringing all his neighbours under the yoke, and left them no other expedient to defend their own liberty, but that of overturning the new kingdom which he hath founded. By his insincerity and breach of good faith, we are reduced to the necessity of either accomplishing his destruction, or of seeing ourselves enslaved by his ambition. If you know of any expedient that will secure his performance of the articles that shall be agreed upon, so that we may hope for a lasting peace, all the different nations you see here will gladly lay down their arms, and readily acknowledge your superior wisdom."

Mentor thus replied: "Sage Nestor, you know that Ulysses entrusted to me the care of his son Telemachus. The young man, impatient to know what was become of his father, visited you at Pylos, and you received him with all the friendship he could expect from his father's faithful friend; you even gave him your own son for his conductor. He afterwards made several long voyages to Sicily, Egypt, Cyprus, and Crete. The winds, or rather the destinies, have driven him upon this coast, in his purposed return to Ithaca: and I hope we are come very seasonably,¹⁷ to spare you the horrors of a bloody war. It is no longer Idomeneus, but Telemachus and I, who will be answerable for the performance of all the articles to which we shall agree."

While Mentor thus communed with Nestor in the midst of the confederate troops, Idomeneus, Telemachus, and all the Cretans in arms, kept their eyes fixed on him from the walls of Salentum. They were eager to discover how Mentor was received, and would have been glad to hear what passed between these two sages. Nestor had been always thought to have the most experience and eloquence of all the kings of Greece. It was he, who, during the siege of Troy, checked and tempered the fierce wrath of Achilles, the pride of Agamemnon, the haughtiness of Ajax, and the impetuosity of Diomedes: the words of persuasion, gentle and insinuating, dropped like honey from his mouth. His voice alone was listened to by all those heroes: all was silence and attention as soon as he opened his mouth; and there was none besides him who could soothe the rage of discord in the camp. He began to feel the infirmities of chilling old age: but his words were still replete with energy and wisdom. He recounted past events, that youth might profit by his experience. His manner was still graceful; but his narrative a little tedious and circumstantial.¹⁸

This old man, so much admired by all Greece, seemed to have lost all his dignity of elocution, when Mentor appeared. His old age seemed quite faded and oppressed, when compared with that of Mentor, in whom time itself seemed to respect the strength and vigour of natural constitution. Mentor's words, though grave and simple, were animated with that vivacity and force, which those of Nestor had, in a great measure, lost. All he spoke was perspicuous, nervous,¹⁹ and concise. He never made any repetitions; he never mentioned any circumstance that was not absolutely necessary to illustrate the subject which was to be discussed. If he was obliged to speak more than once upon the same point, in order to inculcate or persuade, he always made use of new figures and apposite modes of comparison.²⁰ He possessed a certain fund of sprightliness and good humour, when he thought proper to adapt himself to the occasion, and wanted to insinuate some important truth. These two men,

so venerable for age and wisdom, afforded a very interesting spectacle to all the different nations then assembled. While these allies, the enemies of Salentum, were pressing close on one another, in order to enjoy a nearer view of their persons, and hear the tenour of their wise discourse; Idomeneus and his people expressed the utmost eagerness and curiosity to discover, by their looks and gestures, the nature of their conference.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus seeing Mentor in the midst of the allies, is desirous to know what passed between them. He therefore causes one of the gates of Salentum to be opened, and goes directly to Mentor; and his presence contributes to induce the allies to accept of the terms of peace which that sage had offered on the part of Idomeneus. The kings all enter Salentum as friends, and Idomeneus ratifies all the articles that had been agreed on. Both sides give hostages, and a sacrifice is offered for both, between the city and the camp, as a confirmation of the treaty.

Meanwhile, the impatient Telemachus, withdrawing privately from the crowd that surrounded him, ran to the gate by which Mentor had gone forth, and, with an air of authority, commanded it to be opened. In a moment Idomeneus, who thought he was still standing by him, is surprised to see him advancing over the fields towards Nestor. Nestor recognises him, and hastens to receive him, though with a slow and heavy pace. Telemachus, throwing his arms about his neck, holds him fast locked in his embrace without being able to speak. At last, however, he exclaimed: "O my father, for I am not afraid to call you so, my misfortune in not being able to find my real parent, and the goodness I have already experienced at your hands, give me a sort of right to call you by that tender name. My father, my dear father, I have the happiness to see you once more! O that I could thus behold Ulysses! Could any thing comfort me for the want of him, it would be to find in you such another."

At these words, Nestor could not refrain from tears; and he felt a secret joy when he saw them trickle with unspeakable grace adown the cheeks of Telemachus. The beauty, engaging mien, and noble confidence of this youth unknown, who traversed without fear so many troops of armed foes, astonished all the allies. "Is not this," said they, "the son of the old man who hath been parleying with Nestor? Without doubt, for the same wisdom appears in both, notwithstanding the great disparity of their ages. In the one, wisdom is only in blossom; but in the other, she bears fruit in plenty and perfection." Mentor, seeing with pleasure how tenderly Nestor received Telemachus, and resolved to lay hold of this favourable disposition. "Behold," said he, addressing himself to Nestor, "the son of Ulysses, so dear to all Greece, and so dear to you in par-

ticular, O venerable Nestor! Behold, I surrender him as an hostage, and the most valuable pledge we can offer for the good faith of Idomeneus. You may well believe, I would not wish, that the son should be lost, as well as the father, and that the unhappy Penelope should have occasion to reproach me with having sacrificed her son to the ambition of the new king of Salentum. Such a surety having come of his own accord, to offer himself; or rather the gods, who love peace, having sent him, I shall proceed, O ye nations, so various,¹ here assembled, to lay before you overtures for establishing a lasting peace.”

At the mention of peace, a confused noise was heard to run through all the ranks. All these different nations were fired with indignation, thinking all the time they were kept from fighting, entirely lost, and that the design of these conferences was only to abate their ardour, and rob them of their prey. The Mandurians, especially, were extremely incensed that Idomeneus should hope to deceive them once more. They often endeavoured to interrupt Mentor, fearing lest, by his sagacity, he should persuade their allies to desert them. They even began to be suspicious of all the Greeks in the assembly. This jealousy Mentor perceived, and resolved to improve, in order to introduce discord and division among them. “I own,” said he, “the Mandurians had reason to complain, and to demand some satisfaction for the wrongs they had suffered: but there is no good reason² why the Greeks, who plant colonies on this coast, should be hated or suspected by the ancient inhabitants of the country. On the contrary, the Greeks ought to stand by one another, in order to secure good treatment from the rest of mankind. At the same time they ought to be moderate, and never unjustly invade the territories of their neighbours. I know that Idomeneus hath had the misfortune to give you umbrage, but all your jealousies may be easily removed. Telemachus and I offer ourselves as hostages, to answer for that prince’s good faith, and to remain with you till all the promises made in his behalf shall be duly performed. What provokes you most, O ye Mandurians,” cried he, “is, that the Cretan troops have seized by surprize the passes of the mountains, so as to be able, in spite of all your efforts, as often as they please, to make irruptions into that part of the country to which you retired, leaving them to take possession of the champain³ sea-coast. The high towers, then, which the Cretans have built and garrisoned, to command the passes of the mountains, are the true causes of the war. Answer me, is there any other?”

Then the chief of the Mandurians stepping forward, spoke to this effect: “What have we not done to avoid this war? The gods are witnesses for us, that we never resigned the hopes of peace, until we lost it without resource thro’ the restless ambition of the Cretans, and their rendering it impossible for us

any longer to rely upon their oaths and engagements. Infatuated nations! to reduce us to the hard necessity of taking a desperate resolution against them, and of destroying them, in order to save ourselves. While they keep possession of these passes, we must always conclude that they have a design to invade our country, and enslave our people.⁴ If they really intended to live in peace with their neighbours, they would be satisfied with what we, of our own accord, relinquished to them, and would not seek to secure a passage into a country, on whose liberty they had no ambitious design. But, believe me, O venerable sage, you do not know their real character. As for us, we have learned it to our cost. Cease then, O stranger, beloved of heaven, to oppose a just and necessary war, without which Hesperia can never hope for a lasting peace. O ungrateful, cruel, and deceitful nation, whom the offended gods sent hither to disturb our peace, and to punish us for our offences! but after you have punished us, O ye gods, you will also be our avengers. Your justice will not be less conspicuous in punishing our enemies, than in chastizing us.”

At these words the whole assembly appeared in commotion. Mars and Bellona seemed to stalk from rank to rank, lighting up in their breasts anew the flame of war, that Mentor endeavoured to extinguish. He thus resumed the thread of his discourse.

“Had I nothing to offer but promises, you might reject them with distrust; but what I offer is solid and already ascertained. If you do not chuse to accept of Telemachus and me for hostages, I will procure for you twelve of the most considerable and most valiant Cretans. But it is just that you also should give an equal number; for, though Idomeneus is sincerely desirous of peace, he desires it without fear or meanness. He desires it, as you say you did, from moderation and wisdom; but not from the love of an effeminate life, nor from a dastardly weakness, at the prospect of dangers inseparable from war. He is prepared either to conquer, or to die; but he prefers peace to the most glorious victories. Though he would be ashamed to discover any fear of being conquered, yet, he is afraid of being unjust, and not ashamed to profess himself ready and willing to correct his errors. Though prepared for war, yet he offers you peace, and that without pretending haughtily to impose conditions: for he makes no account of a peace that is founded on constraint. He desires such a peace, as may please all parties, extinguish all jealousy and distrust, and put an end to all animosities. In fine, Idomeneus is animated by such sentiments as I am sure you would wish him to entertain. The only remaining difficulty is to persuade you of his sincerity, and even that difficulty will be easily surmounted,⁵ if you will hear me coolly and dispassionately.

“Hear then, ye people famed for valour, and ye chiefs so wise and so united, what I have to offer you on the part of Idomeneus. It is not fit that he should have it in his power to invade when he pleases the country of his neighbours; nor is it reasonable that they should have that advantage over him. He consents, therefore, that the forts built to secure the passes shall be garrisoned by neutral troops. Although you, Nestor, and you, Philoctetes, are Greeks by birth; yet you have upon this occasion declared against Idomeneus. You cannot, therefore, be suspected of partiality in his concerns. What touches you is the general interest, peace, and liberty of Hesperia. Be you yourselves the depositaries⁶ and guardians of those passes which have occasioned the war. It is no less your interest to prevent the native inhabitants of Hesperia from destroying Salentum, a new Greek colony, like that which you yourselves have planted, than to restrain Idomeneus from invading the territories of his neighbours. Hold ye the ballance even between him and them. Instead of carrying fire and sword among a people, whom you ought to love, assume the glorious character of mediators and peace-makers. To these offers, you will say, you should have no objection, could you be assured that Idomeneus would fulfil them with honour and good faith: I shall, therefore, endeavour to satisfy you in that particular.

“The hostages which I mentioned will be a security to both sides, till such time as you are put in possession, by way of deposit, of all passes. When the safety of all Hesperia, and even of Salentum and Idomeneus, shall be at your mercy; will you then be satisfied? Of whom can you be jealous for the future, of yourselves? You cannot trust Idomeneus; and yet so far is he from desiring to deceive you, that he is willing to confide in you.—Yes, he is willing to trust you with the life, liberty, and repose of himself and his people! If you, indeed, desire no more, as you pretend, than a safe and advantageous peace; such a peace I now offer as precludes every pretence for rejecting it. But, I tell you again, do not imagine that it is owing to fear that Idomeneus makes you these offers. It is prudence, and his regard to justice, that induce him to take this resolution, without giving himself any concern, even should you impute to weakness, what is the effect of virtue. At first, he was in the wrong; and he glories in acknowledging his misconduct by the voluntary advances he now makes towards an accommodation. It is weakness, it is vanity, and gross ignorance of one’s own interest, to hope to be able to conceal one’s faults by persisting in them with pride and obstinacy. He who acknowledges his faults to his enemy, and offers to atone for them, shews himself incapable of repeating the same errors, and demonstrates that his enemy has every thing to fear from a conduct

so wise, in case he should reject his offers of peace. Take care then, that by so doing, you do not give him an opportunity of charging you, in his turn, with being in the wrong. Should peace and justice now solicit in vain, they will certainly have their revenge. In that case, Idomeneus will have the gods, whom before he had reason to fear were offended at him, on his side, and Telemachus and I will fight on the side of justice. I take all the gods, celestial and infernal, to witness the fair and just proposals I have made."

As he pronounced these last words, Mentor lifted up his arm, to shew the several nations there assembled the olive-branch, which he held in his hand as a signal of peace. The chiefs, who stood near him, were dazzled and amazed at the divine fire that sparkled in his eyes. He appeared with an air of majesty and authority, far superior to that which distinguishes beyond any thing of the greatest among the sons of men. There was a force and magic in his words that rendered them altogether irresistible. They resembled those charms, which, in the dead of night, controul the moon and stars, appease the ruffled sea, silence the winds and waves, and avert the most rapid rivers in their course.

Mentor, in the midst of those furious nations, resembled Bacchus surrounded by fierce tygers, which, forgetting their natural cruelty, and tamed by the irresistible power of his eloquence, came and licked his feet, and fawned upon him, in token of submission.⁷ At first, the whole army was hushed in profound silence. The chiefs looked at one another, as they could neither resist his eloquence, nor conceive who he was; and the troops stood all motionless, with their eyes fixed upon him. They were afraid to speak, lest he should have yet something to say, and they should prevent his being heard; and, though they could not conceive what he might have to say further, yet they were sorry he had done speaking. All that he had hitherto said, was, in a manner, engraved upon their hearts. By speaking, he gained both their love and their assent; and every one discovered the utmost eagerness and attention to catch every word that fell from his mouth.

At last, after a pretty long silence, a gentle murmur was heard spreading itself on all hands.⁸ It was not now the confused harsh noise occasioned by rage and indignation; but, on the contrary, a soft, gentle murmur.⁹ There was a serenity and satisfaction visible in every countenance. The Mandurians, who, but a little before were so much enraged, now felt themselves insensibly disarmed; and the fierce Phalantus, with his Lacedæmonians, were amazed to find their own hearts so mollified. Nor were the other nations, that composed the army of the allies, less favourably disposed. Philoctetes in particular, who had suffered so much by war, was so overjoyed at the prospect of peace,¹⁰ that he could not refrain from tears. Nestor was so much affected with what Mentor

had said, that he could not utter one word; but embraced him tenderly. And all the multitude, as if by concert, exclaimed: "O venerable sage! you have disarmed us quite,—peace! peace! now happy peace shall be restored!"¹¹

A little after this exclamation, Nestor was going to speak; but the whole army, impatient for peace, and apprehensive that he was about to start some new difficulty, cried out again, "Peace! peace!" nor could they be silenced till all the commanders had joined them in the cry.

Nestor, perceiving it would be in vain to attempt to make a regular speech, said only, "You see, Mentor, how powerful the words of the wise and virtuous are. When wisdom and virtue speak, they easily triumph over¹² all the passions. Our just resentment is now changed into a sincere desire of amity and peace, and we accept of that which you have offered." At the same time, all the chiefs immediately held out their hands, to signify their consent and approbation.

Then Mentor hastening to the gate of Salentum, ordered it to be opened, and sent word to Idomeneus to come out directly, without the least hesitation or fear. Nestor, in the mean time, embracing Telemachus, "Amiable son of the wisest of all the Greeks," said he, "may you be as wise, and more happy than your sire: but have you never yet made any discovery with respect to his fate? The remembrance of your father, whom you greatly resemble, hath contributed to stifle our indignation." Phalantus, though naturally fierce and hard-hearted, and though he never saw Ulysses, yet could not help sympathizing with his misfortunes, and those of his son. And now they were pressing Telemachus to relate his adventures, when Mentor returned with Idomeneus, attended by all the Cretan youth.

At sight of Idomeneus, the indignation of the allies was re-kindled anew: but Mentor smothered the flame, just ready to blaze out. "Why," said he, "do we delay concluding this solemn treaty, of which the gods will be witnesses and guarantees? Should any impious wretch ever dare to violate it, may the gods take vengeance on him; and while those nations that are innocent, and have been true to their engagements, live in peace and safety; may all the horrible calamities of war overtake that execrable, ambitious, perjured prince, who shall break the sacred bands of this accommodation. May he be detested both by gods and men; may he never enjoy the fruits of his perfidy; may the furies, under the most hideous figures, drive him to despair and distraction: may he fall unpitied, without hope of sepulture! may his body be a prey to dogs and vultures, and may he in the infernal regions and profound abyss of Tartarus suffer more cruel tortures than Tantalus, Ixion, and the daughters of Danaus. But rather may this peace be lasting, like the rocks of Atlas that support the

canopy of heaven; may all nations revere it, and reap the fruits of it, from generation to generation; may those who made it be held in esteem and veneration by our latest posterity; may this peace, founded on justice, and good faith, be the model of all those that shall henceforth be concluded in any part of the world; and may all those states who shall, for the future, resolve to make themselves happy by re-establishing peace and friendship, propose for their imitation the people of Hesperia."

After this solemn attestation,¹³ Idomeneus and all the other kings swore to fulfil the articles of the peace, as they had been agreed upon, and twelve hostages were reciprocally given. Telemachus, at his own desire, was one of those whom Idomeneus pledged: the allies, however, would not consent that Mentor should be another; but insisted on his remaining with Idomeneus, to superintend his conduct and that of his counsellors, till the treaty should be executed in its full extent. Between the city and army of the allies, were sacrificed an hundred heifers, and as many oxen, white as snow, whose horns were gilded and adorned with flowers. The frightful bellowings of the victims, as they fell under the sacred knife, were re-echoed from the neighbouring mountains, and the reeking blood gushed out in rivulets on every side. Abundance of exquisite wine was poured in libations, and the aruspices¹⁴ consulted the intrails of the victims, while they were still panting. The smoke of the incense that was burnt by the priests upon the altar, formed a thick cloud; and the sweet odour of it perfumed the air all around.

In the mean time, the soldiers on both sides, no longer regarding one another as enemies, began mutually to relate their adventures, to enjoy themselves after their toils, and to taste already the sweets of peace. Divers individuals, who had followed Idomeneus to the siege of Troy, recognized some of those belonging to Nestor, who had served in the same war. They tenderly embraced one another, and mutually recounted all that had happened to them, since the sack and destruction of that proud city, the most magnificent in all Asia. Having adorned their heads with chaplets of flowers, they laid themselves down upon the grass, and made merry with the wine that was brought from the city in large vessels, to celebrate so happy a day.

Mentor, in the midst of their exultation, suddenly harangued them to this effect:¹⁵ "O ye kings and commanders, here assembled! your several nations for the future will be but one, under different names and governors. Thus it is, that the just gods, who formed and love the human race, would have them united in an everlasting bond of perfect amity and concord. All mankind are but one family dispersed over the face of the whole earth, and all nations are brethren, and ought to love one another as such. May shame and infamy over-

take those impious wretches who seek a cruel unnatural glory, by shedding the blood of their brethren, which they ought to regard as their own. War, it is true, is sometimes necessary: but it reflects disgrace on human nature, that it should be unavoidable on certain occasions. O ye kings! do not say that it is desirable for the sake of acquiring glory; for true glory cannot exist independent of humanity. Whoever gratifies his passion for glory, at the expence of humanity, is a proud monster, and not a man: and the glory that he acquires must be false; for true glory can be acquired only by moderation and goodness. His ridiculous vanity may be flattered; but when people disclose their real sentiments in private, they will always say: 'His claim to glory is the more absurd, as it is founded on lawless and unjust ambition.' Men ought not to admire or esteem him, seeing he made so little account of them, and was so prodigal of their blood, to gratify a brutal vanity. Happy the king, who loves his people, and is beloved by them; who trusts his neighbours, and is trusted by them; who, far from making war upon them, prevents their going to war with one another, and who makes the happiness his subjects enjoy under his government, to be envied by all other nations. Take a resolution then, O ye who govern the most powerful cities of Hesperia, to meet together from time to time, let there be a general assembly every three years, when all the kings here present may attend, to take a new oath, inviolably to observe the engagements now contracted; to confirm the treaty, and deliberate on their common interests. While you continue united, you will enjoy at home in this delightful country, glory, peace, and plenty; and abroad you will be found invincible. Nothing but discord, that infernal fury, that causes such distraction and confusion among men, can disturb or interrupt the happiness that the gods prepare for your acceptance."

To these remarks old Nestor thus replied: "You see by the facility with which we have embraced the proffered peace, how far we are from making war through motives of vain glory, or any unjust desire to aggrandize ourselves at the expence of our neighbours. But what is to be done, when it is our misfortune to have for a neighbour a prince of violent passions, who knows no law but his own interest; and lets no opportunity slip of invading the dominions of other states? Do not imagine I speak of Idomeneus: no, I now entertain a better opinion of his integrity.¹⁶ It is Adrastus, king of the Daunians, from whom we have every thing to apprehend. He despises the gods, and thinks the whole race of mankind were born for no other purpose but to be his slaves, and to promote his glory. It is not enough for him to have subjects, and to be the king and father of his people; he will have slaves and worshippers: and actually causes divine honours to be paid him. Hitherto, blind fortune hath favoured

him, even in his most unjust enterprizes. We used great expedition to come and lay siege to Salentum, that having got rid of the weakest of our enemies, who had but lately come to settle upon the coast, we might afterwards turn our arms against the other and more formidable. He hath already taken several cities from our allies; and the people of Crotona have been twice defeated by his arms. He sticks at nothing¹⁷ to gratify his ambition; and employs force and artifice indifferently, and without scruple, provided he can crush his enemies. He hath amassed great wealth: his troops are well disciplined and brave; he hath able, experienced officers, and is well served; for he keeps a watchful eye on all those who act under him, and execute his orders. He punishes the least faults with severity, and liberally rewards those who do him any service. By his own valour, he animates and inspirits those of his troops. He would be an accomplished prince, were his conduct regulated by justice and good faith: but he neither fears the gods, nor the reproaches of his own conscience. He has no regard to reputation, looking upon it as a vain phantom, that influences weak minds only. To possess great wealth, to be feared, and to have all mankind in subjection to him, are the only advantages which he looks upon as solid and substantial. In a little time his army will enter our territories; and if so many nations united are not able to make head against him, all hope of defending our liberties will vanish. It is no less the interest of Idomeneus than ours, to defeat the ambitious designs of a neighbour, who would destroy the liberties of all the states around him if he could. If we should be subdued, Salentum would be in the most imminent danger. Let us then immediately join our forces, and oppose him with our united strength."¹⁸ While Nestor spoke to this effect, they were advancing towards the city, where Idomeneus had invited all the kings and principal chiefs to pass the night.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

The Adventures of
Telemachus,
the Son of Ulysses

VOLUME TWO

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
THE
SON OF ULYSSES.

Translated from the FRENCH of

• Messire FRANÇOIS SALIGNAC de la MOTHE-
FENELON, Archbishop of CAMBRAY.

BY

T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

V O L. II.

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BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Nestor, in the name of the allies, demands assistance of Idomeneus against their enemies the Daunians. Mentor, who was desirous of establishing a good order and police in Salentum, and of engaging the people to apply themselves to agriculture, prevailed upon them to accept of Telemachus at the head of an hundred noble Cretans. After his departure, Mentor takes an exact survey of the city and port; informs himself of every particular; directs Idomeneus to make several regulations in regard to commerce and police, and to divide his people into seven classes, whom he distinguished by different dresses, according to their rank and birth; he prevails upon him to suppress luxury and useless arts, in order to employ those who practised them in agriculture, which is rendered an honourable occupation.

THE whole army of the allies had now pitched their tents, and the fields were covered all over with rich pavilions of all sorts of colours, in which the fatigued Hesperians had laid themselves down to rest. When the kings entered Salentum, they were amazed to find so many magnificent edifices erected in so short a time, and that the embarrassment of so great a war had not prevented the sudden increase and embellishment of the infant city.

They admired the wisdom and vigilance of Idomeneus, the founder of such a hopeful state;¹ and they all agreed, that should he, now that the peace was concluded, join the allies against the Daunians, their strength would be considerably increased. They therefore proposed he should engage in their confederacy;² and, as he could not well reject so reasonable a proposal, he promised to supply them with a reinforcement of troops: but, as Mentor knew well, whatever was necessary to render a state flourishing, he was convinced Idomeneus could not be so powerful as he appeared; taking him therefore aside, he addressed him thus:

“You see, our cares have not been unsuccessful. Salentum is now secured from the calamities by which it was threatened. It will now be your own fault,³ if you do not raise the glory of it to heaven, and equal your grandfather Minos in wisdom, and the good government of your subjects. I shall continue still to speak to you with freedom, presuming that you chuse I should do so, and that you have an aversion to flattery. While these kings were admiring and

extolling your magnificence, I reflected within myself on the temerity of your conduct." At the word Temerity, Idomeneus changed colour. His look betrayed confusion; he reddened, and had well nigh interrupted Mentor with some expressions of resentment; when the sage, in a modest and respectful tone, yet still with honest freedom, proceeded thus. "I plainly perceive you are shocked at the word Temerity: it would have been wrong in any one besides myself to have made use of it; for kings ought to be respected, and treated with delicacy, even when reproved: truth is apt enough of itself to offend them, without the addition of harsh terms. But I thought I might venture to speak with the utmost plainness, when I was going to make you sensible of your errors. My design was to accustom you to hear things called by their proper names; and to convince you, that when others offer their advice touching your conduct, they will never venture to say all they think. If you would not be deceived, you must always suppose more than they will venture to say upon disagreeable subjects. As for me, I could easily soften my expressions to your taste; but it is for your advantage that I, who am not swayed by any private interest, nor assume a character of any importance, should speak to you in private without restraint or reserve. None else will ever dare to do so, and consequently you will see the truth but by halves, and even then disguised in gaudy colours."⁴

At these words, Idomeneus, recovered from his first emotion, seemed ashamed of his punctilious temper: "You see," said he to Mentor, "what it is to be used to flattery. But as I am indebted to you for the security of my infant realm, there is no truth that I will not hear with pleasure from your mouth. Let compassion plead for an unhappy king, poisoned by flattery, and who, even in his misfortunes, never found any man generous enough to tell him the truth. No, I never found one man who loved me well enough to hazard my displeasure by telling me the whole truth."

As he spoke these words, the tears started in his eyes, and he embraced Mentor tenderly. Then the sage old man resumed the thread of his discourse.⁵ "It gives me pain to be obliged to say any thing harsh and disagreeable to you; but ought I to betray you to ruin, by concealing the truth? Suppose yourself in my place, and then judge: if you have been abused hitherto, it was because you chose to be deceived; and was afraid to meet with too much sincerity in your counsellors. Did you ever endeavour to find such as were truly disinterested, and would venture to contradict you? Have you been careful to chuse those who were least forward to make their court; who discovered the least selfishness in their conduct, and were most likely to condemn your unreasonable prejudices and passions? When you found yourself flattered, did you banish from your presence the flatterers? Or, did you distrust their adulation? No, no;

you did not act the part of those who love the truth, and deserve to know it. Let us see now whether you can yet bear to have the truth told you, and your conduct censured. I say again then, that you deserve nothing but blame for that very conduct which was so highly extolled. While you had so many enemies without your walls abroad, who threatened your infant settlement, you thought of nothing within but erecting magnificent edifices. It was that which occasioned you so many anxious uneasy nights, as you have yourself acknowledged. You have exhausted your treasure, and never thought either of multiplying your people, or cultivating the fertile lands upon this coast. Ought you not to have regarded these two things, as the only solid foundations of your power; namely to have a great number of industrious subjects; and lands well cultivated for their subsistence? A long peace in the infancy of your state, was necessary to favour population. Your whole attention should have been devoted to agriculture, and the enacting wise laws. But idle ambition hath brought you to the very brink of ruin. By aiming at appearing great and powerful, you have gone near to destroy your real power and greatness. Lose no time then in repairing your faults: discontinue all your magnificent structures; renounce that affectation of pomp and grandeur which would ruin your new city; suffer your people to enjoy the benefits of peace; and endeavour to introduce plenty among them, in order to facilitate marriage. Remember you are only king, as you have subjects to govern; and that your power is not to be measured by the extent of your territories, but by the number, submission, and attachment of the inhabitants. Let the land, of which you take possession, be good, though not very extensive; fill it with great numbers of industrious people, under good regulations; and study to conciliate their affection. Then will you be more powerful, more happy, and acquire more glory, than all those conquerors that lay waste so many kingdoms."

"How shall I behave then, with respect to these kings?" said Idomeneus: "shall I confess my weakness? True it is, I have neglected agriculture, and even commerce, for which I am so advantageously situated, and minded nothing but building a magnificent city. Must I then, my dear Mentor, discover my imprudence, and thereby expose myself to shame and dishonour in such an assembly of kings? If I must, I will without hesitation, whatever it may cost me; for you have taught me that a true king ought to consider himself as made for the good of his people, as bound to devote himself entirely to their service, and to prefer their safety to his own reputation."

"Such sentiments," replied Mentor, "are worthy of the father of his people; by this expression of beneficence,⁶ and not by the vain magnificence of your city, I recognize in you the temper and disposition of a good king. But the

interest of the state requires that care be taken of your honour. Leave that care to me; I will give those kings to understand that you have engaged to re-instate Ulysses, if he is yet alive, or at least his son, on the throne of Ithaca; and to drive from thence all the lovers of Penelope. Such an undertaking, they will easily see, must require a considerable body of troops; and therefore, they will be content to accept, at first, of a small reinforcement against the Daunians."

At these words, Idomeneus looked like a man disencumbered of a heavy burden. "By concealing from my neighbours," said he to Mentor, "my weakness and distress, you will save, my dear friend, my honour, and the reputation of this infant settlement. But, with what probability can you alledge that I intend to send some troops to set Ulysses, or at least his son, on the throne of Ithaca, when Telemachus himself hath engaged to serve in person in the war against the Daunians?" "Give yourself no uneasiness on that score," replied Mentor; "I shall say nothing but what is true. Some of the ships you propose to send out with a view to establish your commerce, will touch at Epirus, and perform two services at the same time; one, by alluring to your coast the foreign traders who have renounced all traffic with Salentum, discouraged by the heavy duties you imposed; the other, in making enquiry about Ulysses. If he is still alive, he cannot be far from those seas that divide Greece from Italy; and it is confidently reported, that he was lately seen among the Pheacians. Even though there should be no hopes of seeing him again, yet your ships will do a signal service to his son: they will spread through Ithaca, and all the neighbouring states the terror of the name of young Telemachus, who is supposed to be dead as well as his father. Penelope's lovers will be thunder-struck to hear, that he is upon the point of returning; supported by a powerful ally; the Ithacians will be deterred from a revolt; and, Penelope being comforted, will persist in refusing to admit a second husband. Thus will you serve Telemachus, while he supplies your place in the army of the Italian allies that is to act against the Daunians." Here Idomeneus exclaimed: "Happy the king who is guided by wise counsellors! a wise and faithful friend is more serviceable to a king, than victorious armies. But doubly happy is the sovereign, who is sensible of this his happiness, and who knows how to make the most of it⁸ by following good counsels! for our confidence is often with-held from wise and virtuous men, whose integrity is dreaded, while we lend a willing ear to flatterers, whose treachery gives no disgust. I myself have fallen in that snare; and, at a proper time, I will inform you of all the misfortunes that were brought upon me by a false friend, who flattered my passions, in hopes I would flatter his in return."

Mentor found no difficulty in persuading the allied kings that Idomeneus had charged himself with the affairs of Telemachus, while the youth himself should serve in their army. They were satisfied to have among them the young son of Ulysses, together with a hundred young Cretans, whom Idomeneus gave him as companions in the war: they were the flower of the young nobles, whom he had brought with him from Crete. They took the field in consequence of Mentor's advice. "Care," said he, "must be taken of population in time of peace; but, lest the whole nation should sink into effeminacy, and ignorance of the art of war, it is proper that the young nobility be sent to the wars abroad. These will be sufficient to keep up in the whole nation an emulation for glory, in the love of arms, in a contempt of hardship and death itself, and in military skill."

The confederate kings then left Salentum, satisfied with Idomeneus, and charmed with the wisdom of Mentor. It gave them, in particular, great joy that they had Telemachus in their army: but he himself was greatly affected at parting with his friend Mentor. While the allied kings were taking their leave of Idomeneus, and assuring him, that they would inviolably observe the peace, Telemachus shed a flood of tears in the bosom of Mentor, who held him clasped in his arms. "The grief," said he, "that I feel at parting with my friend, makes me insensible to the joy that the hope of acquiring glory would otherwise inspire. Methinks I see again that melancholy occasion when the Egyptians tore me from your arms, and carried me far away, without any hopes of ever seeing you more." Mentor comforted the youth with the most soothing expressions of friendship. "There is a great difference," said he, "betwixt this separation, and that you mention. This is voluntary, and will be short. Besides, you are going in quest of victory and triumph. I could wish, my son, that your love for me were less tender, and more manly; you must learn to bear my absence; you will not have me always with you: you must rely upon your own wisdom and virtue, and not on me, for your conduct and direction." As he spoke these words, the goddess concealed under the figure of Mentor, covered Telemachus with her ægis, inspiring him at the same time with the spirit of wisdom and foresight, intrepid valour and calm moderation; virtues that are seldom found united. "Go," said Mentor, "and expose yourself to the greatest dangers, as often as there shall be occasion. A prince disgraces himself more by shunning danger in time of action, than if he never made his appearance in the field. The personal courage of him who has the command of an army, must never be doubtful. If it nearly concerns a people to preserve their king or commander, it still more nearly concerns them, that no doubts be entertained

in regard to his valour. Remember, that he who has the command ought to be a pattern to all the rest; and animate the whole army by his example. Do not, therefore, O Telemachus, decline any danger, but chuse rather to lose your life, than have your courage called in question. Those sycophants who are most earnest in dissuading you from exposing yourself to danger, even when the occasion requires it, will be the first to affirm in private that you wanted courage, if they find it easy to prevail upon you to forbear hazarding your person. But, on the other hand, you must not court danger unnecessarily. Valour can be no farther a virtue, than as it is regulated by prudence: it is otherwise a mad contempt of death, and a blind brutal fury. Besides, such an extravagant valour cannot be depended upon. He that is not master of himself in time of danger, is rather foolhardy than brave; to set him above fear, he must needs be first beside himself; because he cannot surmount his terrors by the natural effort of his reason. As that is the case, if he does not fly, he is at least disordered; he loses that faculty of the understanding which is absolutely necessary to give proper orders, to take advantage of accidents and opportunities to vanquish the enemy, and do signal service to his country. If he has all the ardor of a soldier, he wants the presence of mind of a commander. Nay, he has not even the real courage of a common soldier; for this last ought to preserve in battle that presence of mind and recollection sufficient to obey such orders as he may receive. He who rashly exposes himself to danger, trespasses upon discipline, disturbs the order of the troops, sets an example of temerity, and is often the occasion of great disasters. Those who prefer their vain ambition to the interest and safety of the common cause, deserve chastisement instead of recompence. Beware then, my dear son, of being too impatient in the pursuit of glory. The surest way to find it is to wait patiently for a favourable opportunity. Virtue is always revered in proportion to her simplicity, modesty, and contempt of ostentation. As the necessity of encountering danger becomes more urgent, the resources of courage and of foresight ought to increase. Remember besides to avoid all occasion of exciting envy; and on your side beware of entertaining the least emotion of jealousy at the success of others. Praise all that is praise-worthy; but bestow your applause with judgment: extol merit with pleasure; conceal failings; and if you cannot forget them,⁹ at least remember them with regret. Do not take upon you peremptorily to decide in the presence of those ancient captains who are possessed of that experience which you cannot pretend to have; hear them with deference and respect: consult them, and beg to be instructed by the ablest of them; nor blush to ascribe to their instructions whatever you do with approbation and applause. Lastly, never give ear¹⁰ to those who would excite in you a jealousy, or distrust of the other chiefs, with whom I would advise you to be frank, open, and ingenuous.

If you should think that you had reason to complain of their behaviour, open your heart to them; explain your grievances. If they are capable of discerning the nobleness of such conduct, they will be charmed with it; and you will obtain all the satisfaction you can reasonably expect. If, on the contrary, they are not reasonable enough to see and acknowledge the justice of your complaint, you will learn from your own observation what mortifications you may expect from their injustice; and take your measures for avoiding all further disputes, until the war is at an end. Thus you will have nothing to reproach yourself with. But above all things, beware of trusting certain perfidious sycophants, who make it their business to sow division with the grounds of complaint you may imagine you have against the chiefs of the army. As for myself, I shall remain with Idomeneus, to assist him in his necessary labours for the good of his people, and in repairing all those faults which flatterers and weak counsellors have induced him to commit in laying the foundations of his new kingdom.”

Here Telemachus could not help expressing to Mentor some surprize at, and even contempt for, the conduct of Idomeneus. But Mentor immediately checked him: “Are you surprised,” said he with a severity of tone, “that men of the greatest worth are still but men, and discover some human foibles amidst the innumerable snares and perplexities inseparable from royalty? Idomeneus, it is true, hath been brought up in pride and pageantry. But what philosopher, had he been in his place, would not have been the worse for flattery? It must be owned, indeed, that he suffered himself to be too much influenced by those who had his confidence: but even the wisest kings are often misled and deceived, notwithstanding all the precautions they can take against deceit and misinformation. As a king cannot do every thing himself, he must have ministers to assist him, whom he must also sometimes trust. Besides, a king cannot know those about him so well as private men, since they always wear a mask before him, and employ every kind of artifice for his deception. Alas! my dear Telemachus, you will one day be too well convinced of this disadvantage. It is hardly possible to find in men either the virtues or the talents that are wanted. In vain do kings endeavour to study and investigate the characters of men, they continually find themselves mistaken. Nay, even the better sort of men are hardly ever brought to act up to the occasions of the common weal. They have their humours, their different views, their jarring interests, and their jealousies. It is difficult either to convince their prejudices, or correct their obstinacy.

“The more extensive any prince’s dominions are, the more ministers he must have to undertake those measures which he cannot execute in his own person: and the more occasion there is for ministers vested with delegated power, the greater is the danger of being deceived in the choice of such instru-

ments. He who to day censures and condemns kings with the utmost severity, would, if made a king himself to-morrow, behave worse, and commit the same faults, or greater still. A private station, accompanied with a little judgment and eloquence, hides every natural defect, sets off shining talents, and makes a man appear capable and worthy of the highest employments, from which he is so far removed: but the authority of office puts both virtues and talents to a severe trial, and brings capital defects to view.

“Grandeur is like certain glasses that magnify every object. In high stations where trifles have often great effects, and where slight faults often produce the most fatal consequences, every defect appears more glaringly. Every body has his eyes upon him, who is highly elevated above others, watching his conduct, and criticising it with the utmost severity. Yet they are altogether unacquainted with his situation, and know nothing of the difficulties he has to struggle with.¹¹ They will not allow him to have any human weaknesses and failings, but expect he should be altogether perfect. But a king, however wise and good he may be, is still but a man. As such, both his understanding and virtue must be limited and imperfect. As such he must have passions, humours, habits, which he cannot always controul. He is surrounded by artful, mercenary men, and cannot find that assistance which he would gladly use. Every day he is led into some error, either by his own passions, or those of his ministers. Scarce has he repaired one fault, when he falls into another. Such is the condition of kings, the most enlightened, and the most virtuous.

“The longest and best reigns have neither time nor virtue sufficient absolutely to retrieve the errors unwillingly committed in laying the foundations of the state. Such are the disadvantages and discouragements that kings labour under.¹² They are to be pitied and excused; the burden they have to bear, being too great for human weakness. Are they not to be pitied, in having such numbers to govern, whose wants are infinite, and who give so much trouble and uneasiness to those who would govern them well? And, indeed, it must be owned, that men are also much to be pitied, in that they are obliged to submit to the government of a man such as themselves; for, to reform mankind would require the power and wisdom of the gods. But kings are certainly no less to be pitied; who, being but men themselves, weak and imperfect, have such an innumerable multitude of human creatures, corrupt and deceitful, to govern.”

Telemachus replied with some vivacity: “Idomeneus lost by his own misconduct the crown of his ancestors in Crete; and would have lost that of Salentum also, but for your counsel.” “I own,” said Mentor, “he hath committed great errors; but see if you can find in Greece, or in any other of the most civilized countries, a king who has not committed some that are altogether inexcusable. The greatest men have in their constitution, temper, and character, certain de-

fects that unavoidably lead them astray; and the most praise-worthy are those who have the greatness of mind to acknowledge and repair their errors. Do you imagine that Ulysses, the great Ulysses, your father, the most accomplished of all the Grecian princes, has no foibles, no defects? Had not Minerva led him, as it were, by the hand, how often would his courage and wisdom have failed him in those dangers and difficulties, amidst which he hath been the sport of adverse fortune. How often hath Minerva restrained and reclaimed him, always in order to lead him to glory by the paths of virtue? Do not expect to find him altogether perfect, when you shall see him sitting with so much glory on the throne of Ithaca, for failings you will certainly find in him. But Greece, Asia, and all the isles of the sea thought him worthy of admiration, notwithstanding these defects. They were hid by a thousand great qualities. It will be your happiness to have an opportunity also of admiring him, and forming yourself by so perfect a model.

“Learn, O Telemachus,¹³ not to expect from the greatest men more than is compatible with human capacity. Unexperienced youth are apt to indulge a presumptuous vein of censure, that gives them a dislike to all those whom they ought to regard as patterns for their imitation, and renders their ignorance incurable. You ought not only to love, respect, and imitate your father, though he be not perfect, but you ought even to have a high esteem for Idomeneus, notwithstanding all that I have blamed in his conduct. He is by nature sincere, upright, just, generous, and beneficent; of consummate bravery;¹⁴ detesting all fraud, when he knows it, and is left to follow the dictates of his own heart. All his exterior qualifications are great, and suited to his station. His candour in owning his faults, his good nature, his patience in taking the harshest things I said to him in good part, his magnanimity in acknowledging, and publicly repairing his errors, thereby raising himself above all censure, discover true greatness of mind. Good fortune, or good counsel, may secure a man of a very ordinary capacity from committing certain faults; but it must be a high degree of virtue that engages a king, long seduced by flattery, to repair his errors. Thus to rise, is more glorious than never to have fallen. The faults committed by Idomeneus are such as are natural to almost every king on earth: but no king hath ever done so much towards his own reformation. As for me, I could not help admiring him even when he allowed me to contradict him, without expressing the least impatience. Let him be the object of your admiration also, O Telemachus! it is not so much for the sake of his reputation, as your own good, that I give you this advice.”

Mentor, by these reflections, made Telemachus sensible of the danger of being unjust, in giving way to severe strictures on the conduct of those especially who are incumbered with the difficulties and perplexities of admin-

istration. After these injunctions: "It is now time," said he, "to part; adieu. I shall wait at Salentum till you return, my dear Telemachus! and remember, that those who fear the gods have nothing to fear from men. You will find yourself exposed to the greatest dangers; but be assured that Minerva will never forsake you in emergencies."

At these words, Telemachus had almost perceived the presence of the goddess, and would have actually discovered it was she who made this declaration, to inspire him with hope and assurance, had she not recalled the idea of Mentor, by saying: "Forget not, my son, the pains I took when you was a child, to make you as wise and valiant as your father. See that you do nothing unworthy of his great example; and of those maxims of virtue which I have endeavoured to inculcate in your tender mind."¹⁵

The sun was already up, and gilded the tops of the mountains, when the kings set out from Salentum to join their troops, which were encamped around the city. They forthwith began their march under the banners of their respective commanders. On all hands were seen the polished steel of bristling pikes; and the dazzling splendor of their glittering shields; while clouds of dust ascended to the skies. Idomeneus and Mentor having accompanied the confederate kings to some distance from the city, at last took their leave, after the warmest professions of friendship on both sides; so that the allies did not at all doubt but the peace would be lasting, now they were acquainted with the integrity of Idomeneus, who had been represented to them very different from what he really was; because a judgment had been formed of his character, not from his own sentiments, but from the bad measures he had adopted by the advice of flatterers.

After the allied army had retired, Idomeneus carried Mentor into all the different quarters of the city. "Let us see," said Mentor, "what number your people may amount to, both in the town and country; let us take an exact account of them. Let us enquire too what number of peasants and husbandmen there may be among them, and how much wine, oil, and other fruits your lands produce, one year with another. Thus shall we be able to determine, whether their produce is sufficient to maintain all the inhabitants, and whether there is any overplus, wherewith to carry on a beneficial commerce with foreign countries. We must also see what number of ships and sailors you have: for otherwise we cannot judge of your power." He visited the port, and went on board every ship: enquired to what country each vessel was bound; of what commodities the cargo consisted, and what articles were taken in exchange. He informed himself of the whole expence of the voyage; what sums the merchants lent to one another; what companies or partnerships they had formed, in order

to know if they were equitable and duly executed; finally, he enquired concerning the risks of shipwreck, and other mischances to which commerce is liable, with a view to prevent the ruin of merchants, who, from an avidity of gain, often undertake what they are not able to perform.

He judged it expedient that bankruptcies should be severely punished; because, if they are not always fraudulent, they are at least generally the effect of rashness.¹⁶ At the same time he made regulations, by which they might be easily prevented, appointing magistrates to whom the merchants should give an account of their effects, their gains, their expences, and undertakings. They were not allowed ever to risk the property of others, or more than half of their own. But what undertakings could not be executed by single merchants, were carried on by companies; the rules of which were rendered almost unavoidable by the rigorous penalties inflicted on those by whom they were contravened.¹⁷ Further, the liberty of commerce was preserved intire. Far from cramping it by imposts, a premium was offered to all those merchants who should open a new trade between Salentum and any other nation.

In consequence of these regulations, great numbers of people came from all parts to settle at Salentum.¹⁸ The trade of that city might be compared to the ebbing and flowing of the sea, ships with merchandize and treasure coming in and going out in a constant succession, like the waves of the ocean. Every thing useful was imported and exported without restraint. What was carried out was more than ballanced, by what was brought in return. Justice was dispensed with the utmost exactness and impartiality to the several nations that used the port. Freedom, probity, and fair dealing seemed from the top of the lofty towers to invite merchants from the most distant nations; and all these merchants, whether they came from the extremity of the East, where the sun every day rises from the bosom of the deep, or from that vast ocean, where, after a tedious course, he quenches his fires at eve, lived in as much peace and security at Salentum, as in his own country.

With regard to the interior part of the city, Mentor visited all the magazines, the shops of the several artificers, and the public squares. All foreign merchandize that might introduce luxury and effeminacy, was prohibited. The dress and diet of all the different ranks were regulated; together with the size, furniture, and ornaments of their houses; none that were of gold and silver being allowed. "I know but of one way," said he to Idomeneus, "to prevent frugality from falling into disgrace among your people;¹⁹ and that is by setting an example of it yourself. There is a necessity, indeed, for your maintaining a certain exterior grandeur; but your guards, and the great officers about you, will be sufficient to distinguish you, and command respect. Let your apparel be of

fine wool, dyed in purple; and let those next in rank to you wear a garment of the same wool, differing in nothing from yours but the colour, and a slight embroidery of gold, that shall run along the border of your robe. The different ranks among your people may be distinguished by different colours, without any necessity to employ for that purpose either gold, silver, or precious stones; and let rank itself be regulated by birth.

“Assign the first place to those of the most noble and illustrious birth. Such as are vested with authority and employments, will readily yield precedency to those great and ancient families who have long been in possession of the first honours of the state. Such as are of less noble birth will not pretend to rank with them, provided you do not teach them to forget themselves by a too great and sudden elevation; and shew a particular respect for those who are not too much lifted up with the smiles of fortune. The distinction least exposed to envy, is that which flows from ancestry and birth. It will be a sufficient excitement to virtue and public spirit, if you give crowns and statues to such as perform great and noble actions: and ordain, that their children shall rank as nobles. Let those of the highest rank next to yourself be dressed in white with a gold fringe at the bottom, a gold ring on the finger, and a medal of the same metal hanging from the neck, impressed with your image. Let those of the second rank be clothed in blue with a silver fringe, and a ring, but no medal: those of the third class in green, with a medal, but neither fringe nor ring: those of the fourth in deep yellow: of the fifth in a pale red, or rose colour: of the sixth in a grey violet colour: of the seventh, constituting the last and lowest class, in a mixed colour of white and yellow. These are the dresses for the seven different ranks of freemen. As for the slaves, let them be clad in a dark grey or russet. Thus will every individual be distinguished according to his degree without expence, and all those arts that are subservient to pomp and luxury be banished from Salentum. Let such artificers as were before employed in these pernicious arts, apply themselves either to those that are necessary, which are but few in number, or to commerce, or agriculture. No change must ever be admitted either in the nature of the cloth, or the form of apparel; for it ill becomes men who are designed for exercises more serious and noble, to amuse themselves with inventing modes and ornaments of dress, or to permit their wives, to whom such amusements would be more suitable, to waste their time so idly.”²⁰

As a skilful gardener lops off the useless branches of fruit-trees, Mentor endeavoured to retrench that pomp and luxury,²¹ by which the morals of a people are corrupted. He aimed at reducing every thing to a noble simplicity and frugality. He even regulated the diet of the citizens and slaves. “What a shame,”

said he, “that men of the highest rank should place their greatness in the dainties of a luxurious table, by which they enervate their minds, and quickly ruin the health and vigour of their bodies! whereas they ought to account it their happiness to be moderate, to have power and authority to do good, and to be honoured and esteemed for so doing. Health and sobriety give a relish to the coarsest, simplest food, and yield the most sincere and most lasting pleasures. Let your provisions then be of the best sorts, but dressed in a plain manner, without any high sauces. To excite a false appetite, and make a man eat more than nature requires, is, in effect, to take him off by poison.”

Idomeneus immediately conceived how much he was to blame for suffering the inhabitants of his new city to sink into effeminacy and corruption, by violating the laws of Minos with regard to sobriety: but the sage Mentor satisfied him, that these laws, though revived, would signify nothing, unless he enforced them by his own example, which could alone impress them with the stamp of authority. Idomeneus, therefore, immediately regulated his table, which afforded nothing but excellent bread; the wine of the country, which is agreeable and strong, but this in moderation; with some simple plain dishes, such as he was used to eat at the siege of Troy, with the other Greeks. None durst complain of a regulation to which the king himself submitted; and thus did every one retrench that profusion and delicacy in which they were beginning to indulge at all their entertainments. In the next place, Mentor suppressed that soft and effeminate music that tended to corrupt the manners of the youth. Nor was he more favourable to that bacchanalian music which intoxicates almost as much as wine, and is productive of impudence and violent passions. He proscribed all music except on festivals in temples, there to celebrate the praises of the gods and heroes, who have set an example of extraordinary virtue. Neither would he permit, except in the temples, the great ornaments of architecture; such as columns, pediments, and porticos: he drew plans of a species of architecture equally beautiful and simple, by which an inconsiderable space of ground afforded an airy house convenient for a numerous family; having the advantage of a healthy aspect, and apartments independent of one another; that order and neatness might be easily preserved, and the whole maintained at a small expence. He ordained that every house of any consequence should have a saloon²² and little porch, with small chambers for all the free persons in the family: but he forbade, under severe penalties, the superfluous multitude and magnificence of apartments. These different plans of houses, proportioned to the greatness of families, served to embellish, at a small expence, one part of the city, and give it a regular appearance; whereas, the other part already finished according to the caprice and pride of

individuals, was, in spite of all its magnificence, neither so agreeable to the eye, nor commodious to the inhabitants. This new city was built in a very little time; for the neighbouring coast of Greece furnished excellent architects, and a great number of masons were brought from Epirus and several other countries, on condition, that after having finished their work, they should settle in the neighbourhood of Salentum, have lands assigned them for cultivation, and conduce to the population of the country. Painting and sculpture were, in Mentor's opinion, among those arts which ought not to be entirely excluded; but he resolved that very few should be allowed to follow them in Salentum. He founded a school, and furnished it²³ with excellent masters to superintend and examine the young pupils. "Nothing weak or mean," said he, "must be admitted in the arts, that are not absolutely necessary. Consequently, no young persons but such as have a promising genius, and are likely to excel, ought to be permitted to apply themselves to them. Others are designed by nature for arts less noble, and may be usefully employed in the ordinary occupations of the state. Sculptors and painters are only to be employed to preserve the memory of great men and great actions. It is on public buildings, or on sepulchral monuments, that representations of all those memorable exploits which have been performed for the public service, ought to be preserved." Nevertheless, the moderation and frugality of Mentor did not hinder his authorizing all those grand structures destined for horse and chariot races, for wrestling, for fighting with the cestus, and other exercises which contribute to render the body more supple and vigorous.

Mentor suppressed a prodigious number of those who dealt in stuffs of foreign manufacture, in costly embroideries, in gold and silver plate embossed with figures of the gods, of men and animals; and lastly, in strong waters and perfumes. He would not even allow of any other furniture in any house whatsoever but such as was plain, and made to last a long time. In consequence of these regulations, the Salentines, who began to complain loudly of their poverty, found that they possessed a great deal of superfluous wealth. But it was false wealth, that in effect impoverished them, and they actually became rich in proportion as they had the resolution to part with it. "To despise that wealth," said they to themselves, "which exhausts the state, and to make our wants fewer, by reducing them to the real exigencies of nature, is, in reality, to enrich ourselves." Mentor also visited without delay the arsenals, and the different magazines, to see that the arms and other warlike stores were in good order. "For," said he, "a state ought always to be prepared for war, in order to prevent their being ever reduced to the disagreeable necessity of engaging in it." He found many things wanting in every place he visited. A great number of arti-

ficers therefore were immediately set to work in iron, steel, and brass; fiery furnaces were seen to rise, and clouds of flame and smoke, like those subterraneous fires that are discharged from the bowels of mount *Ætna*. The hammer thundered on the anvil, which groaned under the redoubled strokes; and these were rebounded from the neighbouring mountains:²⁴ so that one would have thought he was in that isle where *Vulcan*, animating the *Cyclops*, forges thunderbolts for the father of the gods. Thus by a wise foresight, all the preparations for war were seen going on in the midst of a profound peace.

Mentor afterwards made an excursion into the country with *Idomeneus*, where he found a great extent of fertile land that lay quite desolate. Nor was the rest cultivated but in a very imperfect manner,²⁵ in consequence of the sloth and poverty of the husbandmen, who, as they wanted hands,²⁶ wanted also spirit and strength of body sufficient to carry agriculture to perfection. Mentor seeing the lands thus neglected, said to the king: "The soil here is such as would enrich the inhabitants, were due culture bestowed upon it."²⁷ Let us then take all those superfluous artificers, whose occupations would serve only to promote a corruption of manners, and employ them in cultivating these plains and hills. It is indeed a misfortune that all these men having been brought up to trades that require a sedentary life, have been very little inured to labour: but I will shew you how that evil may be remedied. You must divide among them the uncultivated lands, and invite people from the neighbouring nations to assist them and do the more laborious part of the work under their direction. This they will do, provided a suitable recompence is offered them out of the produce of the grounds which they shall bring into tilth:²⁸ they may afterwards have a part of them allotted them, and thereby be incorporated with your people, whose number is not very great. They will make good subjects, and increase your power, provided they are industrious, and obedient to the laws. Your city artificers, thus transplanted into the country, will bring up their children to labour, and the toils of husbandry. Moreover, all the foreign workmen who are at present employed in building your city, have undertaken to cultivate part of your lands, and to turn husbandmen: let these then, as soon as they have finished their work, be incorporated among your people. They are charmed with the opportunity of engaging to settle and live under so mild a government. As they are active and laborious, their example will stimulate to toil those artificers who are transplanted from the city into the country, and with whom they will be incorporated. Thus will your whole territory, in time, be peopled with healthy, vigorous families employed in agriculture. As to the increase and multiplication of your people, you may make yourself quite easy; for they will soon become innumerable, provided you encourage marriage.

The means are very simple and easy; most men have an inclination to marry, and they are restrained by the fear of poverty alone. If they are not loaded with taxes, they will be able to maintain, without difficulty, their wives and children; for the earth is never ungrateful, but produces sufficient to reward and support those who cultivate her with due care. To those only does she refuse plenty, who will not bestow due labour upon her. The more children an husbandman has, the richer he is, provided they are not impoverished by the prince; for they begin to be useful to him, and assist him in their most early days. The youngest feed and tend the sheep; such as more advanced in age look after the herds of cattle; and the eldest assist their father in the toils of husbandry.²⁹ In the mean time, the mother, with the rest of the family, is preparing a simple repast for her husband and dear children, to be ready for them when they return fatigued with the labour of the day. She neglects not to milk her cows and ewes, and streams of milk are seen to flow: she lights up a blazing fire, round which all the innocent and peaceful family sing carols every evening until balmy sleep calls them to their repose. She makes delicious cheese, and preserves chesnuts and other fruits as fresh as when they first were gathered from the tree.

“The shepherd returns with his flute and plays to the assembled family the newest airs which he has learned in the neighbouring hamlets. The labourer comes home with his plough, and his weary oxen, with drooping heads, though goaded, jog along with a slow, heavy pace. All the woes of labour are buried with the day. The poppies, which sleep, by order of the gods, scatter over the earth, soothe with their charms the pangs of carking care,³⁰ and lay all nature under a sweet enchantment; every individual falls asleep without anticipating the toils of the next day. Happy are these men, without ambition, distrust or deceit, provided the gods bestow upon them a virtuous king, who does not interrupt their innocent joy! but what horrible inhumanity is it, by projects of ambition and vain parade, to deprive them of the pleasant fruits of the earth, for which they are indebted to none but the liberal hand of nature, in return for their labour and the sweat of their brows. Nature alone would supply from her fruitful bosom all that would be necessary for an infinite number of moderate industrious men; but it is the pride and luxury of certain individuals that involve so many of their fellow-creatures in all the horrors of indigence.”

“What shall I do,” said Idomeneus, “if those to whom I assign these fertile lands neglect to cultivate them?” “You must do,” said Mentor, “the very reverse of what is commonly done. Covetous, short-sighted princes think of nothing but loading with impositions those of their subjects who are most active and industrious to improve their estates; and that because they hope to raise them with the greater facility: at the same time they are more favourable

to those whom their natural sloth has rendered more unhappy. Invert this absurd method which oppresses the industrious, encourages the idle, and introduces an indolence no less fatal to the king than to the state. Impose taxes, fines, and, if necessary, other severe penalties upon those who neglect the culture of their lands, as you would punish soldiers who should desert their post in time of war. On the contrary, grant privileges and exemptions to such families as are industrious and multiply, assigning them more lands to cultivate, in proportion to their increase. Thus their number will be soon augmented, and every individual animated to labour; it will even become honourable. The profession of a husbandman will no longer be despised, being no longer attended with such misery and distress. The plough will again be held in honour, and be guided by the victorious hands that have defended their country: nor will it be less honourable to improve the estate of one's ancestors during a happy peace, than to have nobly defended it during the calamities of war; and thus will the whole country put on a new face and flourish. Ceres will wear crowns of the yellow ears of corn, and Bacchus treading the grapes, will make streams of wine sweeter than nectar flow down the sides of the mountains. The deep vallies will echo with the concerts of the shepherds, who, along the crystal brooks will accompany their pipes with their voices; while their wanton flocks are skipping up and down cropping the flowery turf, without dreading the ruthless wolves. And will you not be extremely happy, O Idomeneus, to be the author of so many blessings, to make such a multitude of people live in peace and plenty under your protection? is not such glory more affecting and transporting than that of laying waste the earth, and spreading far and near, almost as much among his own people, in spite of all his victories, as in the countries he may have subdued, the woes of carnage, confusion, terror, despondency, consternation, devouring famine, and despair? Happy the king, who, favoured by the gods, possesses such benevolence of heart as prompts him to become the darling of his people, and to exhibit to future ages a scene so glorious in the example of his reign. The whole earth, far from taking arms to defend themselves against him, would come and lay their sceptres at his feet." To these remarks Idomeneus replied: "But when my people shall by these means enjoy peace and plenty, luxury will corrupt their manners, and they will employ against me the wealth that I have procured them." "Do not be afraid of that inconvenience," said Mentor. "It is indeed a pretext that is always urged to flatter prodigal princes, who would load their people with imposts: but it may be easily prevented. The regulations we have made in relation to agriculture, will render their lives laborious; and, notwithstanding their abundance, they will have nothing more than necessities; because we have proscribed all the arts

that furnish superfluities. Even that abundance will be diminished by the encouragement it will give to marriage, and by the great increase of families: and, as each family will be numerous, and yet have but a small portion of land, they will be obliged to labour it without ceasing. It is sloth and luxury that make men insolent and rebellious. Your people indeed will have bread in plenty, but they will have nothing but that and the produce of their own lands, earned with the sweat of their brows. In order to restrain your subjects within the bounds of moderation, you must now fix the extent of land which each family may possess. You know we have divided your whole subjects into seven classes, according to their different ranks: you must not then allow any one family, of what rank soever, to possess more land than is absolutely necessary to maintain the number of persons of which it shall consist. This rule being inviolably observed, the nobles will not be able to aggrandize themselves at the expence of the poor; and every family will have land, but, as it will be of a very small extent, they will be obliged to cultivate it with great care. If, in process of time, the land should become too scanty for the inhabitants, colonies may be sent out, which will contribute to increase the power of the state.

“I am even of opinion that you ought to take care that there be not too great a plenty of wine in your dominions. If too many vines have been planted, they must be dug up; for wine occasions the greatest disorders among the people, as it gives rise to quarrels, distempers, seditions, idleness, aversion to labour, and domestic troubles. Let wine then be kept as a sort of medicine, or a rare and costly liquor, to be used only in sacrifices, or on high festivals: but do not expect that so important a regulation will be observed, unless you set the example yourself. Further, you must see that the laws of Minos, respecting the education of children, be not violated on any account; and that public schools be erected, in which the youth may be taught to fear the gods, to love their country, to respect the laws, and to prefer honour to pleasure, and even life itself.

“There must be magistrates to watch over the families, and the morals of the individuals that compose them. Share this task yourself: you that are constituted king, that is, shepherd of your people, only in order to watch day and night over your flock. By so doing, you will prevent an infinite number of crimes and disorders; and what you cannot prevent, you ought to punish with the utmost severity. To make examples betimes is an act of clemency, as it stops the progress of iniquity. By a little blood shed seasonably, a great deal is saved; and a prince makes himself feared, without being obliged often to have recourse to severity. But what a detestable maxim is it for a sovereign to think he cannot be safe without oppressing his people! to take no pains to instruct,

to train them up to virtue, or conciliate their affection; but to drive them to despair by terror and dismay, and to lay them under the hard necessity either of shaking off the yoke of arbitrary power, or of bidding adieu for ever to liberty. Are these the ways and means to secure a peaceable reign? Are these the paths that lead to glory?³¹ Remember that the countries where the power of the sovereign is most absolute, are those where the sovereigns are the least powerful. They take, they destroy whatever they please, and the whole state is their property; but the state on that account languishes, and the lands are neglected, and almost deserted. The cities decline every day, and trade decays. The king, who cannot be such if he is alone and without subjects, and whose greatness is derived from them alone, gradually diminishes his own power by the continual diminution of his people, from whom his wealth and influence flow. His dominions are exhausted both of men and money: but the former is the greatest and most irreparable loss. As his power is absolute, his subjects by consequence are all slaves; they flatter him, seem to adore him, and tremble at the least appearance of his anger. But wait till the smallest revolution happens, and you will find that this despotic power being over-strained, is but of short duration, as not being supported by the affections of the people; it hath harassed and incensed all the communities of the state. It compels all the particular members of those communities earnestly to wish for a change. By the first blow that is struck the idol is over-turned, broke to pieces, and trodden under foot. Contempt, hatred, fear, resentment, distrust, in short, all the passions unite against such odious despotism. The king, who in his prosperity did not find a single man bold enough to tell him the truth, in his reverse of fortune will not find one either to excuse him, or defend him against his enemies.”

Mentor having ended his discourse, Idomeneus immediately set about dividing the vacant lands among the useless artizans, and executing whatever else had been resolved upon; reserving only the lands that had been destined for the masons, who could not take possession of them, or cultivate them, till they had finished the buildings in the city.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus informs Mentor of the confidence he had reposed in Protesilaus, and the artifices of that favourite, who acted in concert with Timocrates, in order to ruin Philocles, and betray the king himself. He owns, that being prepossessed by these two men against Philocles, he had ordered Timocrates to go and put him to death in an expedition in which he commanded his fleet; that Timocrates having failed in his attempt, had been spared by Philocles, who retired to the isle of Samos, after having resigned the command of the fleet to Polymenes, whom Idomeneus himself had nominated in his written order: that, notwithstanding Protesilaus's treachery, he had not been able to prevail upon himself to discard him.

Already the fame of Idomeneus for his mild and moderate government attracts great numbers of people from all quarters to incorporate with his subjects, and to partake of their happiness under so gentle an administration. Already those fields that had been so long covered with briars and thorns, promise plentiful crops and fruits, till then unknown. The earth opens her bosom to the plough-share, and teems with riches to reward the husbandman: and hope revives on all hands. In the vallies, and on the hills are seen flocks of sheep, frisking about upon the grass, and herds of oxen and heifers, that make the lofty hills rebound with their lowings, and contribute to fertilize the fields. It was Mentor who found means to procure these flocks and herds; he it was who advised Idomeneus to make an exchange with the Peucetes, a neighbouring people, of all the superfluities which he had determined no longer to suffer in Salentum, for these flocks and herds, which the Salentines wanted. At the same time the city, and the villages around it, were full of beautiful young people, who had languished long in misery, and durst not think of marrying, for fear of increasing their distress. But when they saw Idomeneus embrace maxims of humanity, and resolve to be their father, they were no longer afraid of famine, and the other scourges with which heaven afflicts mankind. Nothing now was heard but shouts of joy, and songs of shepherds and peasants celebrating their weddings. One would have thought that he saw the god Pan with a crowd of satyrs and fauns mingled with nymphs, dancing to the sound of the flute, under the shade of woods and groves: all was tranquility and joy,

but the joy was moderate, and the amusements were intended only as relaxations from labour, which served to render them more pure and delightful.

The old men, amazed to see what they had not dared to hope for during a long course of life, wept from an excess of joy, mixed with love and gratitude. Lifting up their trembling hands to heaven: "Bless," said they, "O great Jupiter, the king who resembles you, and who is the best gift you ever bestowed upon us. He is born for the good of mankind: may he receive from you a recompence for all the happiness we derive from him. Our remote descendants, the offspring of those marriages, that have been contracted by his encouragement, will owe every thing to him, even their very birth, and he will indeed be the father of his people." The young married men and women expressed the joy and gratitude they felt by singing the praises of him, to whom they were indebted for these agreeable sensations.¹ His name was much in their mouths, but still more in their hearts. They rejoiced to see him, and trembled at the thoughts of losing him: the loss of him would have been deeply felt, and deplored by every family. Idomeneus then acknowledged to Mentor, that he had never known joy equal to that of being loved, and making such multitudes happy. "I never could have formed any notion of it," said he: "I thought the greatness of princes consisted entirely in making themselves dreaded; and that the rest of mankind were made for them. All that I had heard said of kings who had been the darlings of their people, appeared to me mere fable: I am now convinced of the truth of it. But I must inform you how my heart had been poisoned from my earliest infancy in regard to the authority of kings. This hath been the occasion of all the misfortunes of my life." Then Idomeneus began the following narrative.

"Protesilaus, who is a little older than myself, was, of all the young men, he whom I loved most; his temper, naturally bold and lively, recommended him to me; he served me in my pleasures; he flattered my passions; and he made me conceive a jealousy of another young man whom I had loved likewise, whose name was Philocles. This last feared the gods, and had a greatness of mind with moderation, placing grandeur not in exalting, but in overcoming one's self, and doing nothing that was base and mean. He spoke to me freely of my faults; and even when he would not venture to speak, his silence and his melancholy air made me easily guess at what disgusted him in my conduct.

"His sincerity at first pleased me, and I often protested to him that I would listen to him, and confide in him all my life, that I might not be misled by flatterers. He instructed me in every particular I was to observe, in order to tread in the steps of Minos, and to render my subjects happy. He was not, indeed, endowed with a wisdom so profound as yours, O Mentor; but his maxims were

just and good, as I now am fully sensible. But by degrees Protesilaus, who was jealous of him, and extremely ambitious, by his artful management infused into me a dislike to his rival.² The undesigning Philocles suffered the other to prevail, and contented himself with telling me the truth, when I was disposed to hear it. It was not his own fortune, but my advantage, which he had in view. Protesilaus insensibly persuaded me that he was a man of a proud, morose temper, who censured all my actions, and asked nothing of me, because he was so haughty, that he would not be beholden to me for any thing, and would fain pass for a man who despised all honours: he added, that he spoke no less freely of my faults and failings to others, than he did to myself; that he shewed plainly enough he had but little esteem for me; and that thus depreciating my character, his design was, by the splendour of austere virtue, to pave his way to the crown.

“At first I could not be persuaded that Philocles had any design upon my throne. In real virtue there is a candor and ingenuousness that cannot be counterfeited, and in which one cannot be mistaken, provided it is duly attended to. But the unshaken fortitude of Philocles, in never stooping to flatter my weaknesses, began to tire my patience. At the same time, the attention of Protesilaus to please me, and his indefatigable industry in contriving new amusements for my entertainment, rendered the austerity of the other still more offensive.³ Protesilaus, however, mortified to find that I did not believe all that he said to me against his enemy, took a resolution to speak no more of him to me, and to gain his point by a more effectual method. The way he took to deceive me, and in which he succeeded, was this. He advised me to give the command of the fleet that was to go against the Carpathians to Philocles; and to obtain my consent, he spoke to me thus: ‘You know that I cannot be suspected of flattery in the praise I give him: I own, that he has courage, and a genius for war; he is more capable to serve you in that way than any other person I know, and I gladly sacrifice to your interest all the gratification of my own resentment.’

“I was charmed to find such candour and integrity in the heart of Protesilaus, to whom I had committed the supreme direction of my affairs. I embraced him in a transport of joy, and thought myself extremely happy in having bestowed my confidence upon a man, who now seemed to me incapable of being influenced either by passion or interest. But, alas! how much are princes to be pitied! this man knew me much better than I knew myself: he knew that kings are generally distrustful and indolent; distrustful from the constant experience they have of the artifice and dissimulation of the corrupt men about them; indolent, from the love of pleasure, and their being accustomed to have ministers employed, think for them, and spare them the trouble

of reflection. He was convinced, therefore, that it would be no difficult matter to make me conceive a jealousy and distrust of a man, who would not fail to perform great actions, especially, as in his absence, he could lay snares for him with the greater ease and efficacy.

"Philocles, at his departure, foreseeing what might happen: 'Remember,' said he to me, 'that, in my absence, I shall not have an opportunity of defending myself; that you will hear only the accusations of my enemy; and that for serving you at the risk of my life, I am in danger of having no other recompence than your hatred and displeasure.' 'You are mistaken,' said I, 'Protesilaus does not speak of you as you express yourself with respect to him: he praises, he esteems you, and thinks you worthy of the highest employments; should he presume to speak against you, he would certainly lose my confidence: be under no apprehensions therefore, but go and serve me to the best of your ability.' Accordingly he set out immediately, and left me in a very odd situation.

"I must own, Mentor, that I was well aware how necessary it was for me to have several different persons to consult; and that nothing was more prejudicial either to my reputation or the success of my affairs, than to confine myself to one. I knew that the wise counsels of Philocles had prevented my taking several dangerous steps, to which I was impelled by the pride and haughtiness of Protesilaus. I was sensible that there was a fund of probity and integrity in Philocles, not to be found, at least in the same degree, in Protesilaus: but I had suffered Protesilaus to assume such an overbearing decisive tone, as I was scarce any longer able to resist. I was weary of finding myself always between two men who could never agree; and in this disagreeable restraint I weakly chose to sacrifice the interest of the public in some measure to my own private ease and satisfaction. I durst not own, even to myself, that my conduct was influenced by such a shameful motive: but this shameful motive, though I durst not unfold it, did not fail to operate in secret within my breast; and was, indeed, the true source of all my actions. Philocles surprised the enemy, gained a complete victory, and intended to return directly, in order to prevent the effect of the ill offices which he had reason to apprehend: but Protesilaus, who had not as yet been able to make me entirely his dupe,⁴ wrote to him, that I desired he should make a descent upon the island of Carpathium, in order to make the most of his victory. In fact, he had persuaded me that I might easily reduce that island: but he had taken care that Philocles should be unprovided of many things necessary to make the enterprize successful, and had subjected him to certain restrictions that occasioned many difficulties in the execution. In the mean time, he made use of a very worthless fellow of a domestic that I had about my person, to observe me narrowly, and to give him an account of every

thing he saw, although they seemed to have little or no correspondence, and never to be of the same mind. This domestic, whose name was Timocrates, came one day and told me, as a great secret, that he had discovered a very dangerous affair. 'Philocles,' said he, 'intends to employ your fleet to make himself king of the island of Carpathium. The principal officers are all attached to him, and the soldiers have been all gained by him, partly by largesses, but more by the dangerous licentiousness in which he indulges them. He is quite intoxicated by his victory. Here is a letter he wrote to one of his friends, on the scheme he has formed to raise himself to the rank of a sovereign. After so full a proof, no doubt can be entertained of his design.' I read the letter, which appeared to me to be of Philocles's writing. His hand had been very exactly imitated, and that by Protesilaus, assisted by Timocrates. This letter surprised me greatly: I read it over and over, but could not be persuaded that it was written by Philocles, when I recollected, in the anguish of my mind, the many endearing proofs he had given me of his integrity and disinterestedness. But what could I do? How could I resist the evidence of a letter that appeared to me the undoubted hand-writing of Philocles.

"When Timocrates found that his stratagem had succeeded so far, he pushed it still further.⁵ 'May I presume,' said he with a faltering accent, 'to desire you to take notice of one word in the letter? Philocles tells his friend, that he may safely venture to speak to Protesilaus concerning something that he expresses only by a cypher:⁶ without doubt, Protesilaus hath embarked in his design, and they have made up their differences, in order to carry on their schemes against you. You know it was Protesilaus who importuned you to send Philocles against the Carpathians. For some time he hath desisted from saying any thing against him, as he often used to do before: on the contrary, he excuses and praises him on all occasions, and they have treated one another of late, when they happen to meet, politely enough. Undoubtedly they have concerted measures together to share betwixt them the island of Carpathium, when it shall be conquered. You know too that he caused this enterprize to be undertaken against all the rules of prudence and forecast,⁷ and that he hazards the ruin of your fleet to gratify his ambition. Do you imagine that he would thus contribute also to gratify that of Philocles if they were still at variance? No, no, it cannot any longer be doubted, that these two men act in concert to raise themselves to great power and authority, and, perhaps, to over-turn your throne. By speaking to you in this manner, I know that I expose myself to their resentment, if, notwithstanding this my faithful advice, you suffer them still to retain their authority. But what does it signify, while I do my duty, and say nothing but the truth.'

"These last words of Timocrates made a deep impression upon me: I no longer doubted the treachery of Philocles, and I was jealous of Protesilaus, as his friend and accomplice. In the mean time, Timocrates was incessantly saying to me: 'If you wait till Philocles has made an entire conquest of the isle of Carpathium, it will be too late to put a stop to his designs; secure him therefore without delay while you have it in your power.' I was now extremely shocked at the deep dissimulation of mankind, and did not know whom to trust. After the discovery I had made of Philocles's treachery, I did not think there was any man upon earth in whose virtue I could confide. That perfidious subject I was determined to put to death forthwith; but I was afraid of Protesilaus, and did not know how to act in regard to him. I was afraid of finding him guilty, and I was afraid to trust him until I had cleared up my doubts.

"At last, however, in my perplexity I could not help telling him that I began to be suspicious of Philocles. At this hint he seemed surprised; urged his moderation and upright conduct; exaggerated his services; in short, he did his utmost to make me believe that they understood one another too well. On the other hand, Timocrates endeavoured from thence to persuade me that they acted in concert, and to engage me to take off Philocles while it was yet in my power. You see, my dear Mentor, how unhappy kings are, and how much they are in danger of being made the sport of other men; of those very men who seem to tremble at their foot-stool. I thought it a stroke of profound policy to disconcert Protesilaus, by sending Timocrates secretly to the fleet to make away with Philocles. As for Protesilaus, he carried his dissimulation to the utmost height, and imposed upon me with the more success, the more naturally he acted the part of a man who was himself deceived. Timocrates then setting out for the fleet, found Philocles much embarrassed in making the descent, as he was in want of all sorts of necessaries; for Protesilaus not certainly knowing if the forged letter would prove the occasion of his death, was resolved to bring it about another way if that failed; namely, by the miscarriage of an enterprize, from which he had made me expect so much; a miscarriage which would not fail to incense me against the general. Yet did he surmount the difficulties of this expedition by his courage, his genius, and the affection of the troops which he had acquired. Though the whole army saw how rash the attempt was, and how fatal it would probably be, yet every one exerted himself to the utmost to make it successful, as if his life and happiness depended upon the event. Every one was willing to hazard his life at all times under a commander so wise, and so attentive to conciliate their attachment.⁸

"Timocrates exposed himself to the most imminent danger in attempting the life of a commander in the midst of an army by whom he was so much

loved. But wild immoderate ambition is blind. Timocrates thought nothing too dangerous or difficult to gratify Protesilaus, in conjunction with whom he fancied he should govern in an absolute manner after the death of Philocles; and Protesilaus, on his part, could not bear a man of virtue whose very appearance secretly reproached him with his crimes; and whose integrity might ruin his projects, by opening my eyes to his real character. Timocrates first gained over two officers, who were constantly with Philocles, by promising them great rewards in my name; he then told him that he was come by my order to communicate certain secrets which he could not impart but in the presence of these two officers. Philocles accordingly retired to a private apartment⁹ with them and Timocrates: then Timocrates immediately drew a poignard¹⁰ and stabbed Philocles, but the wound was not deep, the weapon passing obliquely through his side. Philocles, not at all disconcerted or dismayed, wrested the poignard from him, and defended himself with it against the assassin and his two accomplices. At the same time calling out for help, some persons came running to the door, burst it open, and rescued him from the three assailants, who, being disordered with fear, had attacked him but feebly. They were all three seized, and would have been immediately torn to pieces, so much was the army enraged against them, had not Philocles interposed, who taking Timocrates aside, calmly asked him, who had instigated him to attempt so black a deed. He, in the apprehension of being put to death, immediately produced the order that I had given him in writing to make away with Philocles; and as traitors are always base and cowardly, he endeavoured to save his own life by making a full discovery of his colleague's treachery.

"Philocles, shocked to find so much villainy in mankind, took a resolution that was full of moderation: he declared to the whole army that Timocrates was innocent, secured him against all danger, and sent him back to Crete; he then resigned the command of the army to Polimenes, whom I had nominated to it in my written order, after Philocles should be killed. Lastly, having exhorted the troops to behave with due loyalty and fidelity to me, he went in the night on board a small bark, which carried him to the isle of Samos, where he lives quietly in poverty and solitude, gaining his livelihood by making statues, and never desiring to hear any more of wicked deceitful men, but especially of kings, whom he looks upon as the most unhappy, and most blind of all men." Here Mentor interrupted Idomeneus, and said: "Well, was it long before you discovered the truth?" "No," replied Idomeneus, "I found out by degrees the artifices of Protesilaus and Timocrates, and the sooner by their falling out; for it is difficult for bad men to continue long united. This quarrel gave me an opportunity of discovering the depth of the abyss into which they had plunged

me." "Well," said Mentor, "did not you take a resolution to rid yourself of both of them?" "Alas!" replied Idomeneus, "can you be ignorant of the weakness and perplexity of princes? When they have once attached themselves to men who have the art of rendering themselves necessary, they have no longer any liberty to hope for. Those they despise most, they treat best, and even overwhelm with favours: although I greatly dreaded Protesilaus, yet I still left him the entire management of my affairs. Strange infatuation! I was extremely glad that I knew him, and yet I had not the resolution to resume the authority I had conferred¹¹ upon him. It is true, I found him easy, obliging, attentive to gratify my passions, and zealous for my interest. In fine, I made shift¹² to excuse my weakness to myself, by reason I had never known what true reason was, for want of judgment to distinguish and chuse men of worth to conduct my affairs. I even thought there were none such upon the earth, and that probity was no more than a beautiful phantom. To what purpose, said I, make a noise by disgracing one corrupt minister, only to fall into the hands of another, neither more disinterested, nor more honest than he. In the mean time the fleet returned under the command of Polimenes, and I dropped all thoughts of making a conquest of the island of Carpathium. Protesilaus, notwithstanding his profound dissimulation, could not prevent my perceiving he was extremely chagrined that Philocles had got safe to the isle of Samos."

Here Mentor again interrupted Idomeneus to ask him, whether, after the discovery of such black treachery, he continued still to trust Protesilaus with the management of his affairs. "I was," replied Idomeneus, "too averse to business, and too indolent to be able to extricate myself out of his hands. To effect this deliverance,¹³ I must have been obliged to alter the plan I had established for my ease and convenience, and to instruct another minister, a task which I never had resolution to undertake. I chose rather to shut my eyes, that I might not see the artifices of Protesilaus; and comforted myself only by letting some persons, in whom I confided, know that I was not ignorant of his perfidy. Thus I imagined I was but in part deceived, since I knew that I was deceived. I even now and then gave Protesilaus to understand that I bore his yoke with impatience; taking a pleasure often in contradicting him, in publicly condemning some things that he had done, and determining contrary to his opinion; but as he knew my laziness, and want of resolution, he was not much troubled at my uneasiness. He was never daunted or discouraged, but always returned to the charge; sometimes insolent and assuming; at others, humble and complying;¹⁴ especially when he perceived that I was out of humour with him, he redoubled his efforts to pacify me, either by procuring me new pleasures and amusements, or by engaging me in some design in which his assistance might

be necessary, or which might give him an opportunity of displaying his zeal for my honour.

“Although I was upon my guard against him, yet he still maintained his ascendant over me by thus flattering my passions; by knowing my secrets; by extricating me out of my difficulties; and by making all my subjects and neighbours stand in awe of my authority. I could not therefore resolve to discard him: but by thus continuing him in his place, I made it unsafe for any good man to venture to represent to me my true interests. From that time there was an end of all freedom of speech in my council. Truth forsook me; and error, the fore-runner of the fall of kings, punished me for having sacrificed Philocles to the cruel ambition of Protesilaus. Even those who were most zealous for the public good, and most attached to my person, thought themselves now no longer obliged to attempt to undeceive me. After having suffered myself to be so shamefully misled and abused, I was myself afraid lest truth should penetrate the thick cloud, and reach me in spite of adulation; for, as I had not resolution to embrace and follow it, the light of it was become uneasy to me. I found, that notwithstanding the cruel remorse it had occasioned me, it had not been able to deliver me from my thralldom. From my own indolence, and the ascendant which Protesilaus had insensibly gained over me, I began to despair of ever being able to recover my liberty. A situation so shameful I would fain have concealed both from myself and others. You know, my dear Mentor, the false ridiculous notions of glory and grandeur in which kings are brought up: they will never, therefore, allow themselves to be in the wrong; and, to cover one blunder, commit a hundred. Rather than own that they have been deceived, and take the pains to correct their errors, they will suffer themselves to be imposed upon all their lives. Such is the condition of weak and indolent princes, and such exactly was mine, when I was obliged to embark for the siege of Troy.

“At my departure, I left the administration of the government in the hands of Protesilaus,¹⁵ who acted in a cruel imperious manner during my absence. The whole kingdom of Crete groaned under his tyranny, yet nobody had courage to inform me of my people’s oppression. They knew I was afraid of discovering the truth, and that I abandoned to the cruelty of Protesilaus all those who ventured to speak against him; but the less courage they had to remonstrate against him, the more violent he became. At last he compelled me to disgrace the brave Merion, who had attended me with so much glory to the siege of Troy. He grew jealous of him, as he did of all those for whom I discovered any regard, or who had any virtue left. You cannot be ignorant, my dear Mentor, that all my misfortunes have arisen from such a conduct. The revolt of

the Cretans was not occasioned so much by the death of my son, as the wrath of the gods, who were offended at my weak conduct, and the hatred of the people, which Protesilaus had drawn upon me. When I embrued my hands in the blood of my son, the Cretans, already exasperated by the severity of my government, lost all patience; and the abhorrence of me and my government that had long been rankling at their hearts, now broke forth, and displayed itself openly.

"Timocrates accompanied me¹⁶ to the siege of Troy, and gave Protesilaus secretly an account by letters of all that he observed or could discover. I was very sensible that I was no better than a prisoner; but as I despaired of being able to deliver myself from captivity, I did not suffer my thoughts to dwell upon it. When the Cretans, after my arrival, revolted, Protesilaus and Timocrates were the first that endeavoured to make their escape; and they would have undoubtedly forsaken me, if I had not been obliged to fly almost as soon as they. Assure yourself, my dear Mentor, that those who are insolent in prosperity, are always mean and pusillanimous in a reverse of fortune. No sooner are they deprived of their absolute power, than they lose their reason and resolution. They are then as abject and cringing, as they were before haughty and imperious; passing in a moment from one extreme to another."¹⁷

Here Mentor said to Idomeneus: "But how comes it to pass, that knowing so well these two wicked men, you still keep them about you, as I find you do? That they should have followed you, I am not at all surprised, as they had no other course to take more for their advantage. I even will allow that you acted generously, in permitting them to take refuge in your new settlement: but why should you give yourself up entirely to their guidance, after such a long course of fatal experience?"

"You are not aware," replied Idomeneus, "how little indolent, effeminate, unthinking princes are the better for all their experience. Although they are dissatisfied with the whole of the administration, yet they have not courage to redress any one abuse. The being used, for so many years, to be guided by these two men, was like a chain of iron that fastened me to them; besides, I was watched and beset by them continually. Since I have been here, they have engaged me in all those expensive projects that you know of; and have quite drained this infant settlement. They too were the occasion of the war, which, but for you, would have been fatal to me. I should soon have undergone the same calamities at Salentum as in Crete: but you have opened my eyes, and have inspired me with the courage I wanted, to assert my liberty."¹⁸ How it happens I cannot tell; but since you came hither I find myself quite another man."

Mentor then asked Idomeneus how Protesilaus had behaved since that change took place. "Nothing," replied Idomeneus, "could be more artful than his behaviour since your arrival. At first he took a great deal of pains indirectly to raise in my mind a jealousy of you. He said nothing himself to your disadvantage; but there were several persons that warned me to be upon my guard against you, as strangers that had no good designs. 'One of them,' said they, 'is the son of the deceitful Ulysses; the other is a man of great depth and dissimulation: they are continually wandering from one country to another: who knows whether they may not have formed some design upon this? It appears from their own accounts, that they have been the cause of great disturbances in every place where they have been. This settlement is but yet in its infancy, and may be easily overturned.'

"Protesilaus said nothing directly against you, but he strove to persuade me of the danger and absurdity of the several reformatations you proposed.¹⁹ He endeavoured to deter me from them, by representing them as contrary to my interest.²⁰ 'If,' said he, 'you introduce riches among your people, they will labour no more; they will become haughty, intractable, and be ever ready to revolt: the only way to make them humble and submissive, and to prevent resistance and rebellion, is to keep them poor and indigent.' He often attempted to resume his former power, in order to lord it over me, though he covered his design under an appearance of zeal for my service. 'By studying,' said he, 'to ease the people, you intrench upon²¹ the royal authority, and thereby do them an irreparable injury; for there is a necessity for their being kept under for their own good and quiet.'

"To all this I replied: That I knew well how to keep them in their duty and allegiance by conciliating their affections, by maintaining my authority, notwithstanding my inclination to ease them: by punishing the guilty with firmness and resolution; and lastly, by giving the youth a proper education, and supporting, by a strict discipline, a simplicity of manners, sobriety, and industry among the whole body of the people. What, said I, cannot a people be kept under without starving them? What inhumanity! what barbarous policy! how many nations do we see treated with gentleness by their princes, and yet very dutiful and loyal! Rebellions are occasioned by the intrigues and ambition of the grandees, when their passions and licentiousness are not duly restrained; by the great numbers, both high and low, who live in sloth, luxury, and idleness; by too great a proportion of military men, who, in time of peace, apply themselves to no kind of useful employment; lastly, by the despair of an oppressed people, the pride and insensibility of kings, together with their indolence, which makes them incapable of that vigilance that is necessary to

prevent commotions in a state. These are the true causes of revolts, and not the allowing the peasant to eat in peace the bread that he hath earned with the sweat of his brow.

“When Protesilaus found that I was unalterably fixed in these maxims, his conduct was quite altered from what it was before; he began to adopt the maxims which he could not prevail upon me to relinquish; he pretended to relish them, to be convinced of their justness, and to be obliged to me for having set him right in that respect. He is before-hand with me in every thing I could wish for the ease of my people; he is the first to urge their wants, and to exclaim against exorbitant expence. You know how he extols you, how he seems to confide in you, and that he is very assiduous to please you. As for Timocrates, he begins to be upon ill terms with Protesilaus, having shewn an inclination to shake off his yoke. Of consequence, Protesilaus is become jealous of him; and to this their misunderstanding I am partly indebted for the discovery of their perfidy.”

Mentor smilingly replied: “Is it possible you should have been so weak as to suffer yourself to be enslaved so many years by two traitors, whose treachery you knew!” “Ah,” replied Idomeneus, “you are not aware what an ascendant artful men gain over a weak and indolent prince, who entirely gives up to them the reins of government. But Protesilaus, as I told you, hath now entered into all your views for the public good.” Mentor thus replied with an air of gravity: “I see too plain, in what manner wicked men prevail over the virtuous in the courts of kings: you yourself furnish a terrible example. But you tell me, that I have opened your eyes in regard to Protesilaus, and yet they are still so far shut, that you leave the management of your affairs in his hands, though he does not deserve to live. Do not imagine that the bad are incapable of doing any good: for they can do good or ill indifferently, as it answers their ambitious views. To do ill, gives them no sort of uneasiness,²² being without any virtuous principle, or benevolent sensation to restrain them; nor are they more backward to do good, though from a vicious motive, that by appearing virtuous, they may more certainly deceive the rest of mankind. Properly speaking, indeed, they are not capable of virtue, though they seem to practise it, but are capable of adding to their other vices that which is the basest of all, namely, hypocrisy. While you are fully bent upon doing good, Protesilaus will fall in with your inclinations, in order to preserve his influence and authority. But if he should observe you to remit ever so little of your ardor in regard to that, he will leave no stone unturned to draw you into your former errors, that he may be at liberty to indulge his natural ferocity and deceit. Can you enjoy either honour or repose, while you have such a man still about you, and while you

know that the sage and faithful Philocles lives in poverty and disgrace in the isle of Samos? You are now very sensible, O Idomeneus, that bold perfidious men, if suffered to be about weak, indolent princes, will gain an ascendant over them, and mislead them. But there is another misfortune to which those princes are subject, not less than the other, which you ought also to be sensible of, and that is, of easily forgetting the virtue and services of one that has been obliged to be absent any time. The multitudes with which princes are continually surrounded, are the cause that none of them singly make any deep impression upon them: they are affected only by what is present and agreeable; every thing else is soon forgotten. The virtuous in particular are but little regarded by them, because instead of flattering them, they venture even to contradict them, and to condemn their weak conduct. Is it then to be wondered at, that they are not loved, when they themselves love nothing but idle pomp and pleasure?"

THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mentor prevails upon Idomeneus to send Protesilaus and Timocrates to the isle of Samos, and to recall Philocles, and advance him again to favour and honour. Hege-sippus, who is charged with the commission, executes it with joy. He arrives with these two men at the isle of Samos, where he finds his friend, leading in contentment a life of poverty and solitude. He could hardly be prevailed upon to consent to return to his countrymen: however, when he found that it was the will of the gods that he should, he embarks with Hege-sippus, and arrives at Salentum, where Idomeneus, who was quite changed from what he had been before, receives him kindly.

AFTER having spoke to this effect, Mentor made Idomeneus sensible that he ought immediately to dismiss Protesilaus and Timocrates, and recall Philocles. The only difficulty that remained, was the king's apprehension with respect to the severity of Philocles. "I own," said he, "I cannot help dreading a little his return, though I love and esteem his virtue. From my earliest infancy I have been accustomed to such adulation, officious zeal and compliances, as I cannot expect from that man. As often as I took any step which he did not approve, I discovered it immediately by his melancholy air; and when he was alone with me, his deportment was modest and respectful, but ever dry and reserved." "Do not you know," replied Mentor, "that princes spoiled by flattery are apt to call an ingenuous freedom austerity and churlishness? Nay, they are even apt to imagine, that men have no zeal for their service, or that they are disaffected, unless they are servile, and ready to flatter them in the most unjust exercise of their power. Every free, ingenuous expression, appears to them insolent, captious, and seditious; and so delicate do they grow, that every thing but flattery disgusts and offends them. But let us suppose that Philocles is, in fact, stiff and austere, is not that austerity to be preferred to the pernicious flattery of your present counsellors? Where can you find a man without foibles and defects? And is not that of telling you the truth, perhaps, a little too boldly, the least to be dreaded of any? But what do I say? Is it not a defect necessary to correct yours, and to cure you of that dislike of truth, which flattery hath engendered? You stand in need of one who hates all falsehood and disguise, and who may love you better than you yet know to love yourself; who may tell you the truth, how disagreeable soever it may be to you, and convey it

to your ear at all hazards; and such a one is Philocles. Remember, that a prince ought to think himself extremely happy, if, in his reign, there is born but one man of so much worth, such being the greatest treasure of a state; and that the greatest calamity he has to apprehend from the gods, is to lose such a man, should he render himself unworthy of him by not consulting him, and following his advice. As for the foibles and defects of good men, a prince ought to know them, but not for that neglect to employ them, or advise with them.¹ If they have any faults, endeavour to correct them, and never blindly trust to their indiscreet zeal; but give them a fair hearing, honour their virtue, let the public see that you know how to distinguish them; and above all things beware of acting any longer the part you have hitherto performed. Princes, abused as you were, satisfied with despising corrupt men, continue still to employ them, to trust them, and to heap favours upon them. On the other hand, they pique themselves upon knowing also the virtuous, but go no farther than to praise them, never advancing them to employments, nor admitting them into their familiarity, nor bestowing any mark of their favour upon them.”

Idomeneus then acknowledged he had too long delayed to appear in behalf of oppressed innocence,² and to punish those who had imposed upon him. Mentor found no great difficulty in persuading him to disgrace his favourite; for when favourites come once to be suspected by, and obnoxious to, their masters, they are uneasy and impatient till they get rid of them; their partiality to them vanishes; their services are forgot; and their fall does not in the least affect them, provided they are no more seen by them.

Accordingly the king gave secret orders to Hegesippus, who was one of the chief officers of his household, to seize Protesilaus and Timocrates, to convey them safely to the isle of Samos, and there to leave them; and to bring from thence the exile Philocles. Hegesippus, greatly surprised at this order, could not forbear shedding tears. “Now,” said he, “will you give great joy to your subjects: these two men have been the occasion of all the misfortunes that have befallen you or your people. These twenty years have they made all good men groan, and hardly durst they even do that, so great was their tyranny. All that ventured to make any application to you through any other channel than theirs, were sure to be crushed by them.” Then did Hegesippus make a discovery to the king of a great many perfidious and cruel deeds perpetrated by these two men, of which he had never heard a tittle,³ because no body would venture to accuse them; he also told him what he had heard of a secret conspiracy to destroy Mentor: at all which the king was greatly shocked. Hegesippus then went to seize Protesilaus at his house, which was not so large, but more commodious and gay than the king’s palace; and built in a better taste of architec-

ture. A great deal of money, raised by oppression and extortion, had been laid out in adorning it.⁴ He was then in a saloon of marble near his baths, lolling carelessly upon a bed of purple embroidered with gold: he seemed quite exhausted with intense thought and application; and there appeared a certain fierceness, gloominess, and agitation in his eyes and looks. The chief of the grandees of the state were placed on carpets all around him, watching every motion of his eye, and adapting their looks to his. At every word he spoke, they were in raptures of admiration. One of the most considerable, recounted with the most ridiculous exaggerations, all that he had done for the king. Another affirmed, that Jupiter having beguiled his mother, had begot him, and that he was the son of the father of the gods. Then came a poet, and recited some verses, importing, that Protesilaus having been instructed by the Muses, had equalled Apollo in every species of wit and ingenuity. Another poet, still more abject and impudent, styled him in his verses the inventor of the fine arts, and the father of the people, who were happy under his administration;⁵ describing him as holding in his hand a cornucopia.

Protesilaus heard all these praises with a cold, absent, or contemptuous air, like a man who thinks he deserves far greater, and is wonderfully condescending in vouchsafing to hear himself praised.⁶ There was a sycophant who ventured to whisper in his ear some jest upon the regulations that Mentor had introduced. Protesilaus smiling at it, the whole company burst into a laugh, although most of them could not yet know what it was that had given occasion to it; but Protesilaus, immediately resuming his stern and haughty air, they all relapsed into fear and silence. Several noblemen seemed extremely eager and impatient for the moment when Protesilaus should turn towards them, and give them the hearing. They appeared to be in great emotion and perplexity: this arose from the favours they were going to ask: one might have guessed at their intention by their suppliant postures, which were like that of a mother at the foot of the altar, when she earnestly begs of the gods to restore her only son to health. They all seemed to entertain a high esteem and veneration for Protesilaus, though they bore an implacable hatred to him in their hearts. At that instant, Hegesippus enters the saloon, seizes the sword of Protesilaus, and informs him that he had an order from the king to carry him to the isle of Samos. At these words, all the pride and arrogance of the favourite fell in a moment, as a rock that tumbles from the top of a high, craggy mountain. He throws himself at the feet of Hegesippus, trembling, faltering, weeping, and embraces his knees, though a little before he would hardly have deigned to take the least notice of him. Now all those who but lately offered him the incense of fulsome flattery,⁷ seeing him irrecoverably undone, insulted

him without pity. Hegesippus would neither give him time to go and bid adieu to his family, nor to fetch some secret papers, but had them all seized and carried to the king. Timocrates was arrested at the same time, at which he was greatly surprised; for he fondly imagined, that as he had quarrelled with Protesilaus, he should not be involved in his ruin. They were both put on board a ship that had been provided for that purpose, which soon carried them to Samos. There Hegesippus left them; miserable objects now, and what rendered them completely so, he left them together, reproaching one another, in an outrageous manner, with the crimes they had committed, and which had occasioned their fall, without any hopes of ever seeing Salentum again, condemned to live far from their wives and children; I do not say from their friends, for they had none. They were carried to an unknown country, where they had no other way to maintain themselves but by labour; they who had passed so many years in pomp and luxury; so that, like two wild beasts, they were continually ready to tear one another to pieces.

In the mean time, Hegesippus having enquired in what part of the island Philocles lived, was informed, that he had taken up his abode upon a mountain, far from the city, where a cave served him for a house. Every body spoke of him with admiration, "He hath never," said they, "injured any one since he hath been in the island. Every body is charmed with his patience, his industry, and contentment; though he has nothing, he appears always easy and satisfied; and though he has no share in the administration, and has neither estate nor authority, yet he makes shift to oblige those who deserve it, and to do a thousand good offices to all his neighbours." Hegesippus sets out for the grotto, which he finds open and unfurnished; for such was the poverty of Philocles, and his simplicity of manners, that he had no occasion, when he went abroad, to make fast his door.⁸ His bed was nothing more than a coarse mat of rushes, and he seldom lighted a fire, because he never eat any dressed meat. In summer he lived on fruits fresh gathered from the trees, and in winter on dried figs and dates. His drink was of the water of a clear fountain, which, in falling from a rock, formed a little cascade. There was nothing in his grotto but the tools used in sculpture, and a few books, which he read at certain hours, not to gratify his curiosity, or polish his wit, but to inform his understanding, and learn how to be good, while he indulged a little relaxation from labour. As for sculpture, he applied himself to it, not only to prevent his being idle, and to exercise his body, but to gain a livelihood, and keep himself above want. When Hegesippus entered the grotto, he could not help admiring the works which he had begun. He took notice in particular of a Jupiter, whose serene countenance was so full of majesty, that it was easy to know him to be the father of the gods

and men. In another corner appeared Mars, with a fierce menacing haughtiness in his air; but the figure that touched him most, was a Minerva animating the arts. There was something very sweet and noble in her countenance;⁹ she was tall, graceful, and finely shaped, and her attitude so lively and natural, that one would have thought she was going to move. After Hegesippus had amused himself awhile in viewing the statues, he quitted the grotto, and observed Philocles a good way off, laid upon the grass under a huge tree, and reading.¹⁰ He advances towards him; and Philocles, who perceiving him, knows not what to think. "Is not that," said he to himself, "Hegesippus, with whom I was very intimate in Crete? But how unlikely is it that he should be so far from home! may not it rather be his shade, that after his death is come hither from the banks of Styx?" While he thus remained in suspence, Hegesippus approached so near, that he could not help recognizing and embracing him. "Is it then you, indeed, my dear and ancient friend? What accident, what storm hath cast you upon this coast? What made you leave the isle of Crete? Have you been disgraced as I was, and obliged to fly your native land?" Hegesippus made answer: "I have not been disgraced; on the contrary, it is the favour of the gods that hath brought me hither." He then gave him an account of the long tyrannical administration¹¹ of Protesilaus, the intrigues carried on by him and Timocrates, the misfortunes they had brought upon Idomeneus, and how he had been obliged to quit his kingdom, and fly to the coast of Hesperia; of his founding Salentum; of the arrival of Mentor and Telemachus; of the wise maxims which Mentor had instilled into the king, and the disgrace of the two traitors in consequence thereof:¹² he added, that he had brought them to Samos to suffer banishment there, as they had made him suffer; and lastly, that he had orders to conduct him to Salentum, where the king, who was now apprized of his innocence, intended to commit to him the administration of affairs, and to distinguish him by his favour.

"Do you see," said Philocles, "that grotto, fitter to be the habitation of wild beasts than of men? There have I enjoyed more peace and happiness during so many years, than I did in the gilded palaces of the isle of Crete. Here men do not deceive me; for I seldom see them, or hear their flattering, deluding speeches. Nor do I now stand in need of them; my hands, inured to labour, supply me with ease with the simple nourishment that nature requires. You see, I here enjoy a profound tranquility and delightful liberty, of which my well chosen¹³ books teach me to make a good use; so that I want nothing of other men but a slight garment to cover my nakedness. For what then should I again mingle with jealous, fickle, and deceitful men? No, no; envy me not, my dear Hegesippus, the happiness I now enjoy. Protesilaus, by betraying the king,

and endeavouring to ruin me, hath ruined himself; but he did not hurt me in the least. On the contrary, he did me the greatest kindness; he delivered me from the slavery and drudgery of business; and to him I am indebted for my dear solitude, and all the innocent pleasures I enjoy in it. Go, Hegesippus, return to the king; assist him in supporting the load of grandeur, and act yourself the part that you would have me act. Since his eyes, that were so long shut to the truth, have at last been opened by that wise man whom you call Mentor, let him not part with him. As for me, I might be justly charged with imprudence, should I, after being shipwrecked, quit the port, whither the tempest luckily drove me, and expose myself again to the winds and waves. O how much are kings to be pitied! how worthy of compassion are those that serve them! if they are bad men, what calamities do they not occasion, and what torments await them in gloomy Tartarus! on the other hand, if they are good, what difficulties have they to surmount! what snares to guard against! what trouble to undergo! Once more, Hegesippus, let me beg you to permit me to enjoy my happy poverty.”

While Philocles spoke thus with a good deal of earnestness, Hegesippus beheld him with astonishment: when he knew him formerly in Crete, where he had the direction of the most important affairs, he was meagre, sickly, and infirm. The natural heat and severity of his temper, engaged him in toils that exhausted his vigour: he could not bear to see vice go unpunished; and insisted upon transacting business with a certain precision which is never fully established. Thus was his health, naturally delicate, much impaired by business. But at Samos, Hegesippus found him jolly¹⁴ and vigorous; and, notwithstanding his advanced age, the florid complexion of youth appeared upon his countenance. His quiet, active, sober life had, in a manner, renewed his constitution. “You are surprised,” said Philocles smiling, “to see me so much changed for the better in my appearance. It is to my solitude that I am indebted for my fresh colour and good state of health, and my enemies have helped me to that, which I never should have found in the most elevated station. Would you have me throw up these substantial blessings and advantages for such as are only imaginary; and make myself as unhappy as ever? Do not be more cruel to me than Protesilaus; at least do not envy me the happiness that I derive from him.” Upon this Hegesippus plied him with every argument he thought might work upon him, but in vain. “Are you then,” said he to him, “insensible to the pleasure of seeing your friends and acquaintance, who long for your return, and whom the very hope of embracing you, fills with transports of joy. But do you, who fear the gods, and are careful to perform your duty, look upon it as nothing to serve your king, to assist him in all his endeavours to do good, and

to contribute to the happiness of such numbers? Is it justifiable to give one's self up to an austere¹⁵ philosophy, to think one's self wiser than all the rest of mankind, and to consult our own ease, preferably to the happiness of our fellow-citizens? Besides, if you refuse to see the king, people will impute your refusal to resentment; if he intended you harm, it was because he did not know you. It was not the upright, the good, the just Philocles whom he sought to make away with; no, it was a person very different that he proposed to punish. But now that he knows you, and does not mistake you for what you are not, he feels his heart warmed anew with all his former friendship and regard for your person and character. He expects you. Already are his arms stretched out to embrace you: he is to the last degree impatient to see you. Can you be so hard-hearted as to be inexorable to your king and all your dearest friends?"

Philocles, who at first seeing Hegesippus, had felt great emotions of joy and tenderness at hearing what he had said last, resumed his austere air. Like a rock, which the furious winds and loud-roaring waves assail in vain, he remained inflexible; and neither arguments, nor entreaties could make any impression upon his heart. But at last, when Hegesippus began to despair of prevailing upon him, he (Philocles) having consulted the gods, discovered by the flight of birds and the entrails of victims that it was their pleasure that he should go along with his friend. He then hesitated no longer, but prepared for his departure; which, however, he could not do, without regretting his being obliged to quit the desert, where he had passed so many years. "Alas," said he, "must I leave thee, dear grotto, where balmy sleep came every night to recruit my spirits, after the labours of the day! here did the fates, notwithstanding my poverty, spin me many a peaceful happy day."¹⁶ He then prostrated himself, the tears at the same time bedewing his cheeks, to adore the Naiad, whose limpid stream had so long allayed his thirst, and the nymphs which inhabited the neighbouring mountains. Echo heard his lamentations, and with a plaintive voice repeated them to all the rural divinities.

Philocles then accompanied Hegesippus to the city, in order to embark. He imagined that the unhappy Protesilaus would, from shame and resentment, avoid seeing him, but he was mistaken: for bad men have no sense of shame, and will readily stoop to any meanness. Philocles on the other hand, had such delicate feelings, that he took all the care he could not to be seen by the other; for he was afraid of encreasing his misery by presenting to his view an happy enemy going to be raised upon his ruin. But Protesilaus did not rest till he found out Philocles, when he endeavoured to excite his pity, and to engage him to ask the king to let him return to Salentum. Philocles was too sincere to promise to use his endeavours to get him recalled; for nobody knew better

than he with what pernicious consequences it might have been attended. He treated him, however, with a great deal of good-nature, sympathized with him, endeavoured to comfort him, and exhorted him to strive to appease the gods by the purity of his manners, and by bearing his disgrace with patience. As he understood that the king had stripped him of all his ill-gotten wealth, he promised him two things, which he afterwards faithfully performed. One was to take care of his wife and children, who were left at Salentum in extreme poverty, and exposed to the public odium: the other, to send him some money to enable him the better to bear his distress in that remote isle. In the mean time a favourable wind began to swell the sails of the ship that was to carry them to Salentum,¹⁷ and Philocles immediately went on board as Hegesippus was impatient to be gone. Protesilaus saw them embark, and his eyes, which were continually fixed upon the sea-shore, pursued the vessel as she ploughed the waves, and bore away¹⁸ before the wind. When she at last disappeared, the image of her still remained deeply impressed upon his imagination. At last, transported with rage, and overwhelmed with despair, he tore his hair, rolled himself upon the sand, reproached the gods with their cruelty, called on death to come to his relief, and deliver him from so much misery; but in vain, for death was deaf to his prayers, and he had not resolution enough to put an end to his woes with his own hand. In the mean time, the vessel, by the favour of Neptune and the winds, soon arrives at Salentum; and the king being apprized that she had already entered the port, goes directly with Mentor to meet Philocles, embraces him tenderly, and expresses his sorrow for having treated him with so much injustice. This acknowledgment, far from being thought a meanness or weakness in the king, was regarded by all the Salentines as the effort of a great mind, noble and ingenuous enough frankly to own its errors, and to endeavour to repair them. Every body shed tears of joy at seeing again the worthy man who had loved and been beloved by the people,¹⁹ and at hearing the king express himself in so wise and gracious a manner.

Philocles received the caresses of his sovereign with a modest and respectful air, and followed him to the palace amidst the acclamations of the people, at which he was uneasy. Mentor and he were soon as closely united by friendship as if they had passed their whole lives together, though they had never before seen one another; which is owing to this, that the gods, though they have not given eyes to the wicked to distinguish the good, have yet taught the good how to distinguish one another. Those who are virtuously disposed, cannot be long together without being united by the virtue which they love. Philocles soon requested it as a favour of the king to be permitted to retire to a solitude near Salentum, where he continued to live in the same poverty and

simplicity as at Samos. Thither the king and Mentor went almost every day to see him, and there they deliberated upon the means of supporting the authority of the laws, and fixing the government upon a solid basis for the public good. The two things that chiefly engaged their thoughts, were the education of children, and the maxims to be observed in time of peace. With respect to the children, Mentor said, that they did not belong so much to their parents, as to the public; that they were the children of the state, its hope and strength; and that it was too late to attempt to reform them after they had been corrupted. That to displace them after they had been found unworthy of their employments, signified little; and, that it was better to prevent the evil, than to be reduced to the necessity of punishing it. "The king," continued he, "is the father of all his people, but in a more particular manner of the youth, who are the flower of them; and care must be taken of the buds and blossoms, for the sake of the fruit."²⁰ The king then must not think it below him to keep a watchful eye himself, as well as make others watch over the education of youth. Let him be steady in causing the laws of Minos to be strictly observed, which ordain, that the youth be taught to despise hardship and death, to place honour in undervaluing riches and pleasure, to account lying, ingratitude, injustice, and effeminacy, infamous vices; to sing betimes the praises of heroes who have been loved by the gods, have performed great actions for the good of their country, and signalized their valour in battle; let the charms of music captivate their hearts, in order to elevate their minds, and civilize their manners;²¹ let them learn to be kind to their friends, faithful to their allies, just to all men, even their most inveterate enemies; and to dread death and torture less than the reproaches of their own conscience. If these noble maxims are early instilled into the minds of youth, and inculcated by the help of music, very few of them will remain untouched and uninflamed with the love of glory and virtue."

Mentor added, it was highly requisite to establish public schools, to accustom the youth to the most vigorous bodily exercises, and to prevent idleness and effeminacy, which are the bane of the most promising geniuses. He instituted, therefore, a great variety of games and shews, in order to put life and spirit into the whole body of the people; but especially to render their bodies supple, strong, and active by exercise, appointing prizes to excite emulation. But what he had most at heart, for the sake of order and decorum, was to engage the youth to marry betimes, and their parents to leave them at full liberty to chuse such as were agreeable to them, in respect both of body and mind, for wives; and not to impose them upon them from interested views. But while they were thus contriving ways and means to make the youth sober,

regular, industrious, tractable, and fond of glory, Philocles, who loved war, observed to Mentor: "In vain will you inure the youth to these exercises, if you suffer them to live always in peace, in which they will have no opportunity of seeing any service, nor of signalizing their valour. Thus will you insensibly weaken the state, and introduce effeminacy, luxury, and a corruption of manners. Other more warlike nations will find no difficulty in conquering you; and by too anxiously guarding against the calamities of war, you will fall into the most deplorable servitude."

Mentor replied: "The woes of war are more dreadful than you imagine. It exhausts a state, and ever exposes it to ruin, even amidst the most glorious victories. With whatever advantages it may be begun, it is impossible to foresee what a fatal turn it may take before it is concluded. How great soever the superiority of your forces may be when you engage in battle, a small mistake, a sudden alarm, in short, the most trifling accident may snatch from you the victory, that you was just upon the point of gaining, and transfer it to your enemies. But supposing you were always sure of victory, you would ruin yourself, at the same time that you ruined your enemies. The country would be depopulated; the lands would lie uncultivated; commerce would be interrupted and impaired; but the worst of all is, that the best laws would be weakened, and a corruption of manners ensue. The pursuit of learning would be neglected by the youth, and necessity would oblige you to connive at a pernicious licentiousness in the army. The distribution of justice, the police, every thing, in short, suffers by these disorders. A king, who, to acquire a little glory, or extend his dominions, sheds so much human blood, and is the cause of such evils, is unworthy of the glory that he aspires to, and deserves to lose the territories he possesses, for having unjustly invaded these that did not belong to him.

"I will now shew you, how the martial spirit of a nation may be kept up in time of peace. You know what bodily exercises I have already ordained; the prizes I have appointed to excite emulation; the maxims of glory and virtue that will be infused into the minds of the youth by singing from their earliest infancy the great actions of heroes: add to these advantages, that of a sober, laborious life. But, besides all these, as soon as any state in alliance with yours is engaged in war, the flower of the youth ought to be sent to it; those especially that discover a military genius, and are most likely to profit by the service. Thus will you maintain a high reputation among your allies. Your alliance will be courted; those who already enjoy it, will be afraid of losing it; and without having a war to carry on at your own expence, or in your own country, you will have a gallant and intrepid youth. Even in the midst of a profound peace,

you must not neglect to treat with great distinction those who are possessed of military talents; for the surest way to prevent war, and to secure a long peace, is to have your people trained to arms; to distinguish those who are eminent in the profession; to have always some officers who have served abroad, and are acquainted with the forces and discipline of the neighbouring nations, and their manner of waging war; to be alike incapable of making war from ambition, and of dreading it from sloth and effeminacy. Thus, by being always prepared for a necessary war, we render it almost always unnecessary.

“As for your allies, you ought to interpose as mediator between them when they are upon the point of declaring war against one another. Thereby will you acquire a more sure and solid glory than that of conquerors; you will gain the love and esteem of foreigners; they will court your friendship, and you will reign over them in consequence of the respect they have for you; as you do over your own subjects by your lawful authority. You will be entrusted with their secrets; have the making of their treaties; and the possession of their hearts. Your reputation will extend itself to the most remote nations, and your name will be like a precious perfume, diffusing itself from one country to another, till it reach the most distant corners of the earth. In this situation of things, should a neighbouring state attack you unjustly, it will find you trained to arms, and prepared; and, what is still more, it will find that you are loved, and will be supported; all your neighbours will take the alarm; fully persuaded that their common safety depends upon their supporting and defending you. This will prove a better security than the walls of cities, or the strongest fortifications. This is to acquire true glory. But there are few kings who know how to search for it properly: instead of leaving it at a greater distance,²² they run after a delusive phantom, and leave true honour behind for want of knowing her distinguishing marks.”

When Mentor had made these remarks, Philocles gazed at him with surprise; then turning to the king, he was charmed to observe with what avidity he treasured up in his heart all the words of wisdom that flowed like a river from the mouth of that stranger. And thus did Minerva, under the figure of Mentor, establish the government of Salentum upon the best laws, and the most approved maxims of policy; not so much to make the dominions of Idomeneus flourish, as to shew Telemachus, when he returned, by a visible example, how much a wise administration contributed to render a nation happy, and to procure a good king a lasting reputation.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, in the camp of the allies, gains the good will of Philoctetes, who, at first was prejudiced against him on account of his father Ulysses. Philoctetes, upon this, relates his adventures to him, in which he introduces a particular account of the death of Hercules, occasioned by the poisoned vest which the centaur Nessus gave to Dejanira. He acquainted him how he got from that hero his fatal arrows, without which the city of Troy could not have been taken; how he was punished for having betrayed his secrets, by all that he suffered in the isle of Lemnos; and how Ulysses employed Neoptolemus to prevail upon him to go to the siege of Troy, where he was cured of his wound by the son of Esculapius.

In the mean time Telemachus signalized his courage in all the perils of war. When he left Salentum, he studied to gain the affection of the old commanders, who had attained to the highest pitch of reputation and experience. Nestor, who had seen him before at Pylos, and who had always esteemed his father, treated him as if he had been his own son; giving him instructions, and enforcing them by divers examples; recounting to him all the adventures of his youth, and all the most remarkable exploits that he had seen performed by the heroes of the preceding age. The memory of that old man, who had lived three generations, was like a history of past times, engraven on marble and brass. Philoctetes, at first, was not so favourably disposed towards Telemachus as Nestor. The hatred he had so long entertained in his heart against Ulysses, gave him a dislike to his son; and he could not, without uneasiness, observe that the gods seemed so to favour the young man, as to render him in time equal to the heroes that took and destroyed Troy. But the moderation of Telemachus at last overcame the resentment of Philoctetes: so that he could not help being charmed with his virtue and modesty. He often accosted Telemachus, and one day said, "My son, (for I will not scruple any longer to call you so) your father and I have, I own, been long enemies to one another: nay, I must confess, that even after we had made ourselves masters of the superb city of Troy,¹ my heart could not be reconciled to him; and when I saw you, I felt a reluctance even to love virtue in the son of Ulysses; a prejudice for which I often reproached myself. But virtue, when it is gentle, genuine, modest, and

unaffected, at last surmounts every prejudice.”² Thus was Philoctetes insensibly engaged to inform him how he came to conceive so violent a hatred against Ulysses.

“I must,” said he, “trace my story a little back. I accompanied, in all his expeditions, the mighty Hercules, who delivered the earth from so many monsters; in comparison of whom, other heroes are but as the feeble reed that shakes before the stately oak, or small birds in presence of the eagle. Both his misfortunes and mine arose from a passion, which is the cause of the most tragical events, and that is love. Although Hercules had conquered so many monsters, yet was he not able to conquer that unmanly passion, but became the sport of unrelenting Cupid. He could not recollect, without blushing for shame, that he had formerly so far forgot his glory and dignity, as to spin for Omphale queen of Lydia, like the weakest and most effeminate of men; so much had he been enslaved by a blind passion. A hundred times did he own to me, that this scene of his life had tarnished his virtue, and almost eclipsed the glory of all his labours. Yet such, O ye gods! is the weakness and inconstancy of men, they imagine they are able to subdue every passion, and yet never resist any. For, alas! the great Hercules was again caught in the snares of love, of which he had so often expressed his detestation, and became enamoured of Dejanira. Happy had he continued constant in his passion for a woman whom he had espoused. But, in a short time, the youth of Iole, in whose countenance the graces played, stole his heart. This infidelity firing the jealousy of Dejanira, she bethought herself of that fatal tunic which the centaur Nessus had left her at his death, as that whereby she might infallibly recover the love of Hercules, as often as he should seem to neglect her for the sake of any other.³ That tunic was stained all over with the blood of the centaur, and consequently infected with the poison of the arrows, with which that monster had been slain. For you know, that the arrows which Hercules employed to dispatch that perfidious centaur, had been dipped in the blood of the hydra of Lerna,⁴ and thereby poisoned; so that all the wounds made by them were incurable.

“Hercules having put on the tunic, immediately felt the devouring flame, which penetrated to the very marrow of his bones: he roared hideously, so as to make mount Oeta, and all the deep vallies rebound, and even the sea seemed ruffled by his exclamation. The bellowing of the most furious bulls engaged in fight, would not have been half so dreadful. The unhappy Lychas, who had brought him the tunic from Dejanira, having ventured to approach him while he was transported with rage and pain, he laid hold of him, whirled him about as a slinger does a stone in his sling, when he would throw it to a great distance.⁵ Thus Lychas being flung by the mighty arm of Hercules, fell among

the waves of the sea, where he was immediately changed into a rock, which still retains the human form; and being continually beaten by the angry waves, strikes a terror, even at a distance, into the wary pilot! After what had happened to Lychas, I thought I could not safely trust myself with Hercules, and therefore resolved to conceal myself in the deepest caverns. There I saw him tear up, without difficulty, with one hand, the lofty ashes⁶ and old oaks, which for several ages had bid defiance to the winds and storms. With the other hand he endeavoured to tear from his back the fatal tunic, but in vain, for it was glued to his skin, and, in a manner, incorporated with his body. In proportion as he tore it, he also tore his skin and his flesh, while his blood trickled down and bedewed the ground. His fortitude at last getting the better of his pain, he exclaimed: 'You see, my dear Philoctetes, what the gods make me suffer; but I have deserved it; for I have offended them, and violated the fidelity of a husband. After having subdued so many enemies, I have been so weak, as to suffer myself to be subdued by the beauty and love of a stranger; my life is now at an end, and I part with it contentedly, to appease the wrath of the gods. But, alas! my dear friend, whither have you fled from me? The excess of my pain, I own, hath made me behave in a cruel manner to the unhappy Lychas, and I am now sorry for it; for he did not know what a fatal present he brought me, and consequently did not deserve the treatment he met with: but can you suppose, that I can forget the friendship I owe you, or that I would deprive you of life? No, no; while I live⁷ I will never cease to love Philoctetes: when my soul is ready to take her flight, he shall receive in his bosom my last breath, and, after my death, shall gather my ashes. Where are you then, O my dear Philoctetes, Philoctetes! the only hope I have left on earth.'

"At these words, I ran eagerly towards him, when he held out his arms and was going to embrace me, but forbore, for fear he should light up in my bosom the fire with which he was himself devoured. 'Alas,' said he, 'even that comfort is now denied me.' So saying, he went and gathered together all the trees he had thrown down, made a pile of them upon the top of the mountain, which he ascended with great tranquillity; then spreading upon it the skin of the Nemean lion⁸ which had covered his shoulders, when he went from one end of the earth to the other to destroy monsters, and deliver the unhappy, he leaned upon his club, and ordered me to set fire to the pile. Though I was deeply affected and trembled all over, yet could I not refuse to do him this melancholy office; for life was to him no longer a blessing from the gods, so insupportable was the pain he suffered. I was even afraid lest the violence of it should so far get the better of him, as to make him do something unworthy of that virtue which had excited the admiration of the universe. When he saw the fire begin

to lay hold of the pile: 'Now,' said he, 'my dear Philoctetes, do I find that you are my friend indeed, since you are more concerned for my honour than my life: may the gods reward you for it! what I have upon earth, that I value most, I leave you; namely, these arrows dipt in the blood of the hydra of Lerna. You know, that the wounds they make, are incurable. Nobody, therefore, will dare to engage in combat with you, and you will be invincible, as I have been. Remember that I die true to our friendship, and forget not how dear you have ever been to me. If you are, indeed, affected with my sufferings, it is still in your power to comfort me, though so near my end, by promising never to discover my death to any one, nor the place where you deposite my ashes.' This, alas! I promised, and even swore to, while I watered his pile with my tears: a gleam of joy appeared in his countenance. But, in a moment, a cloud of smoke and flame enveloped him, stifled his voice, and almost snatched him from my sight. Yet I saw him once more through the flames, and he appeared as calm and serene as if he had been partaking with his friends the mirth and delicacies of a feast, crowned with flowers, and scented with perfumes. In a short time the flames consumed all that was earthly or mortal in him, and there remained nothing of all that he had received at his birth from his mother Alcmena; but, by order of Jupiter, he still retained that subtle and immortal nature, that celestial flame, the true principle of life which he had received from the father of the gods. He, therefore, ascended with them to the gilded canopy of the bright Olympus to drink nectar, where they gave him for his spouse the lovely Hebe the goddess of youth, who poured nectar into the cup of the mighty Jupiter, before Ganymede had received that honourable office. As for me, those arrows he had given me to raise me above the heroes, proved an inexhaustible source of woe. In a little time the confederate kings undertook to revenge Menelaus of the infamous Paris, who had carried off Helen, and to overturn the empire of Priam. But they were given to understand by the oracle of Apollo, that they could not hope to put a happy period to the war without the arrows of Hercules.

"Your father Ulysses, who was always the most discerning, and the most active in all consultations, undertook to persuade me to go to the siege of Troy, and carry thither with me the arrows of Hercules, of which, he imagined, I was possessed. It was now a long time since Hercules had disappeared from the earth. No longer was any mention made of any new exploit of that hero; and monsters and robbers began to appear again with impunity. The Greeks did not know what to think of it; some saying he was dead, and others, that he was gone as far as the cold north pole to subdue the Scythians: but Ulysses maintained that he was dead, and undertook to make me own it. He

came in quest of me at a time when I was still inconsolable for the loss of the great Alcides; and it was with great difficulty I would allow him to approach me; for I could no longer bear the sight of men, nor could I bear to think of quitting the desarts of mount Oeta, where I had seen my friend expire; the image of that hero was still fresh in my imagination, and the sight of these melancholy desarts still renewed my grief.⁹ But soft irresistible persuasion sat upon your father's lips, and he shed tears, and appeared almost as much afflicted as myself; thus he insensibly won my heart and confidence. He interested me in behalf of the Grecian kings, who were going to fight in a good cause, but could not succeed without my participation. Yet he never could draw from me the secret of the death of Hercules, which I had sworn never to reveal: he was convinced, however, that he was dead, and pressed me to let him know where I had deposited his ashes. Alas! I could not think, without horror, of perjuring myself by discovering a secret which I had promised to the gods never to disclose. But though I did not dare to violate my oath, yet I was weak enough to elude it; and the gods have punished me accordingly. I stamped with my foot on the ground, where I had buried the ashes of Hercules; then I went and joined the confederate kings, who received me with as much joy as if I had been Hercules himself. As I entered the isle of Lemnos, having a mind to shew the assembled Greeks the efficacy of my arrows,¹⁰ I strung my bow to pierce a deer that rushed into a thicket. I inadvertantly let the arrow drop from the bow-string upon my foot, in which it made a wound that I feel to this day. Immediately I suffered the same excruciating pain as Hercules had undergone, making the isle resound day and night with my groans, while a black tainted blood run from my wound, infected the air, and diffused through the Grecian camp a stench sufficient to poison and suffocate the most vigorous. The whole army shuddered to see me in such horrible pain,¹¹ and concluded that it was a punishment inflicted on me by the just gods. Ulysses, who had drawn me into the war, was the first to abandon me in my distress. This step he took, as I have since learned, because he preferred the common interests of Greece and victory to the obligations of private friendship and decorum! so much was the whole army affected with my wound, it's contagion, and my hideous groans, that no sacrifices were offered in the camp. But at the time when I saw myself abandoned by all the Greeks, in pursuance of the counsels of Ulysses, his conduct appeared to me fraught with the most horrible barbarity, and the blackest treachery. Alas! I was blind, and did not see that it was just that the wisest men should be against me, no less than the gods, whom I had offended. I continued near the whole time of the siege of Troy alone, without help, hope, or relief; suffering the most exquisite tortures in that savage desert isle, where I heard

nothing but the noise of the sea-waves dashing against the rocks. In the midst of this solitude I found an empty cavern in a rock, which towered up into the air with two points, like two heads, and from which there issued a fountain of clear water. This cavern, which was the retreat of wild beasts, to whose fury I was day and night exposed, I strewed with leaves to lye upon; and my whole furniture consisted in a wooden dish coarsely wrought, and some rags with which I staunched the blood and dressed my fatal wound.¹² There, forsaken by men, and pursued by the wrath of the gods, I passed my time in shooting with my arrows pigeons and other birds as they flew about the rock. When I had killed a bird for food, I was obliged to crawl upon the ground with a great deal of pain to fetch it; and in this manner did I support myself. It is true, indeed, that the Greeks, when they set out for Troy, left me some provisions; but they did not last long. When I wanted a fire to dress my victuals, I made use of flints. This life, how uncomfortable soever it may appear, would have been agreeable enough, far removed as I was from treacherous ungrateful men, had I not been racked with pain, and continually tortured with reflecting upon my unhappy fate. What, said I, decoy a man from his native country, as the only person who could revenge Greece, and then abandon him, while asleep, in a desert isle! for I was asleep when the Greeks left me. Imagine what was my surprize, and what tears I shed, when I waked and saw the ships ploughing the waves! alas! after all the search I could make, I could find nothing in that solitary, savage isle which could give me any comfort. In fact, there are no ports in it, no commerce or culture, no hospitality, nor any living soul that voluntarily tempts¹³ the strand. No human face is seen, but of those unhappy persons who have been driven upon it by storms; nor is any society to be expected but from shipwrecks; none even of those who came upon compulsion would venture to carry me off; apprehensive of the wrath both of the gods and Greeks. For ten years was I a victim to pain and hunger; feeding a wound that wasted all my substance: even hope was extinguished in my heart.

“At last, returning one day from seeking medicinal herbs for my wound, I found in my cave an handsome youth, of a graceful and an heroic mien, but proud and lofty aspect. I fancied I saw Achilles, so much did he resemble him in his features, looks, and manner; only I perceived by his age that he could not be that hero. I could discern in his countenance a mixture of pity and perplexity; and the pain and slowness with which I dragged myself along, joined to the doleful piercing cries with which I made all the coast resound, seemed greatly to affect him. ‘Stranger!’ said I at a considerable distance, ‘what misfortune hath brought you into this uninhabited isle? I recognize the garb of Greece; that garb still dear to my affection! O how I long to hear your voice,

and to find upon your lips that language which I learned from my earliest infancy, but have had no opportunity of speaking for a long time in this solitude. Be not afraid to behold such a wretch as me: it is your duty to afford me compassion.’¹⁴ Scarce had Neoptolemus pronounced ‘I am a Grecian,’ than I exclaimed: ‘O charming words! after so many years of silence, and unremitting pain! O my son! what misfortune, what tempest, or rather what favourable wind hath brought you hither to put an end to my sufferings?’ He replied: ‘I am of the isle of Scyros, whither I now return. Fame says I am the son of Achilles; that is all.’ Such a concise reply not satisfying my curiosity, I said: ‘O son of a father whom I so much loved! dear foster-child of Lycomedes, how came you hither, and from whence?’ He answered; ‘I am come from the siege of Troy.’ ‘You was not,’ said I, ‘in the first expedition?’ ‘Was you?’ said he. To this interrogation I replied: ‘I perceive you have not heard either of the name of Philoctetes, or his misfortunes. Alas! unhappy man that I am! my persecutors make a jest of my sufferings, and Greece knows nothing of them! thus my woes increase, for which I am indebted to the two sons of Atreus; may the gods reward them for their cruelty.’ I then informed him how I had been abandoned by the Greeks. He heard my complaints, and then immediately entered upon his own. ‘After the death of Achilles,’ said he . . . (here I presently interrupted him, and said:) ‘What! Achilles dead? Forgive me, my son, if I put a stop to your narrative by the tears which I owe your father.’ Neoptolemus replied: ‘It is a consolation to me to be so interrupted: what joy I feel to see you weep in that manner for my father!’ Neoptolemus then resuming his narrative, said: ‘After the death of Achilles, Ulysses and Phœnix came to me, and told me that Troy could not possibly be taken without me. They found but little difficulty in prevailing upon me to go along with them. Grief for the death of Achilles, and a desire of succeeding to the glory he had acquired in that celebrated war, were motives sufficient to induce me to follow them. When I arrived before Troy, the whole army gathered about me, and every one swore that he beheld again Achilles himself: but alas! he was now no more. Young as I was, and without experience, I imagined that I had every thing to hope for from those who were so lavish of their praises; I therefore immediately demanded of the Atridæ my father’s arms, but they made me this harsh reply: “Whatever else belonged to him you shall have; but as for his arms, they are destined for Ulysses.”’

“I was confounded at this intimation. I went in a transport of passion:¹⁵ but Ulysses, little regarding my emotion, said: “Young man, you have not shared with us in the perils and hardships of this long siege, and therefore have no just claim to the arms, nor shall you ever have them: you have too much vanity and

presumption." My claim of the arms having been thus unjustly rejected, I am now returning to the isle of Scyros, not so much offended at Ulysses, as at the two sons of Atreus. May every one that is their enemy, be the friend and favourite of the gods! O Philoctetes! I have now told you all.' I then asked Neoptolemus how it happened that Ajax, the son of Telamon, had not prevented that act of injustice. He replied: 'He is dead.' 'Dead!' said I hastily; 'but Ulysses, so far from being dead, it seems is still in the army alive and well.' I then asked him what was become of Antilochus, the son of the sage Nestor; and Patroclus, so dear to Achilles? 'They too are both dead,' replied he. I then again exclaimed: 'What, dead! alas! what do you tell me? At that rate, the cruel war carries off the good, while it spares the bad. As Ulysses is still alive, Thersites, no doubt, is living also. Such are the doings of the gods; and yet will we still sing their praises!' While I thus vented my rage against your father, Neoptolemus continued to deceive me; adding these melancholy words: 'I shall now set out for the barren isle of Scyros, where I shall live contented, far from the army of the Greeks, in which the wicked are more esteemed than the virtuous. Adieu, I must be going, may the gods grant you relief, and a cure of your wound.' I immediately answered: 'O my son, I conjure you by the manes of your father, by your mother, and whatever you hold most dear upon earth, not to leave me alone in the woful condition in which you see me. I am not ignorant how troublesome I shall be to you, but it would be a shame to you to abandon me. Throw me down either at the stem¹⁶ or stern, or in the hold, or wherever I shall incommode you least. Great minds alone know what glory there is in being good: leave me not, I beseech you, in a desert, where there are no vestiges of man; carry me to your native country, or to Eubea, which is not far from mount Oeta, Trachine, and the pleasant banks of the river Sperchius: convey me to my father. Alas! how I dread lest he should be dead! I gave him notice to send me a vessel; he must either be dead, or those who promised to acquaint him with my misery have neglected it. I must, therefore, now apply to you, O my son! remember how precarious every thing is that belongs to man. He that is in prosperity should beware of abusing it, or of turning a deaf ear to the supplications of the miserable!'¹⁷ In such terms did the excess of my grief make me address Neoptolemus, who thereupon promised to take me with him; when I again exclaimed: 'O happy day! O amiable Neoptolemus, worthy of the glory of thy father! you who are to be my dear companion in this voyage, allow me to bid a last adieu to this my melancholy retreat. See where I have lived, and imagine with yourself what I have suffered: none besides myself would have bore it. But necessity was my instructor, and by it men are taught what they never would have otherwise learned. Those who have never suf-

ferred, know nothing, neither adversity nor prosperity; they are strangers to men, nay, they are even strangers to themselves.' Having made these reflections, I laid hold of my bow and arrows. When Neoptolemus saw them, he begged to be allowed to kiss arms so celebrated and sacred, as being those of the invincible Hercules. To this request I replied: 'There is nothing, my son, that I can refuse you;¹⁸ for it is you who are going to-day to restore me to the light, to my country, to my father, labouring under the weight of years, to my friends, and myself; you may, therefore, touch them, and then boast that you are the only Greek who hath merited that honour.' Accordingly Neoptolemus went into my grotto to view and admire my arms. In the mean time, my pain became so violent, and racked me to such a degree, that I was quite beside myself,¹⁹ calling for a sharp knife to cut off my foot, and exclaiming, 'O death! so much wished for, why comest thou not to my relief? O young man, set fire to me immediately, and burn me, as I burnt the son of Jupiter! O earth, earth! receive a dying man, who can never raise himself from thee again.' From this excess of pain I swooned as usual, till a profuse sweat began to bring me to myself, and give me some ease; black, purulent blood at the same time flowing from my wound. Neoptolemus, during my fit, might easily have carried off my bow and arrows, and left me; but he was the son of Achilles, and not born to act an ungenerous, dishonourable part. When I came to myself, I perceived his perplexity: he sighed, and looked like one who knows not how to dissemble, and acts against the dictates of his own heart. 'Do you intend,' said I, 'to cut me off by surprize? What then is the matter?' 'You must,' said he, 'go along with me to the siege of Troy.' 'Ah! my son,' replied I hastily, 'what do you say? I am betrayed; restore me that bow, and take not away my life. Alas! he makes me no answer, but eyes me calmly, without seeming in the least moved. O ye coasts and promontories of this isle! O ye wild beasts! O ye craggy rocks! to you I make my complaint; for you alone have I left to complain to, and you are accustomed to my groans. Must I be betrayed by the son of Achilles? He hath taken from me the sacred bow of Hercules, and would drag me to the Grecian camp to triumph over me: he does not reflect, that it would only be triumphing over a dead man, a spectre, a shadow. O if he had attacked me when in strength and vigour! but, besides, he attacks me at present with my own weapons,²⁰ which he obtained by surprize. What shall I do? Restore me my bow, my son, and act like your father and yourself. What do you say? Alas! you make me no answer. O savage rock! I come to thee naked, wretched, forsaken, and destitute of food; I shall die alone in this cave, or the wild beasts will devour me, as I have no bow wherewith to kill them; it matters not! But, my son, as you do not appear to be of a bad disposition, you must be influenced by some body's advice; return me my arms, I say, and take yourself away.'

“Neoptolemus, with a low voice, and tears in his eyes, said: ‘O that the gods had never suffered me to leave Scyros!’ Immediately after I exclaimed: ‘Ah! what do I see? Is it not Ulysses?’ Presently I heard his voice, and he replies, ‘Yes, it is I.’ Had the dismal realm of Pluto opened to my view, and I had seen the gloomy Tartarus, which the gods themselves dread to behold, I should not, I own, have been seized with more horror. I exclaimed again: ‘O isle of Lemnos, I call thee to witness! O sun, thou seest it, and sufferest it!’ Ulysses, without any emotion, replied: ‘Jupiter wills it, and I execute his will.’ ‘Dare you,’ said I, ‘mention the name of Jupiter? Do you see that young man, whom nature never designed for an impostor, and who executes with the utmost reluctance what you have enjoined him?’ ‘We are not come,’ said Ulysses, ‘either to hurt you, or deceive you; on the contrary, we are come to deliver you, to cure you, to procure you the glory of taking Troy, and to carry you to your native country. It is not Ulysses who is the enemy of Philoctetes, but himself.’ Upon this, I poured out against your father²¹ all the abuse with which rage could inspire me. ‘Since you forsook me upon this coast,’ said I, ‘why do not you suffer me to remain upon it in peace? Go in pursuit of military glory and pleasure; enjoy your happiness with the sons of Atreus; leave me my misery and pain. Why would you carry me away? I am no longer any thing, I am dead. Why do not you think now as you thought formerly, that I cannot go with you; that my groans, and the infection of my wound, would disturb the sacrifices? O Ulysses, author of my woes! may the gods . . . But the gods hear me no more; on the contrary, they stir up my enemy against me. O my native land, which I shall see no more! O ye gods, if there are any just enough to take pity upon me, punish, punish Ulysses, and then shall I think myself cured!’ While I thus exclaimed, your father, without being in the least ruffled,²² regarded me with a look of compassion, like one, who, instead of being offended, bears patiently, and excuses the ill humour of a man whom fortune hath sowered. He appeared to me like a rock on the top of a mountain, which bids defiance to the fury of the winds, and receives their rudest assaults unmoved. Thus did your father remain in silence, waiting till my rage had spent itself; for he knew that it was in vain to attack the passions of men, in order to reduce them to reason, till they begin to grow weak, and to feel a kind of lassitude. Then he addressed me thus: ‘O Philoctetes, what is become of your reason and courage? If you still possess them,²³ now is the time to make use of them. You are unworthy of the glory of being the deliverer of Greece, and the destroyer of Troy, if you now refuse to go along with us, and to fulfil the will of the gods in respect to you. Adieu; you may still remain in Lemnos, and these arms, which I shall carry off, will procure me the glory that was intended for you. Come, Neoptolemus, let us begone; it is in vain to speak to him; and

compassion for a single man ought not to make us overlook the safety of all Greece.'

"Then was I seized with no less rage than a lioness, when she is robbed of her whelps, and fills the woods with her roarings. 'O cavern,' said I, 'never will I quit thee, thou shalt be my tomb! O sad retreat! now is there an end both of food and of hope! who will give me a dagger, to make away with myself. O that the birds of prey would bear me away. No more shall I shoot them with my arrows. O precious bow! made sacred by the hands of the son of Jupiter! O dear Hercules, if you have yet any existence, are you not fired with indignation? Thy bow is no longer in the hands of thy faithful friend, but in the impure and treacherous grasp of Ulysses. Birds of prey, and savage beasts, fly no more from this cavern, for I have now no arrows. Wretch that I am! I cannot now hurt you; come then and devour me; or rather let a thunderbolt of the pitiless Jupiter put a period to my days.' Your father having tried every other way to prevail upon me in vain, at last thought the best would be to return me my arms; accordingly he made a sign to Neoptolemus to restore them immediately. Upon which I said to him: 'Worthy son of Achilles, you shew that you really are so: but allow me to sacrifice my enemy.' So saying, I would have let fly an arrow at your father; but Neoptolemus prevented me, saying: 'Resentment blinds you, and hinders you from seeing what an unworthy action you are going to commit.' As for Ulysses, he appeared as little moved at my arrows, as at my reproaches. I could not help admiring such patience, and such an intrepidity, and was ashamed, that in the heat of my passion I should have thought of employing my arms to take away the life of him who had caused them to be restored. But as my resentment was not yet quite extinguished, I was extremely mortified to be indebted for my arms to one whom I hated so much. In the mean time, Neoptolemus accosted me thus: 'Know, that the divine Helenus, the son of Priam, came by the order and inspiration of the gods out of Troy, and acquainted us with what was to happen hereafter. "Ill fated Troy," said he, "is doomed to fall; but not till it is attacked by him who has in his possession the arrows of Hercules, and who cannot be cured till his arrival before Troy, where the sons of Æsculapius will heal his wound."' Here I found myself in doubt and perplexity; I was charmed with the simplicity of Neoptolemus, and the readiness with which he had restored my bow; but I could not yet be reconciled to life upon the condition of yielding to Ulysses,²⁴ and a false shame kept me in suspense. Shall I be seen, said I to myself, with Ulysses, and the sons of Atreus? What will people then think of me? While I was in this uncertainty, I heard, all of a sudden, a voice more than human; and beheld, in a bright cloud, Hercules encompassed with rays of glory. I immediately rec-

ognized his features, somewhat harsh, his robust make, and his plain unaffected manner; but he appeared with a superior majesty and dignity than when he was subduing monsters on earth. He thus addressed me: 'You see and hear Hercules. I am come down from the lofty Olympus to notify to you the commands of Jupiter. You know by what labours I have attained to immortality. If you would then acquire glory, you must accompany the son of Achilles, and tread in my steps. You shall be cured of your wound, and with my arrows shall transfix Paris, the author of so many disasters. After the reduction of Troy, you shall send some rich spoils to your father Pæan on mount Oeta, which shall be put upon my tomb as a monument of the victory obtained by my arrows. And to you, O son of Achilles, be it known, that you cannot be victorious without Philoctetes, nor Philoctetes without you. Go then together, like two lions in quest of their prey. I will send Æsculapius to Troy to cure Philoctetes. Above all things, I charge you, O Greeks, to shew a due regard and reverence to religion; every thing else passeth away, but that will never fade.' I had no sooner heard these words, than I exclaimed: 'O happy day! sweet light, thou at last again visitest me after so many years. I yield, and shall set out as soon as I have taken my leave of this place. Adieu, my dear cave! Adieu, nymph of these watery plains! I shall hear no more the rumbling of these waves. Adieu, thou sea-coast! where I have so long been exposed to the inclemency of the air. Adieu, ye promontories! whence Echo so often returned my groans. Adieu, ye fresh-water fountains! that to me have been so bitter. Isle of Lemnos, adieu! may my departure from thee be auspicious, since I go whither I am called by the will of the gods and my friends.' We then embarked, and arrived in the camp before Troy, where Machaon and Podalyrius, by the divine skill they derived from their father Æsculapius, cured my wound, or at least brought me to the condition in which you see me. I no longer feel any pain, and have recovered my strength; but am somewhat lame. I slew Paris like a timorous fawn, which the huntsman hath transfixed with his arrows; after his death, Troy was soon laid in ashes: the rest you know. Yet I still retained a great antipathy to the sage Ulysses, from the recollection of what I had suffered, which his virtue could not overcome: but my acquaintance with his son, who resembles him, and whom I cannot help loving, hath much softened my aversion to the father."

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus falls out with Phalantus, in consequence of a dispute, which had the best right to certain prisoners. He engages and vanquishes Hippias; who, despising his youth, had, in a haughty manner, seized these prisoners for his brother Phalantus. But, far from being pleased with his victory, he laments, in secret, his temerity and error, which he would gladly atone for. In the mean time, Adrastus, king of the Daunians, being informed that the confederate kings thought of nothing but making up the quarrel between Telemachus and Hippias; goes and attacks them unexpectedly. Having taken a hundred of their ships by surprize, he transports his troops in them to their camp, then sets fire to them, and attacking the quarter where Phalantus commanded, kills his brother Hippias, and Phalantus himself is dangerously wounded.

While Philoctetes thus recounted his adventures, Telemachus kept his eyes fixed upon that great man, and listened with the utmost attention and admiration. All the different passions with which Hercules, Philoctetes, Ulysses, and Neoptolemus had been affected, appeared successively upon the countenance of the young Telemachus as they were represented. In the course of the narration he sometimes exclaimed and interrupted Philoctetes undesignedly;¹ sometimes he appeared very thoughtful, like one meditating deeply upon the consequences of things. When Philoctetes described the perplexity of Neoptolemus, who was incapable of dissimulation, Telemachus seemed to be in the same situation; and one would have taken him then for Neoptolemus himself. The army of the allies was now marching in good order against Adrastus king of the Daunians, who despised the gods, and made it his study to deceive mankind. Telemachus found it a matter of no small difficulty to keep fair with so many kings, jealous of one another.² He was not to give umbrage to any, and to endeavour to make himself beloved by them all. He was good-natured and sincere, but not of an affable, winning disposition:³ he did not study much to render himself agreeable to others, and though his heart was not much set upon riches, yet he was not liberal. Thus, though his sentiments were noble, and his disposition benevolent, yet he seemed to have neither good-nature, nor sensibility, nor generosity, nor gratitude for the kindnesses done him, nor desire to reward merit; following, without reflection, the

bent of his own inclination. His mother Penelope, in spite of Mentor, had cherished in him a haughtiness and pride that tarnished all his good qualities. He looked upon himself as of a superior nature to the rest of mankind, who seemed to him to have been sent into the world by the gods for no other purpose but to minister to his pleasure; to serve him, to prevent⁴ all his wishes, and to regard him as a sort of divinity. He thought his servants were sufficiently rewarded by being in his service, although he expected that they should not boggle at any thing, how hard or difficult soever to please him: and was of so warm and impatient a temper, that he could not bear the least difficulty or delay.⁵ Whoever had observed this temper and behaviour of his, would have thought that he was incapable of loving any besides himself; and minded nothing but the gratification of his own humour or vanity. But this indifference in regard to others, and constant attention to himself, was entirely owing to the ungoverned violence of his passions. He had been humoured and flattered by his mother from his infancy, and was a remarkable instance of the unhappiness attending high birth. Nor had the misfortunes he encountered so early in life been able to abate his haughtiness, or curb the impetuosity of his temper. Though he had been stripped of every thing, deserted, and exposed to so many hardships and dangers, yet he still retained his pride; it could not be subdued, but like the vigorous palm, still recovered itself, whatever efforts were used to keep it down. While he was with Mentor, these defects did not appear; and, indeed, declined every day. Like a high-spirited courser⁶ bounding over the spacious plains, whom neither craggy rocks, nor precipices, nor torrents can restrain; and who owns but one man, whose hand and voice are capable of taming him; Telemachus, full of a noble ardor, could be curbed and governed by Mentor alone: but a single glance of his eye would at any time check him in the midst of his career: he immediately understood what it meant; became sensible of his fault, and cheerfulness and serenity appeared again upon his countenance. Neptune, when he lifts his trident, and threatens the angry waves and stormy winds, does not with greater ease restrain their fury. But no sooner did he find himself alone, than all his passions, like a torrent that had been dammed up, broke forth again.⁷ He could not bear the arrogance of the Lacedæmonians, nor of Phalantus who commanded them. That colony had founded Tarentum, and consisted of the young men who had been born during the siege of Troy, and had received no sort of education. The illegitimacy of their birth, together with the licentiousness in which they had been brought up, and their dissolute manners had rendered them surprisingly rude and ferocious. They looked more like a band of robbers, than a Greek colony. Upon all occasions, Phalantus affected to contradict Telemachus; and

when any thing was debated in council, treated his advice with contempt, as that of a raw young man.⁸ He even ridiculed him, and charged him with effeminacy and pusillanimity; not letting his most inconsiderable faults escape, without pointing them out to the chiefs of the army. He endeavoured to excite a jealousy of him in all of them; and to make him odious for his haughtiness to the whole army.

One day Telemachus having taken some prisoners from the Daunians, Phalantus pretended that they belonged to him, because it was he, as he said, who had, at the head of his Lacedæmonians, defeated that detachment of the enemy; and that Telemachus, finding the Daunians already vanquished and put to flight, had no other trouble than to give them quarter, and conduct them to the camp. Telemachus on the other hand maintained, that he had prevented Phalantus being beaten, and that the victory over the Daunians was owing to him. They both, therefore, appeared before the assembly of the confederate kings to plead their cause: there Telemachus proceeded so far as to threaten Phalantus, and they would have fought upon the spot had they not been prevented. Phalantus had a brother named Hippias, famous through the whole army for his valour, strength, and dexterity. "Pollux," said the Tarentines, "did not excel him at the cestus, nor Castor in horsemanship; and he had the strength and stature of Hercules." He was dreaded by the whole army; for he was even more quarrelsome and brutal, than brave and intrepid. He, when he observed in what a haughty manner Telemachus had treated his brother, goes directly and takes the prisoners, in order to carry them to Tarentum, without waiting for the decision of the council. Telemachus being privately informed of his design, immediately quitted the council in a rage, like a foaming wild boar in quest of the huntsman that hath wounded him. Thus he traversed the camp in pursuit of his enemy, brandishing the dart with which he intended to dispatch him. At last he descries him, and then his fury redoubled. It was now no longer the sober, sedate⁹ Telemachus, guided by the instructions of Minerva, under the figure of Mentor, but a raving mad-man, or a roaring lion. He immediately called out to Hippias: "Stop, O thou the most dastardly of all men! stop; we must see whether you can take from me the spoils of these prisoners of mine. You never shall carry them to Tarentum, for I will send you directly to the gloomy banks of Styx." He had no sooner pronounced these words, than he let fly his dart, but in such a fit of rage, that he neglected to take his aim properly, and thereby missed Hippias. Then he forthwith drew his sword, the hilt of which was of gold. This Laertes had presented him with, when he left Ithaca, as a pledge of his love. Laertes had worn it when young with a great deal of glory, and it had been stained with the blood of several fa-

mous captains of the Epirotes, in a war which he had with them, and in which he had been victorious. This sword scarce had the young son of Ulysses drawn, when Hippias, in order to avail himself of his great strength, rushed upon him, and endeavoured to wrest it out of his hands. But the sword, breaking in the struggle, they immediately grappled, and closed with one another. Behold them now like two wild beasts endeavouring to tear one another, their eyes glancing fire: they bend, they stretch, they stoop, they rise, they spring, they thirst for each other's blood. Then they close foot against foot, and hand opposed to hand, clinging so close together, that the two bodies seemed but one. But Hippias being of a more advanced age, and stronger nerves,¹⁰ seemed likely to be too hard for Telemachus, who soon began to be out of breath, while his legs trembled under him. Hippias, perceiving him flagg, redoubled his efforts; all was over with the son of Ulysses, who would have infallibly paid for his rage and rashness, had not Minerva, who watched over him, and suffered him to be in so great danger, merely as a lesson to his ardor, determined victory at last to declare in his favour.

She did not herself quit the palace of Salentum, but sent Iris, the nimble active messenger of the gods, who, spreading her airy wing, with a rapid flight pervaded the immense spaces of the air, and left behind her a long train of light, tinged with a thousand different colours; nor did she alight till she reached the sea-coast, where the army of the allies, in vast numbers, was encamped; and there she was witness of the fierce encounter, and violent efforts of the two combatants. She shuddered when she beheld the danger in which young Telemachus was, and drawing near, wrapped up in a shining cloud, which she had formed of subtle vapours, at the very instant when Hippias perceived his own superiority in strength, and thought himself sure of victory, she covered the young pupil of Minerva with the egis, which the goddess of wisdom had given her for that purpose. Immediately Telemachus, whose strength was now quite exhausted, felt himself inspired with fresh vigour, and in proportion as his strength increased, Hippias lost courage: he felt something divine that terrified and disconcerted him. Telemachus, in order to improve his advantage, plies him hard; sometimes on one side, bending and shaking him incessantly, so that he had not a moment to recover his posture, till at last he threw him down, and fell upon him with his whole weight.¹¹ A sturdy oak of mount Ida, felled by a thousand strokes of the ax, with which the whole forest rebounded, makes not a more dreadful noise by its fall; the earth groaned, and every thing shook around. In the mean time, with victory, wisdom again took possession of the heart of Telemachus. Scarce was Hippias overthrown, when the son of Ulysses became sensible of the fault he had committed, in thus

attacking a brother of one of the confederate kings, whom he had come to assist; and he recollected, with shame and confusion, the sage counsel of Mentor. He blushed for his victory, and was sensible that he deserved to have been vanquished. In the mean time, Phalantus, in a transport of rage, runs to the assistance of his brother, and would have immediately transfix'd Telemachus with a dart he had in his hand, had he not been afraid of wounding, at the same time, Hippias, whom Telemachus kept under him in the dust. The son of Ulysses might easily have deprived his antagonist of his life, but his anger was now cooled, and he thought of nothing but repairing his fault by the moderation he displayed. He therefore starts up and exclaims: "Hippias! I am satisfied with having taught you never to despise my youth again. I therefore give you your life, and I admire your strength and courage. The gods have protected me on this occasion: submit to their power, and let us for the future direct our united efforts against the Daunians." While Telemachus spoke thus, Hippias arose, covered with blood and dust, and racked with shame and chagrin. When Phalantus found that Telemachus had generously given his brother his life, he forbore attacking him, but was in great rage and perplexity. All the chiefs of the alliance ran thither to part the combatants. They convey'd Telemachus one way, and conducted to another quarter Phalantus and Hippias, which last, now so mortified and humbled,¹² he durst not lift up his eyes. The whole army was lost in amazement, to find that Telemachus, at an age when men have not yet attained to their full strength, had been able to vanquish Hippias, who was tall and robust, like those earth-born giants who formerly attempted to drive the immortal gods from Olympus. But this victory was so far from yielding the son of Ulysses any satisfaction, that while the army was extolling him to the skies, he withdrew to his tent, and with sighs and groans lamented his own temerity.¹³ He perceived how unjust and unreasonable he was during these violent transports of passion, and discovered a fund of vanity equally absurd and mean at bottom of all this excessive pride. He was sensible that true greatness resided always with moderation, justice, modesty, and humanity. But, notwithstanding his knowledge, he despaired of ever being able to get the better of his foibles, after so many relapses; so that he lost all patience with himself, and roared like a furious lion. He continued thus for two days shut up in his tent, punishing himself, and secluded from all company. "Alas!" said he, "shall I ever dare to look Mentor in the face again? Am I the son of Ulysses, the wisest and the most patient of men? Came I hither to sow division and animosity among the allies? Is it their blood, or that of the Daunians that I ought to shed? I have acted rashly; I did not even know how to throw my dart, and ventured to attack Hippias, though greatly inferior to him in strength; so that I had nothing to

expect but death, and the disgrace of being vanquished. But what would that have signified? I should then have been no more: no, I should have been no more, that rash Telemachus, that young fool, who is never the better for any advice: my disgrace and life would have ended together. Alas! could I hope that I should never do again what I am now so grieved for having done, I should think myself too, too happy:¹⁴ but, perhaps, before the day is at an end, I shall commit, and wish to commit again the very same faults which I at present regard with such shame and abhorrence. O fatal victory! O the mortifying applause, which, in reality, is but a cruel upbraiding of me with my folly!" While he remained thus alone, and inconsolable, Nestor and Philoctetes came to see him. Nestor intended to have expostulated with him upon his misconduct; but that sage soon perceiving how much the youth was grieved for it, instead of the reproof he intended, endeavoured to comfort him, and dispel his chagrin. This quarrel put a stop to the operations of the army of the confederate princes, who were obliged to suspend their march towards the enemy till they had reconciled Phalantus and Hippias to Telemachus. They were continually afraid lest the Tarentine troops should fall upon the hundred Cretans who had followed Telemachus to the war. All, in short, was confusion, and that entirely owing to Telemachus alone; who, seeing himself the author of so much present evil, and future danger, in consequence of that, was quite distracted with grief. Great was the perplexity of the chiefs: they were afraid to put the army in motion, lest the Cretans, commanded by Telemachus, and the Tarentines of Phalantus, should attack each other upon the march; for it was with great difficulty they were restrained from this violence in the camp, where they were narrowly watched. Nestor and Philoctetes were continually passing and repassing between the tent of Telemachus and that of the implacable Phalantus, who breathed nothing but revenge. Neither the mild eloquence of Nestor, nor the authority of the great Philoctetes could pacify his fierce haughty spirit, which was, besides, continually inflamed more and more by the fury of his brother Hippias. Telemachus, on the other hand, though very placable, was so deeply affected with grief, that he was quite inconsolable. While the princes were thus agitated, the whole army was under the greatest consternation, and the camp appeared like a family in distress for the loss of a father, who was the support of his neighbours, and the tender guardian of his little children. In the midst of this confusion and consternation, all on a sudden was heard a frightful noise of chariots, arms, the neighing of horses, and the cries of men; some shouting for victory, and thirsting for carnage; others flying for their lives, dangerously wounded, or groaning in the agonies of death.¹⁵ A whirlwind of dust formed a thick cloud that darkened the sky, and overspread the whole

camp. And to this was soon added a thick smoke that disturbed the air, and rendered it unfit for respiration. Then was heard a hideous noise, like that of the fiery eruptions which issue from the scorched bowels of mount *Ætna*, when *Vulcan* with his cyclops forge the thunder-bolts for the father of the gods: every heart was struck with terror! The vigilant, and indefatigable *Adrastus* had surprised the camp of the allies, having concealed his march from them, while he was exactly informed of all their motions. He had, with incredible diligence, made the circuit of an almost inaccessible mountain; the passes of which the allies had taken care to occupy.¹⁶ Possessed of those defiles, they thought themselves perfectly secure, and even believed that through these openings they could fall unexpectedly upon the enemy behind the mountain, as soon as some reinforcements, which they expected, were arrived. *Adrastus*, who paid those liberally who discovered to him any secrets of the enemy, had got intelligence of their designs; for *Nestor* and *Philoctetes*, commanders otherwise of such wisdom and experience, were not careful enough to keep their resolutions secret. *Nestor*, in the decline of life, took too much pleasure in recounting what he thought would procure him admiration and applause. *Philoctetes*, indeed, was not so talkative; but, being of a warm temper, if he was ever so little irritated, he was sure to disclose what he had determined to conceal. Thus had artful men got an infallible key to open his heart, and draw from it the most important secrets. They needed only put him into a passion: then would he in a rage break out into menaces, and boast that he had infallible means to accomplish his designs. If they seemed to doubt of this ever so little, he would, inconsiderately, give a particular detail of them, and thereby discover the greatest secrets. Thus was the heart of this great captain like a vessel of great price, but leaky; so that the most delicious liquors pass through it and are lost. The traitors, who were corrupted by *Adrastus*, availed themselves of the weakness of these two kings. *Nestor* they were perpetually applauding, and flattering with extravagant praises, taking notice of his former victories, and extolling his foresight. On the other hand, they were continually laying snares for the hot, impatient temper of *Philoctetes*; never talking to him of any thing but difficulties, cross¹⁷ accidents, dangers, inconveniencies, and irremediable blunders. His warm temper was no sooner irritated, than prudence and caution forsook him, and he no longer seemed the same man. *Telemachus*, notwithstanding the defects I have mentioned,¹⁸ was more capable of keeping a secret than either of them. His misfortunes, and the necessity he had been under from his infancy of concealing himself from the lovers of *Penelope*, had habituated him to it; and he knew how to keep a secret, without telling a lie. He had not even that reserved mysterious air, which those that value them-

selves upon their caution and secrecy usually affect; not appearing to have any secret to keep, but as one altogether free, open, and without disguise or reserve. Yet, while he talked freely of whatever he might mention, without any dangerous consequence, yet he knew exactly how to avoid whatever could give any suspicion, or had the least tendency to betray his secret. Thus was his heart impenetrable; and, except Mentor, for whom he had no reserve, his best friends knew no more than what he thought prudent to communicate to them for the sake of their advice. Of these last, indeed, some had more of his confidence than others, in proportion as he had experienced their friendship and sagacity. He had often observed, that some knowledge of what had passed in council had transpired into the camp; and he had informed Nestor and Philoctetes of this discovery: but these two chiefs, notwithstanding their experience, did not shew that regard to the intelligence that it deserved. Old age hath no pliancy: chained down by inveterate habits, it hath no resource against its own defects. Men, at a certain age, like trees, whose rough knotty trunks are become hard and stiff by length of time, and cannot any longer be bent or made straight, are not to be cured of certain habits which have grown old with them, and remain rooted in the very marrow of their bones. They are often sensible of them, and lament them when it is too late: youth is the only season when a man may hope to combat ill habits with success.¹⁹

There was in the army a Dolopian named Eurymachus, an artful insinuating flatterer, who knew how to suit himself to the different characters and tempers of all the chiefs; and was very assiduous and successful in his endeavours to please them. If he was asked his opinion on any point, he was never at a loss, but immediately guessed what would be most agreeable. He was pleasant in conversation, had a turn for raillery and ridicule, but was complaisant and obliging to those he stood in awe of; and could flatter with such dexterity and address, as not to offend the most modest and delicate. With the grave, he was grave; but merry and facetious with those of a contrary disposition: for, it cost him nothing to assume any form. Men of honour, and without dissimulation, who are always the same, and will not deviate from the rules of virtue, can never make themselves so agreeable to princes, as those who are ever ready to flatter their predominant passions. Eurymachus understood war, and had a capacity for business; being an adventurer who had attached himself to Nestor, and had wormed himself into his confidence; from whom, as being somewhat vain, and not insensible to flattery, he could easily draw whatever he had a mind to know. Though Philoctetes had not the same confidence in him as Nestor, yet the warmth and impatience of his temper produced the same effect: for, by irritating and contradicting him, he had never failed to make him

disclose his secrets. This man had received large sums from Adrastus, to give him intelligence of the designs of the allies: for which end, that king had always in their camp a certain number of deserters, who were to make their escape from thence one after another, and return to their own. For, as oft as Eurymachus made any discovery of importance enough to be communicated to Adrastus, he immediately dispatched one of these deserters; and the cheat could not easily be discovered, because they carried no letters. If at any time they were taken, nothing could be found that could occasion any suspicion of Eurymachus. By these means Adrastus rendered all the schemes of the allies abortive; for, no sooner was any resolution taken in council, than the Daunians immediately took the precautions necessary to defeat it. Telemachus took a great deal of pains to find out the cause of all these miscarriages,²⁰ and to put Nestor and Philoctetes on their guard, by alarming their suspicion; but in vain, such was their delusion. A resolution had been taken in council to wait for the large reinforcements that were expected; and a hundred vessels had been secretly dispatched in the night to transport them from the place of their rendezvous, which was a rugged part of the coast, to the camp. In the mean time, they thought themselves quite safe; because the passes of the neighbouring mountain, which is a skirt of the Apennine, almost inaccessible, were guarded by their troops, while the main body of the army was encamped on the banks of the river Galesus, not far from the sea. This delicious coast produces plenty of forage, and other provisions necessary for the subsistence of an army. Behind the mountain was Adrastus encamped, and they thought it was not possible for him to pass it: but, as he knew that the allies were as yet but weak, that a large reinforcement was upon the march to join them, that there were ships ready to transport them when they should arrive, and that the quarrel between Phalantus and Telemachus had occasioned great discord and animosity in the army, he resolved immediately to march a great way round the mountain.²¹ Accordingly he advanced with great expedition day and night along the sea-coast, by ways which, till then, had been thought impracticable. Thus labour and resolution surmount the greatest difficulties: there is scarce any thing impossible to the hardy and enterprising; and thus do they, who, fondly imagining that what is difficult will never be attempted, think themselves secure, deserve to be surprised and cut off. The hundred ships belonging to the allies, which had been dispatched in the night, were, at break of day, surprised by Adrastus. They being but ill guarded, as there was no apprehension of danger, he easily made himself master of them, and, with incredible diligence transported his army in them to the mouth of the river Galesus, up which he proceeded with

the same expedition. The advanced posts about the camp of the allies towards the river imagining that the reinforcements they expected were on board these ships, shouted at the sight of them for joy. Before the mistake was discovered, the troops disembarked, and attacked the allies, who mistrusted nothing, and were in an open unfortified camp, without order, arms, or subordination. The quarter of the camp that they first fell upon, was that where the Tarentines, commanded by Phalantus, had pitched their tents. These young Lacedæmonians having been surprised and charged with great fury by the Daunians, were not able to stand their ground. But, while they in the utmost confusion are running to their arms,²² and embarrassing one another, Adrastus sets fire to the camp. Immediately the smoke and flames ascend from the tents into the air, attended with a noise like that of a torrent which lays the whole country under water, and sweeps away with its impetuosity huge oaks, root and branch, fields of corn, barns, stables, and cattle. The wind spreads the flames with amazing rapidity from tent to tent, and the whole camp looked soon like an ancient forest set on fire by an accidental spark. Phalantus, who was more immediately exposed to the danger, was not able to guard against it. He saw that his troops ran the greatest risk of perishing in the flames, if they did not immediately quit the camp; but he saw likewise the danger of such a disorderly retreat before a victorious enemy. However, as the least of two evils,²³ he was beginning to draw off his young Lacedæmonians, who were not yet half armed; but Adrastus did not give him time to execute his design. On one side a body of skilful archers galled them with showers of arrows; and slingers on the other, with showers of large stones. Adrastus himself, at the head of a chosen body of the most gallant Daunians, pursues, by the light of the flames, the flying troops of the enemy; mowing down with the sword all that had escaped the flames, swimming in blood, yet not sated; so that the rage of lions and tygers, when they fall upon the shepherds and their flocks, did not equal his. Phalantus's troops, therefore, were unable to stand their ground,²⁴ and lost all courage. Pale death, led on by an infernal fury, whose head was bristled with serpents, freezes the blood in their veins, while their benumbed limbs grow stiff, and their trembling knees deprive them even of the hopes of escaping by flight. And Phalantus himself, whom shame and despair still supplied with a little strength and vigour, while he was lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, sees his brother Hippias fall at his feet, overthrown by the tremendous arm of Adrastus. Hippias, stretched upon the plain, lay rolling in the dust; the purple stream rushed like a torrent from the deep wound that had pierced his side. The light forsook his eyes; and his furious soul fled with the last gush that

issued from his veins. Phalantus too, stained all over with his brother's blood, but unable to give him any relief, sees himself surrounded with great numbers of the enemy, striving who should dispatch him first. His buckler had been pierced with a thousand darts, and he had received several wounds in different parts of his body, so that he was altogether incapable of rallying his flying troops; and, in this distress did the gods behold him without compassion.

THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, having put on his divine armour, flies to the assistance of Phalantus, kills immediately Iphicles the son of Adrastus, repulses the victorious enemy, and would have entirely defeated them, had not a storm arisen and put an end to the battle. He then causes the wounded to be carried off the field, and great care to be taken of them, particularly of Phalantus. He charges himself with the obsequies of Hippias, whose ashes he deposits in a golden urn, and presents to Phalantus.

Jupiter, enthroned amidst the whole assembly of the gods on the summit of Olympus, beheld this slaughter of the allies. At the same time, consulting the immutable destinies, he saw all the chiefs, the thread of whose life was that day to be cut by the fatal scissors. Each of the gods endeavoured, by narrowly observing the countenance of Jupiter, to discover what his pleasure would be.¹ But the father of the gods and men, with a mild majestic voice, declared: "You see to what extremity the allies are reduced, and how Adrastus mows down his enemies; but this appearance is deceitful: the glory and prosperity of the wicked are but of short duration. The impious Adrastus, detestable for his perfidy, shall not gain a complete victory. This misfortune is permitted to happen to the allies, only to make them wiser for the future, and teach them to keep their secrets better. The sage Minerva now intends to procure fresh glory for the young Telemachus, who is her darling."² Jupiter said no more: and all the gods continued in silence to observe the engagement. Meanwhile, Nestor and Philoctetes were informed that part of the camp was already burnt; that the flames, driven by the winds, were still advancing; that their troops were in disorder; and that Phalantus was no longer able to make head against the enemy. No sooner did they receive these fatal tidings, than they ran to arms, and gave orders to the captains, whom they had called together, to quit the camp with all possible expedition, in order to avoid the flames. Telemachus, notwithstanding his great grief and dejection, as soon as he understood what had happened,³ immediately took the arms with which he was presented by Minerva, who, appearing to him under the figure of Mentor, pretended to have received them from an ingenious workman of Salentum, but in reality had them made by Vulcan in the smoking caverns of mount Ætna. They were

polished as smooth as glass, and as brilliant as the noon-day sun.⁴ Upon them were represented Neptune and Pallas, contending for the glory of giving their name to a new city. Neptune, with his trident, strikes the earth, and up starts a fine horse,⁵ with fire issuing from his nostrils,⁶ and foam from his mouth: his large luxuriant mane seemed to wave in the wind, and his supple nervous legs appeared to move with great vigour and agility. He did not look as if walking, but leaping in obedience to the reins; and that so nimbly, as to leave no traces of his feet behind him: one would have almost thought that they heard him neigh. On the other hand, Minerva was represented as presenting to the inhabitants of the new city the olive which she had planted, with its fruit: the branch, with its fruit hanging to it, was an emblem of peace and plenty, much to be preferred to the devastations of war, of which the horse was an image. The goddess, by her simple, but useful present, obtained the victory; and proud Athens bore her name. Minerva was seen, likewise, with all the fine arts around her, which were represented by little children with wings. They had fled to her for protection from the brutal fury of Mars, who destroys every thing; as the tender bleating lambs take shelter about their dams at the sight of a famished wolf; who, with his jaws wide open and inflamed, rushes upon them, in order to tear and devour them. In another place, Minerva, with disdain and resentment in her looks, confounds, by the excellence of her work, the temerity and presumption of Arachne, who ventured to dispute her superior skill in weaving. The body of that unhappy woman appeared quite emaciated and disfigured, as it was changing to that of a spider. Near this, Minerva was again represented, giving counsel to Jupiter himself in the war of the giants, and animating all the other gods. She appeared in another place with her lance and ægis upon the banks of the Xanthus, and Simois leading Ulysses by the hand, rallying the flying Grecian troops, baffling the efforts of the most valiant Trojan commanders, and even of the terrible Hector himself. Lastly, she was seen conducting Ulysses into that fatal machine, which was, in one night, to overturn the empire of Priam.

On another side of the shield was exhibited Ceres in the fertile fields of Enna, which lie in the middle of Sicily: she appeared assembling together the people, who, before were dispersed, either hunting for their food, or gathering, as they fell from the trees, the fruits that grew wild in the woods and forests. These savages she taught how to till the ground, and to procure themselves nourishment from her fruitful bosom. She made them a present also of a plough, and taught them how to use it by the yoke. The fertile fields were then seen laid open in furrows by the plough-share, and afterwards overspread with the golden grain, which the reaper cut down with his sharp sickle: thus

rewarding himself for all his labour. Of steel, that elsewhere is employed to destroy every thing, no other use seemed to be made here, but to procure abundance, and delights of every kind. Nymphs crowned with flowers danced together in a meadow by the side of a river, and near a grove, while Pan played upon his flute, and the frolicsome fawns and satyrs frisked about. There appeared Bacchus also, crowned with ivy, leaning with one hand upon his thyrsus,⁷ and holding in the other a vine, adorned with leaves and clusters of grapes. There was something very noble, tender, and agreeable in his air, though a little too languishing and effeminate.⁸ He was such as he appeared to the unhappy Ariadne, when he found her in the deepest distress, alone and forsaken upon a foreign coast. Besides these, there appeared a great crowd of people, of whom some were old men going to the temples to offer first-fruits; some young, returning home from their labour, weary and fatigued. The wives of these last were come to meet them, leading by the hand, and caressing their little children. There too was seen a company of shepherds, some of whom seemed to be singing, while others were dancing to the pipe. In fine, this part of the shield exhibited nothing but joy, peace, and plenty; happiness and content reigned through the whole: even wolves were seen playing among the sheep in their pastures, and the lion and tiger had forgot their fierceness, and fled with the tender lamb; while a little shepherd, with his crook, tended them together. So that the happiness of the golden age was there represented in a very lively and agreeable manner.⁹

Telemachus put on this divine armour, and, instead of his ordinary buckler, took the terrible ægis, which Minerva had sent him by Iris, the swift messenger of the gods. Iris had taken away his own buckler without his perceiving it, and had given him, instead of it, the ægis, terrible to the gods themselves. Thus accoutred, he made the best of his way out of the camp, to avoid the flames, calling with a loud voice to all the chiefs to follow him. His voice alone re-animates the despairing troops: a divine fire sparkled in the eyes of the young warrior. He never discovered any fear or perturbation, but gave orders with tranquillity and precision,¹⁰ like an ancient sage employed in regulating his family, and instructing his children; but, he was keen and rapid in the execution, like an impetuous river, which not only swiftly rolls its foaming flood, but also bears along with it in its course the heaviest vessels launched into its stream. Philoctetes, Nestor, and the chiefs of the Mandurians and the other nations felt an authority in the son of Ulysses, which it was not in their power to withstand. In comparison of him, the old men found they wanted experience; and all the commanders, that they were destitute of wisdom and counsel: so that even jealousy, which is so natural to men, had no place in their hearts.

They all submitted, all admired Telemachus, and obeyed him without hesitation or reluctance, as if they had been accustomed to it. He advances with the utmost diligence¹¹ to the top of a hill, from whence he could observe the disposition of the enemy's army, and immediately perceives that it would be proper to fall upon it directly, and take advantage of the disorder they had thrown themselves into by setting fire to the camp. Accordingly he fetches a compass,¹² together with all the commanders of the greatest experience, and attacks the Daunians in the rear, when they imagined the army of the allies was enveloped with smoke and flames. They are thrown into a panic by this unexpected attack, and fall thick under the hands of Telemachus; as the leaves in the forests towards the end of autumn, when the fierce north-wind, bringing back the winter, makes the old trees groan and shake in every bough. The ground was strewed thick with the bodies of those whom Telemachus had overthrown. Among the rest, he transfixes with a dart the heart of Iphicles, the youngest son of Adrastus. This youth ventured to present himself to the combat, in order to save the life of his father, who had almost been surprised by Telemachus. Iphicles, and the son of Ulysses, were both beautiful, strong, active, and courageous; of the same age and stature; both good-natured, humane, and tenderly beloved by their parents. But Iphicles was like a flower that blows in the fields, soon to be cut down by the scythe of the mower. The next whom Telemachus slew was Euphorion, the bravest of all the Lydians, that came into Hetruria. Lastly, with his sword he dispatched Cleomenes, who had been but lately married, and had promised to present his spouse with rich spoils taken from the enemy; but fate ordained that he should never see her more.

Adrastus boiled with rage to see his son and several of his officers slain, and the victory ravished from his hands. Phalantus, upon the point of falling at his feet, was like a half-slaughtered victim that escapes from the sacred knife, and flies far from the altar. Another moment would have enabled Adrastus to finish the fate of the Lacedæmonians. Phalantus, drenched in his own blood, and that of the soldiers who fought about him, hears the shouts of Telemachus as he advanced to his assistance. Then did new life, in a moment, re-inspire his heart; and the cloud that was beginning to overspread his eyes, dispersed. The Daunians, finding themselves unexpectedly attacked behind, quitted Phalantus to make head against a more dangerous enemy. Adrastus, meanwhile, raged like a tyger, when the shepherds, assembling together, tear from him the prey that he was just ready to devour. Telemachus searches for him in the crowd, that he might have put an end to the war at once by delivering the allies from their most implacable enemy. But Jupiter would not give the son of Ulysses so easy and so cheap a victory; and even Minerva was willing that he should en-

counter more hardships and disasters, to learn the better how to govern mankind. The impious Adrastus, therefore, was preserved by the father of the gods, that Telemachus might have time to acquire both more glory and more virtue. Accordingly, to save the Daunians, Jupiter condensed a thick cloud to darken all the air, frightful thunder at the same time announcing the will of the gods. One would have thought that the eternal dome of the lofty Olympus was going to tumble down upon the heads of weak mortals, while the cloud opened, and the lightning darted from pole to pole. The very moment that the eye was dazzled by those piercing fires, all nature was again enveloped with the dreadful shades of night. This storm, together with a heavy rain which fell immediately, compelled the armies to separate.

Adrastus availed himself of the interposition of the gods, without being affected with their power or goodness; and, therefore, deserved on account of his ingratitude, to be doomed to a heavier vengeance. He lost no time in making his troops file off between the half-burnt camp and a morass that extended quite to the river; and this retreat he performed with such dexterity and expedition, as plainly proved his great abilities and presence of mind. The allies, animated by Telemachus, endeavoured to cut off his retreat, but he escaped by means of the storm; as a bird, by her swift wings, escapes from the net of the fowler. They returned, therefore, to their old camp, and applied themselves to retrieve, as much as possible, the damage they had sustained.¹³ Upon entering it, they beheld one of the most shocking sights that war exhibits. The sick and wounded not having had strength enough to crawl out of their tents, had not been able to deliver themselves from the flames: they appeared, therefore, half-burnt, uttering, with a plaintive, dying voice, the most piteous groans and shrieks. Telemachus was deeply affected with the sight, so that he could not refrain from tears; and often turned his eyes aside, greatly shocked and moved. He could not, without shuddering, and feeling the deepest compassion, behold these unhappy objects still alive, and doomed to a lingering, painful death; who looked like victims whose flesh hath been burnt upon the altars, and diffuseth a smell around. "Alas," said Telemachus, "see what horrible scenes war produces! how great is the blindness and infatuation of wretched mortals! as life is short and miserable, why will they still make it shorter? And why will they add so many distresses and calamities to those, with which the gods have embittered a life so fleeting and precarious? Men are all brethren, and yet more cruel than wild beasts, they tear and destroy one another. Lions do not wage war with lions, nor tygers with tygers, but only with animals of a different species. Man alone, though endued with reason, does what irrational animals never did. After all, why thus engage in war? Is there

not more land upon earth than can be properly manured by all its inhabitants? How much is there waste and uncultivated! more than ever can be occupied and tilled by men. What then is the cause of all this discord? The love of glory, falsely so called; and of the vain title of conqueror; which often light the flames of war in a vast extent of country. Thus one man, whom the gods have sent to execute their wrath on earth, barbarously sacrifices so many others to gratify his vanity. Every thing must go to wreck; the earth must be deluged with blood, or consumed with fire; and those who escape the fire and sword, be destroyed by the still more cruel famine; only that this man, who thus wantonly sports with the lives and fortunes of mankind, may, by the general desolation, glut his pride and ambition.¹⁴ What horrid glory is this! can men, who have thus divested themselves of all humanity, be sufficiently despised and detested? No, no: far from being demi-gods, they are not even men; and, instead of being admired, as they expected, by future ages, they ought to be execrated. Oh! how cautious ought kings to be about engaging in wars! it is not enough that they be just, they ought also to be necessary for the public good. The blood of the people should not be spilt but when necessity requires it, and to save the people. But flattering counsellors, false notions of glory, groundless idle jealousies, and unjust avidity, disguised under specious pretexts; in fine, rash inconsiderate treaties and engagements scarce ever fail to plunge kings into ruinous wars, in which they unnecessarily hazard the loss of their dominions, and do as much mischief to themselves as to their enemies." Such were the reflections of Telemachus upon this occasion. But he was not contented with lamenting the fatal effects of war; he endeavoured also to alleviate them. He visited, in person, the sick and dying in their tents, supplied them with money and medicines, comforted and encouraged them by kind soothing words; and these whom he could not visit in person, he sent others to visit. Among the Cretans who came with him were two old men; one named Traumaphilus, and the other Nozophugus. The former had been at the siege of Troy with Idomeneus, and there had learned of the sons of Æsculapius the divine art of curing wounds. He poured into the deepest and most dangerous wounds a fragrant liquid which consumed the fungous mortified flesh, without any necessity of making an incision, and quickly supplied its place with new flesh, more sound and beautiful than the first. As for Nozophugus, he never had seen the sons of Æsculapius; but he had procured, by the help of Merion, a sacred and mysterious book, which Æsculapius had left them. He was also favoured by the gods; for he had composed hymns in honour of the sons of Latona, and offered every day a white sheep without blemish to Apollo, by whom he was often inspired. At first sight of a patient he knew by his eyes, by his

complexion, the colour of his skin, the conformation of his body, and his respiration, the cause of his distemper. Sometimes he prescribed sudorifics,¹⁵ and made it appear by the effects of sweating, how much perspiration facilitated or obstructed, relieves or disorders the bodily machine; sometimes, in consumptive cases,¹⁶ he ordered certain draughts, which strengthened by degrees the noble parts, and restored men to health and vigour by sweetening their blood. But, he maintained, that it was from a want of resolution and virtue that men stood so often in need of physic: "It is a shame to them," said he, "that they should have so many diseases; for, if they were more sober and virtuous, they would also be more healthy. Their intemperance," continued he, "converts what was intended for the comfort and support of life, into a mortal poison. An immoderate pursuit of pleasure shortens the lives of men more than medicines can prolong them. The poor are more seldom sick and out of order for want of food, than the rich by indulging too freely in eating and drinking. Those dishes that are too palatable, and eaten to excess, produce poison rather than nourishment. Even remedies themselves hurt, and give shocks to the constitution;¹⁷ and should, therefore, never be taken, but when there is an absolute necessity. The great medicines, ever innocent and useful, are sobriety, moderation in the enjoyment of pleasures, tranquillity of mind, and bodily exercise. These procure pure and wholesome blood, and throw off all superfluous humours." Thus was the sage Nozophugus more eminent for the regimen he prescribed for preventing diseases, and rendering physic unnecessary, than for the medicines he administered.¹⁸

Telemachus sent these two men to visit the sick of the army; many of whom they cured by their remedies, but many more by the care they took that they should be properly nursed and tended; ordering them to be kept always clean, thereby to prevent bad air; and making them observe a very strict, sober regimen, when they began to recover. The soldiers were all highly pleased with Telemachus's care and attention to the sick, and gave thanks to the gods for having sent him to the army of the allies. "He is not," said they, "a man, but is undoubtedly some beneficent divinity in human shape. At least, if he is a man, he does not so much resemble other men as he does the gods, seeing he is wholly employed in doing good. He is still more to be admired for his humanity and good-nature than his valour: O if we could have him for our king! but the gods intend him for some more happy nation whom they love, and among whom they design to revive the golden age." These praises Telemachus heard as he went in the night to visit the different posts and quarters of the camp, by way of precaution against the stratagems of Adrastus, and, therefore, they could not be suspected of flattery, as those which sycophants often

give princes to their face, upon the supposition that they have neither modesty nor delicacy; and, that to gain their favour, they need only praise them in a fulsome extravagant manner. But the son of Ulysses had an aversion to all such praises; and, could relish none but such as were given him in secret, and out of his hearing, and such as he had deserved. To these last his heart was not insensible; that pleasure, so pure and genuine, which virtue alone can bestow, and which the vicious, by never having felt it, can neither conceive nor believe, he relished: but he did not suffer himself to be puffed up or intoxicated by it,¹⁹ but immediately recollected the many faults and follies he had been guilty of; he bethought himself of his natural haughtiness and indifference about others, and was secretly ashamed of his insensibility, and want of sympathy. To the sage Minerva he acknowledged himself indebted for all the glory he had acquired, without having merited it by his conduct.

“It was you, O great goddess,” said he, “who gave me Mentor to instruct me, and to correct my naturally bad temper and disposition. It was you who gave me wisdom to profit by my faults, to learn to be diffident of myself, and to restrain my impetuous passions. It was you who made me feel a pleasure in comforting and relieving the unhappy: but for you, I should have been hated, and deservedly too; but for you, I should commit irretrievable errors, and be like a child; who, not knowing his weakness, quits his mother, and falls at the very first step he makes.”

Nestor and Philoctetes were surprised to see Telemachus become so kind, good-natured, sympathizing, and obliging; so ready to assist and relieve others, and so ingenious in obviating their wants. They did not know how to account for such a total change of his behaviour.²⁰ But what surprised them still more, was the care he took of Hippias’s funeral; for he went himself, and brought his corse,²¹ all bloody and disfigured, from where it lay under a heap of dead bodies; and, while he dropped a tender tear over it, exclaimed: “O illustrious shade! thou now knowest how much I esteem thee for thy valour. It is true, thy haughtiness provoked me, but thy failings arose from youthful ardor. I know well what indulgence the errors of that season of life are entitled to: had you not fallen in the battle, we should certainly have been united by the bands of a sincere friendship. O gods! I own that I also was to blame; why did ye snatch him from me before I had time to force him, in spite of himself, to love me?” Telemachus then ordered the body to be washed with odoriferous liquors, and, after that, a funeral pile to be got ready. The lofty pines were now heard groaning under the strokes of the ax, and tumbling down the sides of the mountains. The oaks, those ancient sons of the earth, that seemed to menace heaven; the stately poplars, the wild ash-trees, whose tops are so green, and

so bedecked with a luxuriance of leaves; and beeches, that are the glory of the forests, were cut down, and conveyed to the banks of the Galesus. There was erected a pile that looked like a regular building; and, being set on fire, the flames began to appear, and a cloud of smoke to ascend towards heaven. The Lacedæmonians advance with slow, sad steps, pikes reversed, and down-cast eyes; their fierce countenances exhibited the most pungent sorrow, and they shed floods of tears; then came Pherecides, an old man, ready to sink, not so much under the weight of years, as of grief, that he had survived Hippias, who had been his pupil from his infancy: his hands were raised towards heaven, and his eyes bathed in tears. Since the death of Hippias, he had refused all sort of nourishment; nor had balmy sleep once closed his eyes, or suspended, for a moment, his deep distress: with feeble, trembling steps did he follow the crowd, and hardly knew whither he went. Not a single word proceeded from his mouth, for his heart was too full: grief and despair had overwhelmed him. But no sooner did he see the pile set on fire, than he became quite distracted, and exclaimed: "O Hippias, Hippias! I shall see thee no more; Hippias is no more, but I am still alive! O my dear Hippias, it was I, cruel pitiless I, who taught you to despise death; I flattered myself with the hopes that you would close my eyes, and catch my last sigh. O cruel gods! you have prolonged my life that I might see the end of that of Hippias! O my dear child, whom I nursed, and for whom I was so anxious; I shall see thee no more! but I shall see thy mother, who will not be able to bear her grief, and will reproach me with thy death. I shall see thy young spouse beating her breast, and tearing her hair; and of all this I shall be the cause. O dear shade, call me to the banks of Styx, for the light is become odious to me. Thee alone, my dear Hippias, do I desire to see. Hippias! Hippias! O my dear Hippias! it is only to pay my last duty to thy ashes, that I support life." In the mean time appeared the body of young Hippias, stretched upon a bier; adorned with purple, gold, and silver, to be laid upon the pile: death, though it had extinguished the lustre of his eyes, had not been able entirely to efface his beauty; and the graces still faintly played upon his faded face. About his snowy neck, that reclined upon his shoulder, hung his long black hair, more beautiful than that of Atys or Ganymede, though destined now to be reduced to ashes: and in his side was seen the deep wound through which all his blood had flowed, and in consequence of which he had descended to the gloomy realm of Pluto.

Telemachus, sad and sorrowful, walked close behind the body, strewing flowers upon it all the way. When they were arrived at the funeral pile, the son of Ulysses could not see the flames catch hold of the cloth in which the body was wrapped, without shedding tears anew. "Adieu," said he, "magnanimous

Hippias! for I dare not call thee friend; be pacified, O shade, who hast merited so much glory! if I did not love thee, I should envy thy happiness; for thou art delivered from the misery to which we are still exposed, and hast made thy escape in the most glorious manner. O how happy should I be, so to end my days! May thy shade find no obstruction from the river Styx; may the Elysian fields be open to receive thee; may fame transmit thy name to all future ages; and may thy ashes rest in peace!"

Scarce had he uttered these words, broken and intermingled with sighs, when all the army burst into tears, and wept aloud, deeply affected with the loss of Hippias, whose great actions they recounted. Their grief made them recollect all his good qualities, and overlook the faults into which he was misled by the impetuosity of youth, and a bad education. But they were still more affected with the generous and affectionate behaviour of Telemachus. "Is that then," said they, "the young Greek, so haughty, proud, disdainful, and headstrong? See how gentle, humane, and compassionate he is become! Without doubt, Minerva, who loved his father so much, loves him also: without doubt, she hath bestowed upon him the most valuable gifts which the gods can confer upon men, by giving him wisdom, and a heart susceptible of friendship." The body being now consumed by the flames, Telemachus, with his own hands, sprinkled the yet smoaking ashes with a perfumed liquor, and then deposited them in a golden urn, which he decked with flowers, and carried to Phalantus. That chief was then so weak, and in so great danger from the many wounds he had received, that he had a near view of the black, dismal gates of Tartarus. But Traumaphilus and Nozophugus having been sent to his assistance by the son of Ulysses, and having given him all the relief which their art could afford, his soul, that was ready to take its flight, by degrees resumed its place: a fresh supply of spirits insensibly invigorated his nerves; a gentle vivifying energy, a balsam of life diffused itself through every vein, even to the inmost recesses of his heart; and its agreeable warmth snatched him as it were from the cold arms of death. But, with the return of his health and strength, he found his grief also return, and he began to feel the loss of his brother, which the condition he had been in hitherto, had prevented his feeling. "Alas," said he, "why all these pains to save my life? Should I not be happier to die, and follow my dear Hippias? I saw him fall close by me: O Hippias! the joy of my life, my brother, my dear brother, thou art no more; then shall I see thee no more, nor hear thee, nor embrace thee, nor make thee acquainted with my grievances; nor administer consolation to thee in time of trouble. O ye gods, enemies to mankind! you have then taken my Hippias from me! is it possible? May it not be all a dream? No, no; it is but too true. O Hippias! I have certainly lost thee, for I saw thee

fall! I must then be content to live, at least till I have revenged thy death; I will sacrifice to thy manes the cruel Adrastus, stained with thy blood." While Phalantus thus exclaimed, the two divine men endeavoured to assuage his grief, lest it should irritate his wounds, and defeat the effects of their medicines. In this condition he was, when Telemachus, all on a sudden, appeared before him. Then was his heart assailed by two contrary passions; on one hand, what had passed between Telemachus and Hippias immediately occurred to him; and his resentment, on that account, was whetted by his grief for the death of Hippias. On the other hand, he could not pretend to be ignorant, that he owed the preservation of his own life to Telemachus, who had delivered him all bloody, and half-dead from the hands of Adrastus. But, when he saw the golden urn, in which the ashes of his dear brother were deposited, he shed a flood of tears, embraced Telemachus, but could not speak; at length, however, with a weak, languishing voice, broken with sighs, he said: "Worthy son of Ulysses, your virtue compels me to love you; to you I am indebted for what remains of life I yet enjoy, and for something still more dear to me. But for you, my brother's body would have been a prey to vultures; but for you, he had lain unburied; his melancholy shade would have been wandering on the banks of Styx, rejected and repulsed by unrelenting Charon. And am I so much obliged to a man whom I hated so violently? O ye gods! reward him for it, and deliver me from a life so wretched. As for you, Telemachus, take care of my obsequies, as you did of those of my brother, and thereby render your glory complete." So saying, he sunk down, quite overwhelmed with grief. Telemachus continued standing by him, and waiting till he should come to himself, before he offered to speak. When he had recovered himself a little, he snatched the urn from the hands of Telemachus, and having kissed it several times, and watered it with his tears, "O dear, O precious ashes," cried he, "when shall mine be deposited with them in this same urn? O shade of Hippias, I shall quickly follow thee to the infernal regions, and Telemachus will be the avenger of us both." Nevertheless, by the care and skill of the two men who were masters of the science of Æsculapius, Phalantus grew better and better every day. Telemachus always attended with the physicians, that they might exert themselves the more, to forward the cure; and the whole army admired the goodness of his heart, in thus succouring his greatest enemy, more than the wisdom and valour he had displayed in the battle, by which he had saved the army of the allies. In the mean time, he was indefatigable in the discharge of all, even the most laborious duties of a commander:²² his sleep was scanty, and even that was often interrupted, either by the advices he received every hour of the night, as well as day, or by visiting the different quarters of the camp, which he never did twice

successively at the same hour, the better to surprise those who neglected their duty. He often returned to his tent all over sweat and dust; his diet was very plain, and he lived in all respects as the common soldiers, in order to set them an example of sobriety and patience. And, as the camp was but indifferently supplied with provisions, he thought his submitting voluntarily to the same hardships and inconveniencies as they suffered, might contribute to silence the murmurs of the soldiers. His body, far from being weakened by such an active, laborious life, became stronger and hardier every day: those tender, delicate graces, that are, as it were, the flowers and blossoms of the spring of life, began to disappear: his complexion grew browner and more manly, and his limbs more nervous and elastic.

THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, fully convinced by several dreams that he had, that his father was no longer upon earth, puts in execution the design he had formed of going in quest of him to the infernal regions. He privately withdraws from the camp, attended by two Cre-tans, as far as a temple, near the famous cavern of Acheruntia; through which he passes in the dark; arrives upon the banks of Styx, and is taken by Charon into his boat. He then goes and presents himself before Pluto, whom he finds disposed to let him proceed in quest of his father; in consequence of which he traverses Tartarus, and is a spectator of the torments which the ungrateful, hypocritical, and perjured, but especially bad kings, are doomed to suffer.¹

Adrastus, whose troops had suffered considerably in the engagement, had withdrawn behind the mountain Aulon, to wait for new reinforcements, and watch an opportunity of surprising his enemies once more. He resembled a famished lion, who, having been driven from a sheep-fold, returns to the gloomy forests, and enters his den, where he whets his teeth and claws, and waits for a favourable opportunity to destroy all the flocks. Telemachus, having taken care to establish a strict discipline in the camp, turned all his thoughts towards the executing a design he had formed, but had communicated to none of the chiefs of the army. He had, for a considerable time, been greatly disturbed every night with dreams, in which his father Ulysses appeared to him. That dear image presented itself always towards the end of the night, before Aurora came with her early rays to drive from heaven the roving stars, and banish balmy sleep, with her train of fluttering dreams. Sometimes he fancied he saw Ulysses naked in a meadow, bedecked with flowers, upon the banks of a river, in a pleasant island, encompassed with nymphs, who threw him garments to cover his nakedness.² Sometimes he imagined he heard him speaking in a palace, glittering all over with gold and ivory, where men, crowned with flowers, listened to him with pleasure and admiration. Oftentimes he appeared to him all on a sudden at a feast, where mirth and pleasure reigned, and where the sweet melody of a voice accompanied a lyre more ravishing than that of Apollo, or the voices of the Muses. But these agreeable dreams served only to make Telemachus melancholy when he waked. “O my father! O my dear father

Ulysses!" would he exclaim: "the most frightful dreams would be more welcome to me. By these images of felicity, I perceive that you are gone to the place of happy souls, where the gods, to reward their virtues, bestow upon them eternal tranquillity. Methinks I see the Elysian fields. O what a grief it is that I can hope for no more! What! O my dear father! then I shall see you no more! never more embrace him who loved me so tenderly, and whom I undergo such labour and hardship to find! never more hear that voice which spoke so wisely! never more kiss those hands, those dear hands, those victorious hands, that have overthrown such a multitude of enemies! but they will not now take vengeance on the presumptuous lovers of Penelope; nor will Ithaca ever emerge from ruin. O ye gods, enemies to my father! ye send me these fatal dreams to deprive me of all hope, which is, in effect, depriving me of life. No, I cannot live any longer in this uncertainty. But what do I say! alas! I am but too certain that my father is no more; but I will go down to the infernal regions in quest of him. Thither Theseus descended in safety, the audacious, impious Theseus, who would have insulted the infernal deities; whereas I go conducted by filial duty. Hercules also descended thither: I, indeed, am not Hercules; but it is glorious to attempt to imitate him. Orpheus, by the recital of his misfortunes, moved the pity of that god, who is represented as inexorable, and prevailed upon him to let Eurydice return to life: I am more worthy of compassion than Orpheus, as my loss is greater; for, who can compare a young woman, equalled by so many others, with the sage Ulysses, admired by all Greece. Come, I will venture; if I must, let me die.³ What folly to be afraid of death, when life is so full of trouble! O Pluto! O Proserpine! I shall soon see whether you are as void of pity as you are represented. O my father! after having traversed in vain both sea and land in quest of you, I am coming to see whether you may not be in the dismal mansions of the dead. If the gods refuse to let me see you upon earth, and enjoying the light of the sun, perhaps they will not refuse me the sight of your shade in the realm of night." So saying, Telemachus watered his couch with his tears: then he arose, and tried by the light to assuage the violent uneasiness which these dreams had occasioned. But it was an arrow which had pierced his heart, and which he carried every where about with him. He resolved, therefore, to attempt to find his way to the infernal regions, at a celebrated place, not far from the camp, called Acheruntia, where was a frightful cavern, through which a passage opened to the banks of Acheron, that river, by which the gods themselves are afraid to swear. The city stood upon the summit of a rock, like a nest in the top of a tree, and, at the bottom of the rock, was the cavern, which timorous mortals durst not venture to approach. The shepherds took care to keep their flocks

at a distance; for the air was infected by the sulphureous steam that arose perpetually through the cavern from the Stygian lake. In the neighbourhood, neither grass nor flowers would grow: there the gentle zephyrs never fanned the air; nor were the beauties of the spring, or the rich fruits of autumn, ever seen. The ground was quite parched and blasted,⁴ and the only vegetables that appeared upon it, were some naked withered shrubs, and dismal cypresses. To a considerable distance all around, Ceres refused her golden grain to the labours of the husbandman, and Bacchus seemed to produce his delicious fruit in vain, for the grapes, instead of ripening, were soon shrunk and shrivelled. Nor did the drooping Naiads pour forth the sweet transparent stream; the waters were always bitter and muddy: no birds were ever heard to sing in this forlorn country, over-run with briars and thorns, and destitute of groves for their retreat; they chose a more happy climate, where they could with pleasure warble their amorous lays.⁵ Nothing there was heard but the croaking of ravens, and the dismal hooting of owls. The very grass was bitter; so that the flocks that fed upon it never thrived, nor felt that pleasing sensation that makes them frisk along the plain. There the bull never wooed the heifer,⁶ and the melancholy, dejected swains never thought of the flute or oaten pipe.⁷ From time to time there issued from the cavern a black thick smoke, that formed an artificial night, even in the middle of the day. The people in the neighbourhood were then doubly diligent in offering sacrifices to pacify the infernal deities: but, oftentimes the human species,⁸ in the flower of their youth, and even in their tender years, were the only victims which those cruel divinities took pleasure in destroying, by a fatal contagion. There it was that Telemachus resolved to seek a passage to the gloomy realm of Pluto. Minerva, who continually watched over, and covered him with her egis, had pre-disposed Pluto to receive him favourably: even Jupiter, at the request of Pallas, had ordered Mercury, who descends every day into the infernal regions to deliver over to Charon a certain number of ghosts, to tell the monarch of the dead, that he desired he should let the son of Ulysses pass unmolested into his dominions. Telemachus secretly withdrew from the camp in the night, and proceeded by moon-light, invoking that powerful divinity, which in heaven is the bright luminary of the night, on earth the chaste Diana, and in the regions below the terrible Hecate. That goddess was propitious to his prayers, because his heart was pure, and because he was actuated by the filial duty⁹ which a son owes his father. He had, as soon as he approached the entrance of the cavern, heard the bellowing of the subterranean empire, while the ground shook under him, and heaven seemed all in a blaze with the lightning that darted to the earth. The heart of the young son of Ulysses now began to be alarmed, and his body was

covered all over with a cold sweat; yet his courage did not quite forsake him, while he lifted his hands and eyes to heaven, and exclaimed: "Great gods! I thankfully accept of these presages, which I look upon as happy; proceed as you have begun, till you have finished your work." Having uttered this ejaculation, he advanced boldly, and with a quick pace, to the mouth of the cave.¹⁰ The thick smoke, that proved fatal to all animals which ventured to approach the entrance, immediately dispersed; and the poisonous smell was suspended for a little. Telemachus entered all alone; for what other mortal would have dared to follow him? Two Cretans, to whom he had communicated his design, and who had accompanied him to a certain distance from the cavern, were now in a temple, a good way off, half dead, and trembling for fear, putting up vows, and never expecting to see Telemachus again. The son of Ulysses in the mean time, sword in hand, enters the dark, horrible cavern: he soon perceives a dull, feeble light, such as appears upon earth in the night; and at the same time observes a multitude of flitting ghosts hovering about him, which he drives away with his sword. He then descries the melancholy banks of the Stygian flood, whose thick heavy waters hardly seem to move: upon the hither bank he found¹¹ an infinite crowd of the shades of those who had not been buried, and who presented themselves to the pitiless Charon in vain, in order to be ferried over. That god, who is eternally old, churlish, and morose, but vigorous, threatened them, and drove them away, but admitted the young Greek into his boat. Upon his stepping into it, hearing the groans of a ghost that seemed inconsolable, he thus addressed it: "Whence does your heavy grief arise? What was you when alive, and upon earth?" "I was," replied the ghost, "Nabopharzan, king of the proud Babylon: all the nations of the East trembled at the very mention of my name; I built a temple of marble, in which I made the Babylonians pay me divine worship,¹² and burn, day and night, the most costly perfumes of Æthiopia before my statue, which was of massy gold; none durst presume to contradict me, without being immediately punished. Every day were new pleasures and amusements invented, to render my life more agreeable; I was still young and robust. Alas! what pleasure I still might have enjoyed upon the throne! but a woman, of whom I was enamoured, though she loved not me, soon made me sensible that I was not a god. She took me off by poison, and I am now no more: yesterday my ashes were deposited with great pomp in a golden urn; and there was great lamentation and tearing of hair; nay, they even made a shew of throwing themselves into the flames of my funeral pile, in order to be consumed with me; and to-day they intend to set up an howling and crying at the foot of a superb monument they have erected for

my ashes. Yet nobody, in reality, regrets me: even in my own family, my memory is execrated; and here below I am already subjected to the most horrible mortifications."

Telemachus, who sympathized with him in his sufferings,¹³ questioned him thus: "Was you really happy during your reign? Did you feel that sweet tranquillity, without which the heart is always uneasy and dissatisfied in the midst of mirth and pleasure?" "No," replied the Babylonian; "so far from it, I do not even understand what you mean. The sages extol that tranquillity as the only real good; but, as for me, I never felt it: my heart was perpetually agitated by new desires, by hope and fear. I endeavoured to render it callous and insensible by continual dissipation and amusement, and to perpetuate, if possible, the intoxication; for the least intrusion of reason, or calm serious reflection, would have been too painful. Such was the tranquillity I enjoyed; any other appeared to me but a chimera;¹⁴ and such is the happiness I now regret." So saying, the Babylonian wept like a weak, effeminate prince,¹⁵ debauched by prosperity; who, by never having experienced adversity, was incapable of supporting it with fortitude and resolution. He had about him some slaves, whom they had put to death in honour of his funeral; and whom Mercury had consigned over to Charon, together with the king, giving them an absolute power over him, whose slaves they had been upon earth. The ghosts of the slaves, therefore, no longer stood in awe of that of Nabopharzan, but held it in chains, and insulted it in the most cruel manner. "Are not we men, as well as you?" said one of them: "How could you be such a fool, as to fancy yourself a god; or forget that you was any thing more than a mere man?" Another, with a sneer, told him: "You was in the right to be unwilling to pass for a man; for you really was a monster, void of humanity." Another exclaimed: "Well, where are now your flatterers? Unhappy wretch! nothing have you now to give, nor can you do any harm: you are even become the slave of your slaves. The gods are slow in rendering to men according to their deserts, but they never fail to do justice at last." At these mortifying, harsh words, Nabopharzan threw himself upon his face to the ground, tearing his hair in a transport of rage and despair. But Charon said to the slaves: "Pull him by the chain, and lift him up,¹⁶ he shall not even have the consolation of concealing his shame, and all the ghosts of Styx must be witnesses of it; that the gods may be justified for having suffered this impious man to reign so long upon earth. This, O Babylonian, is but the beginning of your woe; you will soon be called to account by Minos, the impartial¹⁷ judge of the dead." While the terrible Charon spoke thus, the boat reached the bank that bounded the empire of

Pluto. Immediately all the ghosts came flocking to see the living man, that appeared in the boat among the dead: but as soon as Telemachus set foot on land, they all vanished, like the shades of the night at the first approach of day. Charon, with a forehead less wrinkled, and eyes less fierce and glaring than ordinary, said to the young Greek: "Mortal, beloved by the gods! since you are permitted to enter the realm of night, inaccessible to other men, while alive, proceed without delay whither your destiny calls you; that gloomy path will lead you to the palace of Pluto, whom you will find seated upon his throne, and who will indulge you with leave to visit those places, with the secrets of which I am not at liberty to acquaint you." Telemachus immediately advanced with eager steps, and beheld, fluttering all around him, the ghosts more numerous than the sands upon the sea-shore, which, together with the profound silence that reigned in those vast dreary regions, struck him with a divine awe and horror. His hair stood on end as he drew near to the dismal abode of the pitiless Pluto, and his knees trembled under him, so that it was with difficulty he could pronounce these words as he approached the god: "You see, O tremendous god, the son of the unhappy Ulysses; I am come to enquire of you, if my father hath yet descended to your empire, or if he is still wandering about upon earth?" Pluto was seated upon a throne of ebony, with a countenance pale and stern, eyes hollow and sparkling, and a forehead furrowed and frowning: the sight of a living man was offensive to him, as light is to the eyes of those animals, who never appear abroad but in the night. By his side sat Proserpine, who singly watched his looks,¹⁸ and seemed a little to soften his heart: she possessed unfading charms; but there was something of the austerity and cruelty of her husband blended with these her divine graces. At the foot of the throne was pale devouring Death, whetting, incessantly, his keen resistless scythe; about him flew black Care, cruel Jealousy; Revenge, all dropping with blood, and covered with wounds; unjust Hatred, and Avarice that preys upon itself; Despair, that tears itself with its own hands; mad Ambition, that overturns each object in its way; Treachery, that thirsts for blood, and cannot enjoy the mischief it hath done; Envy, which scatters its mortal poison all around, and is transported with rage at its inability to do mischief; Impiety, which digs for itself a bottomless pit, into which it plunges without hope; hideous spectres; phantoms, which represent the dead to terrify the living; frightful dreams, and watchings¹⁹ still more irksome; all these horrid images surrounded grim Pluto, and swarmed all over his palace. With a hollow voice, which echoed through the dark profound of Erebus, he thus replied to Telemachus: "Young mortal, destiny hath impelled thee to violate this sacred asylum of the dead; go then, and fulfil thy towering



Telemachus conducted by Minerva descends to the Underworld to demand of Pluto permission to search for his Father.

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fate: I shall not tell thee where thy father is; it is enough thou art at liberty to search for him: as he reigned a king on earth, thou needest only traverse, on one hand, that part of the gloomy Tartarus where wicked kings are punished; and on the other, the Elysian fields where virtuous monarchs are rewarded: but thou can'st not go from hence to the Elysian fields without passing through Tartarus: thither make the best of thy way, and quit my empire with all convenient dispatch."²⁰ That instant Telemachus seemed to fly through those vast empty spaces, so impatient was he to know if his father was still alive, and to fly from the presence of that horrible tyrant, who is the terror both of the dead and the living. In a short time, he perceived that he was upon the confines of gloomy Tartarus, whence issued a dismal thick smoke, the poisonous stench of which would be mortal, was it to reach the living. Under the smoke was a river and whirlpools of fire, which made a noise like that of the most impetuous torrents, when they rush from the top of very high rocks into gulphs below, so that nothing could be heard distinctly in these dismal regions.

Telemachus, secretly animated by Minerva, with undaunted steps traverses this dreadful place: there he first observed a great number of men, who had been confined to the lowest stations of life, and were now punished for having endeavoured to acquire wealth by fraud, treachery, and cruelty. There too he saw a great many of those impious hypocrites, who had pretended to love religion, but in reality made use of it only as a plausible pretext to gratify their ambition, and impose upon the simple and credulous: these, as having profaned and vilified even virtue itself, though the noblest gift that the gods can bestow, were punished as the most abandoned of all men: neither children who had made away with their fathers and mothers, nor wives who had imbrued their hands in the blood of their husbands, nor traitors who had betrayed their country and violated every oath, were doomed to suffer such tortures as they: so the three infernal judges²¹ would have it; and their reason for it was this; hypocrites, not satisfied with being wicked as other bad men, must needs pass for good, and by their false pretences to virtue discredit what is really such. The gods, whom they made light of, and whom they rendered contemptible in the eyes of men, with pleasure employ their whole power to punish the insult offered to their divinity.²² Not far from them appeared other men, whom the vulgar do not look upon as very guilty, but whom the divine vengeance, notwithstanding, pursues without mercy; and these are the ungrateful, liars, flatterers, who praised and extolled vice, and the censorious, who maliciously endeavoured to tarnish the purest virtue: finally, those, who rashly judged of

things, without being thoroughly apprized of them, and thereby hurt the reputation of the innocent. Of all the different species of ingratitude, that which regards the gods was punished as the blackest. "What," said Minos, "shall men be accounted monsters who are ungrateful to their parents or friends, to whom they owe some few obligations, and yet glory in being ungrateful to the gods, from whom they derive life, and all the advantages attending it? Are not men more indebted to them for their existence than to their parents? The more crimes are overlooked, and the more venial they appear upon earth, the more rigorous and implacable is the vengeance that awaits them in the regions below." Telemachus, seeing the three judges sitting, and passing a sentence of condemnation upon a man, ventured to ask them what his crimes were: immediately the convict took up the question, and exclaimed: "I never did any thing amiss; nay, it was my delight to do good; I was magnificent, liberal, just, and compassionate; what then can be laid to my charge?" To this defence Minos made answer: "We do not charge you with any thing amiss in regard to men: but, was not you more indebted to the gods than to men? What then is that justice which you boast of? With respect to men, you have acquitted yourself well; but men, compared to the gods, are as nothing. You have been virtuous; but then you charged all your virtue to your own account, and not to the gods, whose gift it was; for you practised it only for the reputation and advantage of it, and would not own yourself beholden to any superior being for it, or any thing else. The only divinity you adored was yourself: but the gods, who made every thing, and for themselves too, will not part with their rights; as you forgot them while on earth, they will now forget you: they will now leave you to yourself, as you, when alive, studied to please yourself only, and not them. Find now, if you can, your consolation in your own heart; for now are you forever separated from men, to whom you studied to recommend yourself, and are alone, with the idol you worshipped, that is yourself. Know, there is no true virtue, without love and reverence for the gods, to whom men are indebted for their all. Now, will your false virtue, with which you dazzled the eyes of men, easy to be deceived, be unmasked and exposed. Men judge of vice and virtue only as they coincide, or not, with their taste and interest, and are blind with respect to both. But here a divine light discovers the error of their superficial judgment; for those whom they admired, are often condemned; and those whom they condemned, acquitted and justified." By these words, the philosopher was struck as with a thunder-bolt:²³ the self-complacency with which he formerly contemplated his own moderation, fortitude, and generous inclinations, was now changed into despair; and the view of his own heart, at

enmity with the gods, became a punishment to him. He sees himself, and cannot avoid it; he sees the futility of the judgments of men, whose applause and admirations he aimed at in all his actions. A total revolution takes place within him, as if his heart was turned upside down: he finds himself no longer the same person; and his thoughts can no longer yield him any consolation. His conscience, whose testimony was before so soothing and agreeable, now rises up against him, and bitterly reproaches him with the falsity and futility of all his virtues, which had not the honour of the gods for their motive and end. He is quite confounded, distracted, and overwhelmed with shame, remorse, and despair. He was not tormented by the Furies, because they thought it enough to have delivered him over to himself, and to let his own heart take vengeance on him, for his contempt of the Gods. Though he cannot withdraw from his own conscience, yet, to hide himself from the rest of the dead, he seeks the most gloomy places; he seeks darkness, but cannot find it: an odious intruding light pursues him every where; the piercing rays of truth pervades his most secret haunts, to punish him for neglecting it when on earth. Whatever he loved then, is now become hateful to him, as being the occasion of his sufferings, which will never end. He often says to himself: "O fool! it appears then, that thou neither knewest the gods, nor mankind, nor thyself! No, I knew nothing, since I never loved the only true good; so that every step I took, I departed so far from the true way: my wisdom was but folly; my virtue, but a blind impious pride: in fine, I was the dupe of my own vanity."²⁴

Lastly, Telemachus perceived the kings who were condemned for having abused their power. On one hand, an avenging Fury presented to them a mirror, that reflected their vices in all their deformity. There, in spite of themselves, they beheld their excessive vanity that greedily swallowed the most gross and fulsome flattery; their obduracy towards mankind, whose happiness it was their duty to promote; their insensibility with regard to virtue; their dread of hearing the truth; their partiality to worthless men and flatterers; their dissipation, sloth, and indolence; their misplaced distrust; their pomp and ostentation; their boundless magnificence, supported by oppression and the ruin of their people; and their ambition of purchasing a little glory by the blood of their subjects: in fine, their cruelty in seeking every day new pleasures, amidst the tears and distresses of so many miserable wretches. In this mirror they eternally beheld themselves, and found they were more frightful monsters than the Chimera vanquished by Bellerophon; the Hydra of Lerna, destroyed by Hercules; or even Cerberus, though he vomits from his three wide-extended mouths a black venomous discharge, enough to poison

the whole race of mortals on the face of the earth. At the same time, a second Fury, on the other side, insultingly repeated to them all the praises which flatterers had bestowed upon them during their lives; presenting also another mirror, in which they saw themselves as they had been represented by adulation: the contrast of these two mirrors served to punish their vanity. He observed, that amongst these kings, the most worthless were these, who had received the most extravagant praises during their lives, because the wicked are more dreaded than the good, and are not ashamed to expect to be flattered by the poets and orators of their time, in the most abject manner.

They were heard groaning amidst these dismal shades, where they could see nothing but what served to insult and deride them: every thing around them disgusts, shocks, and confounds them; whereas, on earth, they sported with the lives of men, and pretended that they were made only for their pleasure. In Tartarus they are subjected to all the caprices of certain slaves, who make them feel, in their turn, the whole weight of servitude; and though to be slaves is extremely grievous and mortifying to them, yet have they not the least glimpse of hope that they shall ever be able to make their condition more supportable. Under the stripes of these slaves, now become the most merciless tyrants, they groan like the anvil under the strokes of the hammers of the Cyclops, when Vulcan urges them to work in the flaming furnaces of mount *Ætna*. There *Tellemachus* perceived pale, hideous, melancholy visages; melancholy occasioned by the cruel remorse that preys upon the criminals who abhor themselves, and can no more dispel that horror than they can divest themselves of their very nature. There is no need of any other punishment of their misdeeds, than the misdeeds themselves, which they see incessantly in all their enormity, and which present themselves to them, and pursue them like hideous spectres. To secure themselves from them, they wish for a death still more powerful, than that which separated them from their bodies, and, in their despair, implore the assistance of such a death, as would extinguish in them every thought and perception. They call to the abyss to swallow them up, and deliver them from the avenging light of truth, that still pursues them; but they are doomed to a slow vengeance, that distils upon them drop by drop, and will never be exhausted. The truth, which they were afraid to see, is now become their executioner: they see it, and it alone, rising up against them; and the sight of it enrages, distracts, and confounds them. Like lightning, without destroying any thing outwardly, it penetrates to the inmost bowels. As metal in a flaming furnace, the soul is, as it were, melted by that avenging fire; which, though it destroys the consistence, yet consumes not the substance;²⁵ and though the very first prin-

ciples of life are dissolved, yet death does not ensue. They are, as it were, torn from themselves, and they can find neither consolation nor repose for a single instant, seeming to live only as actuated by the rage with which they are transported against themselves, and by the extinction of hope which drives them to despair. Among the objects which made his hair stand on end, Telemachus perceived divers ancient kings of Lydia, who, instead of labouring for the ease and happiness of their people, which is the indispensable duty of sovereigns, gave themselves up to the pleasures of a soft effeminate life. These monarchs were continually reproaching each other with their blindness. One of them said to another, who had been his son: "Did not I often charge you in my old age, and upon my death-bed, to repair the evils that my negligence had occasioned?" "Ah, wretched father," replied the son, "it is you who have ruined me; it was your example that taught me pride, ostentation, voluptuousness, and inhumanity. By seeing you, when king, indulge such effeminacy, and have so many flatterers about you, I came by degrees to love pleasure and adulation. I thought other men were, in respect of kings, what beasts of burden are in respect of men; that is to say, animals, of which no account is made, but so far as they contribute to their advantage or convenience. This I believed, and that was owing to you; and now I am doomed to such pains for having followed your example." To these reproaches they added the most dreadful imprecations, and seemed ready, from the excess of their rage, to tear one another in pieces. About kings too were seen flitting, like owls in the night, cruel jealousies, vain alarms, and distrusting, which give the people their revenge for the hard-heartedness of their kings, insatiable avarice, false glory, which is always accompanied with tyranny, and unmanly sloth, which doubles every evil that befalls us, and can yield no solid pleasure. Of these kings too, divers were punished, not for the ill they had done, but for neglecting to do the good they might have done. All the crimes that are occasioned by a remissness in executing the law, and suffering it to be violated with impunity, were charged to the account of the kings, whose duty it is to cause them to be observed and executed. To them too were imputed all the disorders that arise from pomp and luxury, and other excesses, which tempt men to commit acts of violence, and break the laws, in order to acquire wealth. But those kings in particular were punished with rigour, who, instead of acting the part of good and watchful shepherds to their flocks, thought of nothing but fleecing them, like ravenous wolves. But what amazed Telemachus most, was to see in this abyss of darkness and misery, a great number of kings, who, though they were accounted tolerably good, when on earth, had been condemned to the pains of Tartarus, for

having suffered themselves to be governed by artful wicked men. These were punished for all the enormities that had been committed under the sanction of their authority. The greater part of these kings had been neither good nor bad, such was their weakness or imbecility. They never had been afraid of not knowing the truth; never had discovered any relish for virtue, nor taken the least pleasure in doing good.

THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus enters the Elysian fields, where he is known by Arcesius his grandfather;¹ who assures him that his father Ulysses is still alive; that he will see him again in Ithaca, and reign there after him. Arcesius gives him an account of the happiness which the souls of the just enjoy, especially of good kings, who, during their lives, have served the gods, and studied to promote the welfare of their people. He lets him know that the heroes, who excelled only in the art of war, are separated from the others, and less happy. He then takes some pains to instruct Telemachus, who immediately after sets out, and makes the best of his way for the camp of the allies.

When Telemachus quitted these dismal places, he found himself eased and disencumbered; as if a mountain had been taken off his shoulders.² From which sensation,³ he perceived how wretched was the lot of those who were confined to them, without hope of ever getting away; and it greatly affected him to see,⁴ how much more rigorously kings were punished, than other bad men. "What!" said he, "so many duties, dangers, and snares; so many difficulties to surmount, to come at the truth, and to guard against others, as well as one's own self! and lastly, such horrible woes after death in the regions below, after having been so envied, harrassed, and plagued in a short life! O the madness, to desire to be a king! happy he who is satisfied with a quiet private life, in which the practice of virtue is less difficult!" These reflections filled him with internal disquiet. He shuddered with fear and consternation, by which he felt something of the despair of those unhappy ghosts he had just quitted: but, in proportion as he moved farther off from that melancholy abode of darkness, horror, and despair, his spirits began gradually to revive: he breathed more freely, and had a distant glimpse of that pure, delicious light that shines in the retreat of heroes. There was the habitation of all those good kings who had till then ruled over mankind, separated from the rest of the righteous. As in Tartarus, wicked princes were doomed to a punishment infinitely more rigorous than that of other bad men in private life; so on the other hand, good kings enjoyed in the Elysian fields a happiness infinitely superior to that of other good men. Telemachus now advancing towards these kings, found them reposing in fragrant bowers, on beds of turf, adorned with ever-

springing flowers, and never fading verdure. A thousand pure transparent streamlets watered these charming meads, producing a delicious coolness; among which a thousand little rivulets played, while an infinite number of birds warbled their sweet notes in the groves. All at once were seen together the flowers of spring fresh blowing beneath each foot that pressed the plain, and the most delicious fruits of autumn hanging from the trees. There was never felt the heat of the Dog-star,⁵ nor durst the ruthless North⁶ presume to blow dispersing Winter's rigours. Neither blood-thirsty War, nor rancorous Envy, that bites with venom'd tooth, her breast and arms entwined with vipers; nor Jealousies, Distrust, or Fear, or Vain Desire, did ever approach that blest abode of peace. There day never ends, and night, with its sable wings, is altogether unknown: a pure delightful stream of light diffuses itself round the bodies of these just men, and encompasses them with its rays, as with a garment. It is not like that gloomy gleam⁷ which enlightens the eyes of wretched mortals, and is, indeed, nought else but darkness visible.⁸ It is rather a celestial glory, than what we call light, penetrating with more subtlety the densest bodies, than the rays of the sun pervade the purest crystal; never dazzling, but on the contrary strengthening the eyes, and diffusing a serenity into the inmost recesses of the soul. By this alone, the blessed are nourished. It enters in their frame, and issues from them; penetrating and incorporating with them, as our food incorporates with the living body. They see it, they feel it, they breathe it, and it is to them an inexhaustible source of peace and joy. In this abyss of pleasure are they immersed as fishes in the sea; they desire nothing further; and, without having any thing, enjoy every thing: the sweets of the pure light gratifying every wish of their hearts. All their desires are satisfied; and thus they have no longings or cravings; their satisfaction raises their enjoyment infinitely above all that pleasure which is coveted by hungry, half-starved mortal man. All the delights that surround them are counted by them as nothing; because that complete felicity they derive from within, leaves them no wish for any of those delights, being as the gods, who, filled with nectar and ambrosia, would not deign to taste any of those gross viands, that are accounted the most exquisite by mortals. Every woe is far removed from these peaceful mansions. Neither death, disease, poverty, grief, affliction, remorse, fear, nor even hope which is often the occasion of as much uneasiness as fear, nor discord, disgust, or chagrin, can have any admittance there. Sooner might the lofty mountains of Thrace, whose tops covered with ice and snow from the beginning of the world, are hid in the clouds, while their foundations extend to the centre of the earth, be overturned, than the hearts of these just men be in the least ruffled. Only they feel a pity for the misery with which men on earth are over-

whelmed, but it is a calm gentle pity, that does not in the least abate their unalterable felicity. An eternal youth, an endless happiness, and a glory altogether divine, are displayed on their countenances: but there is nothing indecent or extravagant in their joy. It is a calm, noble, godlike joy. They are transported with a sublime relish of truth and virtue: and they are every moment in the same extacy of joy that a mother feels when she is blessed again with the sight of a dear son, whom she believed to be dead: the mother's transport is soon at an end, but theirs never. It is never suspended or abated for a single moment, but is always the same. They feel the delights of intoxication without it's blind-fold rage and destruction.⁹ They converse together on what they see and what they feel, expressing the utmost contempt for, and deploring the effeminate employments, and trifling grandeur of their former state. They review with pleasure those few melancholy years in which they were obliged to combat with themselves, and with a torrent of vice and corruption, to maintain their integrity; and admire the goodness of the gods, who led them as it were by the hand to virtue, amidst so many dangers. Something divine, which cannot be expressed, flows perpetually through their hearts, like a rivulet of the divine nature itself united to theirs, and they see and feel that they are happy, and always shall be so. They sing the praises of the gods, with one voice, heart, and sentiment; and the same happiness ebbs and flows as it were alike, in their united hearts. In this divine extacy, ages pass away more rapidly, than hours among men, and yet after millions and millions of ages, their happiness is still entire and undiminished.¹⁰ They reign all together, not on thrones, that may be overturned by human power, but by virtue of an internal, permanent, and immutable energy;¹¹ for they have now no occasion to render themselves formidable by a power derived from wretched mortals; nor do they now wear those insignificant diadems, amidst the lustre of which so many fears and carking cares still lie concealed. The gods themselves have, with their own hands, provided for them crowns that never fade.

Telemachus, who was in quest of his father, and expected to have found him in these delightful retreats, was seized with such a longing after this peace and felicity, that he wished to have found him, and was grieved to find himself under the necessity of returning to the society of men. "Here it is," said he, "where men may in truth be said to live! on earth life is but a kind of death." But what surprised him, was to find so many kings suffering punishment in Tartarus, and to see so few in the Elysian fields. Hence he perceived, that there are but few of them, who have fortitude and resolution enough to guard against the intoxication of power, and the flattery of so many sycophants, continually endeavouring to excite their passions. Thus are good kings very rare,

and the generality of monarchs so bad, that the gods would be unjust, if, after suffering them to abuse their power on earth, they did not call them to an account for it after death. Telemachus not finding his father among all these kings, hoped at least to see the divine Laertes his grandfather, and therefore began to look for him. While he was thus employed, though without success, a venerable old man, with a majestic air, advanced. He did not resemble old men on earth, sinking under the weight of years, and bent to the ground. It appeared only that he had been old at his death; for, with the gravity of old age, were blended all the graces of youth; for even in the most decrepid old men, the graces all revive the moment they are introduced into the Elysian fields. This man advanced towards Telemachus with eager steps, and surveyed him with looks of complacency, as a person that was very dear to him; but Telemachus not knowing who he was, seemed troubled and disconcerted at his approach. "I am not at all surprised,¹² my dear son," said the old man, "that thou dost not know me. I am Arcesius, the father of Laertes. I ended my days a little before my grandson Ulysses set out for the siege of Troy, when thou wast a little infant in the arms of thy nurse. I even then conceived great hopes of thee, and find I was not mistaken, since I see thou art come down to the realm of Pluto, in quest of thy father; and that the gods protect and support thee in the attempt. O happy youth! beloved by the gods; who have in reserve for thee a glory equal to that of thy father! happy am I to see thee again! look not any more for Ulysses in this place, for he is alive; for him it is reserved to raise our family to its former splendor in the isle of Ithaca. Even Laertes still enjoys the light, though bending under the weight of years, and hopes that his son will return in time to close his eyes. Thus mortals pass away like the flowers which blow in the morning, and in the evening are faded, and trodden under foot. The generations of men glide away like a rapid river; nothing can stop the current of time, which sweeps away with it what appears most permanent and durable. Thou thyself, my son, my dear son! who at present enjoyest all the vigour and pleasures of youth, remember that delightful period of life is but a flower, which will wither almost as soon as it is blown. Thou wilt find thyself alter insensibly, and the smiling graces, and enchanting delights that now attend thy steps, will vanish like an agreeable dream; nothing of them remaining but the sad remembrance. Morose, feeble old age will steal upon thee by degrees, plough thy forehead with wrinkles, bend thy body, weaken thy limbs, dry up the source of joy within thy heart, put thee out of humour with the present, and in fear of the future, rendering thee insensible to every thing but pain and uneasiness. That time seems to thee just now at a great distance. Alas! my son, thou art mistaken; it advances fast, and is just at hand. What comes

with such rapidity, cannot be far off; whereas the present is already gone, and far away, since it is lost while we are yet speaking, and will never return. Do not then, my son, make much account of the present, but support thyself in the steep rugged path of virtue, by looking into futurity, and by purity of manners, and the love of justice, secure thyself a place in the happy mansions of peace. Thou wilt soon see thy father return to Ithaca, and resume his authority; on which it is ordained, that thou shalt succeed him. But alas! my son, what a deceitful thing is a crown! when one views it at a distance, it presents nothing to the eye but splendor, pomp, and pleasure: but when one examines it more closely, it is found all beset with thorns. A private person may, without dishonour, lead an easy, obscure life: but a king cannot, without dishonour, prefer an idle indolent life, to the toils of government. He is bound to provide for the welfare and happiness of every subject he has, and his whole time and attention is due to the public.¹³ His smallest oversights are often extremely fatal; entailing misery on his people, and that sometimes for several ages. It is his duty to repress the audaciousness of wicked men, to support and defend the innocent, and to detect and discourage calumny. It is not enough for him to do no ill, he must also do all the good he can for his people. It is not enough that he does nothing but what is right himself, he must also prevent the ill that others would do, if they were not kept in awe. Dread then, my son, dread the many dangers incident to that station, and arm thyself with courage against thy own heart, against thy own passions, as well as the sycophants to whom thou wilt be exposed." In pronouncing these words, Arcesius appeared to be animated with a divine spirit, and displayed in his countenance a deep sense of the many dangers and difficulties kings have to encounter, in the arduous task of government. "When a king," said he, "thinks of nothing but gratifying his own humours and passions, he is a monster and a tyrant; but when he studies to do his duty, and watches over his numerous subjects, as a father directs his children, his labour is immense, and requires an extraordinary degree of courage and patience. And, therefore, it is certain, that those kings who have acquitted themselves to the best of their ability, enjoy here whatever the power of the gods can bestow, to render their happiness complete." While Arcesius spoke thus, his words made a deep impression, and were engraved on the heart of Telemachus, as figures engraved on brass by the hand of an ingenious artist,¹⁴ in order to be transmitted to after ages. They penetrated like a subtle flame into the bosom of the youth: his heart glowed with transport.¹⁵ Something divine, that cannot be described, seemed, as it were, to melt his very soul. He was secretly consumed by something in the most inmost recesses of his breast, and the impression was so strong, that he could neither resist, moder-

ate, nor support it. It was a very lively, agreeable sensation, but blended at the same time with something so painful and uneasy, as to be almost inconsistent with life. But Telemachus soon began to breathe more freely, and to find a great resemblance in countenance between Arcesius and Laertes; he even fancied he recollected confusedly, that the features of his father Ulysses, when he departed for the Trojan war, resembled those he now beheld. This recollection melted his heart, and tears of joy trickled down his cheeks. He would fain have embraced a person so dear to him, and often made an effort for that purpose, but in vain. The phantom still eluded his embraces, as a deceitful dream vanishes from the man who fondly thinks himself in possession of what he loves. Sometimes with eager thirst he pursues a fugitive stream; sometimes his lips are in motion to form words, which his benumbed tongue refuses to pronounce; and he eagerly endeavours to catch at something with his hands in vain. Thus was Telemachus unable to gratify his tenderness; and though he saw Arcesius, heard him, and spoke to him, yet could not he touch his shadowy form.¹⁶ At length he desired to know, who those personages were that appeared about him in the Elysian fields. "Thou seest, my son, (replied the sage) the men who, when alive, were the ornament and glory of their age, and proved a blessing to mankind. Thou seest these few kings, that deserved to be such, and performed with fidelity their duty, as gods on earth. These others, who reside pretty near them, parted only by a small cloud, possess a glory much more circumscribed. They are indeed heroes, but the recompence of their valour, and military expeditions, is far short of that of wise, just, and beneficent kings. Among these heroes behold Theseus, in whose countenance there appears a little melancholy. He hath felt the ill effects of his credulity to an artful woman, and is still grieved, that he should have so cruelly and unjustly asked of Neptune the death of his son Hippolytus. Happy, had he not been so passionate and irritable! See there also Achilles, leaning on his lance, by reason of the wound he received in the heel from the effeminate Paris, which cost him his life. Had he been as wise, just, and moderate, as he was intrepid, the gods would have granted him a long reign; but they took pity of the Phthiots and Dolopians, whose king he would have been after Peleus, had he lived. They were not willing to subject such a number of people to a hasty, hot-headed man, more easy to be put into a rage, than the most stormy sea. The Fates therefore cut short the thread of his days, so that he was like a flower half-blown, which is cut down by the plough-share, before the close of the day in which it sprung up. The gods resolved to make no other use of him, than of torrents and tempests, namely to punish men for their crimes, employing him to level the walls of Troy, in order to revenge the perjury of Laomedon,

and the dishonourable amours of Paris. Having thus avenged themselves by his means, they were pacified, and refused, though Thetis importuned them with tears, to let the young hero be any longer upon earth, as he would only have disturbed the peace of mankind, and laid waste cities and kingdoms. Seest thou that other hero with a fierce countenance? It is Ajax, the son of Telamon, and cousin of Achilles. Of his valour and military glory, thou certainly canst not be ignorant. After the death of Achilles, he alledged that he had a better right to his armour, than any other: but thy father would not allow his claim, and the Greeks decided in his favour. Ajax having killed himself in despair, fury and indignation are still painted on his face. Do not approach him, my son, for he would think you were going to insult his misfortune, when he has a just claim to your pity. Do not you perceive, that the sight of us is uneasy to him, and that he retires in haste to that gloomy grove,¹⁷ because we are hateful to his view? On the other side thou seest Hector, who would have been invincible, had not the son of Thetis been his cotemporary.¹⁸ But there goes Agamemnon, who yet bears the marks of Clytemnestra's perfidy. O my son! I shudder, when I think of the misfortunes of the family of the impious Tantalus, the discord between the two brothers, Atreus and Thyestes, plunged that family in bloodshed and ruin. Alas! how many more does one crime draw after it! Agamemnon had no time, after he returned at the head of the Greeks from the siege of Troy, to enjoy in peace the glory he had acquired; and such is the fate of most conquerors. All these kings, that thou seest, were great warriors, but their characters were far from being amiable or virtuous. Accordingly they have only the second place in the Elysian fields. As for these others, they swayed the sceptre with justice, loved their people, and were beloved by the gods: whereas Achilles and Agamemnon, who were always quarrelling and fighting, still retain their uneasinesses and natural defects, in vain regretting the loss of life, and lamenting, that they are now but vain impotent shades. But these just kings, purified by the divine light, that nourishes them, have nothing farther to wish for, to complete their happiness, regarding with compassion the cares and uneasinesses of mortals, and looking upon the most important affairs, that engross and disquiet the minds of ambitious men, but as the amusements of children: as their own hearts are satisfied to the full, with the truth and the virtue they draw at the fountain-head. They can suffer no more, either from others or themselves: they have no longer any wants, desires, or fears; all is over with them, except their joy, which can never end. Observe, my son, that ancient monarch Inachus, who founded the kingdom of Argos. How mild and majestic is his air! while the flowers scarce feel his tread, his fleet light motion resembling the flight of a bird. In his hand he holds an ivory harp, and in an endless

transport chaunts the wonders of the gods. From his heart and mouth issues an exquisite perfume, and the harmony of his lyre and voice, would ravish gods and men. Thus is he rewarded for having loved the people, whom he assembled within his new-built walls, and for whom he enacted laws. On the other side, among these myrtles, you may observe Cecrops the Egyptian, who was the first king of Athens, a city consecrated to the goddess of wisdom, and named from her. From Egypt, to which Greece was indebted for its letters and polity,¹⁹ Cecrops brought good laws, civilized the barbarous inhabitants of the towns of Attica, and united them by the bands of society. He was just, humane, compassionate. He left his people in a flourishing condition, but to his own family only a competency, and did not desire that his sons should reign after him, because he thought others more deserving of the crown. I must show you also in that little valley Erycthon, who first introduced the use of silver-money, in order to facilitate commerce among the isles of Greece; but he foresaw the inconveniences, of which the invention would be productive. ‘Be diligent and industrious,’²⁰ said he to the people of those isles, ‘in multiplying the riches of nature, which are the only true riches, and cultivate the lands, that you may have plenty of corn, wine, oil, and fruits. Breed flocks innumerable, to nourish you with their milk, and cover you with their wool, whereby you will secure yourselves against all apprehensions of poverty. The more children you have, the richer you will be, provided you teach them to be industrious; for the earth is inexhaustible, and its fertility increases in proportion as the inhabitants increase, and cultivate it, liberally rewarding those who take pains, but making poor scanty returns to those who do not. Endeavour then chiefly to procure these true riches, which are sufficient to satisfy the real wants of men. As for silver-money, no account ought to be made of it, but in as far as it is necessary, either for carrying on unavoidable wars abroad, or for purchasing commodities that are useful and necessary, but not to be found in your own country; for it were to be wished, that all trade in articles of luxury, vanity, and effeminacy, were laid aside.’ The sage Erycthon also often observed: ‘I am much afraid, my dear children, that I have made you a fatal present, by inventing money. I foresee, that it will be an incitement to avarice, ambition, and vanity; that it will give rise to an infinity of pernicious arts, directly tending to introduce effeminacy, and a corruption of manners; that it will make you disrelish that happy simplicity, in which all the security and tranquility of life consist; and lastly, that it will make you despise agriculture, which is the support of human life, and the source of all its true riches: but the gods are my witnesses, that my intention was good and upright in introducing among you this invention, which is useful in itself.’ Afterwards, when Erycthon found that

money, as he had foreseen, corrupted the manners of the people, he withdrew from grief to a savage mountain, where he lived in poverty and solitude to an extreme old age, but would never concern himself any more with the government of the cities. Not long after him, the famous Triptolemus made his appearance in Greece, whom Ceres had taught the art of cultivating the lands, and covering them every year with golden grain. Not but that men had corn before, and knew how to multiply it by sowing: but their knowledge of agriculture being but superficial,²¹ Triptolemus, by order of Ceres, came with the plough in his hand, to make offer of the gifts of the goddess to all those who should have resolution enough to overcome their natural sloth, and apply themselves vigorously to tillage. In a short time Triptolemus taught the Greeks how to plough the ground, and fertilize it by proper culture, and soon the active indefatigable reapers made all the yellow grain, that covered the fields, fall under the strokes of their sharp sickles. Even those fierce savages, that wandered through the forests of Epire and Etolia, in quest of acorns for their food, became more civilized, and submitted to laws, after they had learned to raise crops of corn, and to live on bread. Triptolemus made the Greeks feel the pleasure of supplying all their wants by their own labour, and of finding in their own field, whatever was requisite to render their lives easy and happy. The plenty that they procured in so simple and innocent a manner by agriculture, made them reflect on the sage counsel of Erychthon, and despise money and artificial wealth, which is only of imaginary value, tempting men to seek dangerous pleasures, and diverting them from labour, which would supply them with every thing necessary, together with liberty and innocence. They were then convinced, that a fertile, well-cultivated field is a real treasure to every family that is wise enough to desire only to live frugally, as their forefathers had lived. Happy would the Greeks have been, had they stedfastly adhered to these maxims, so proper to render them powerful, free, happy, and worthy of being so by their genuine virtue; but alas! they begin to admire false riches, by little and little to neglect true wealth, and to fall off from that marvellous simplicity. O my son! as you will one day be a king, remember to make your subjects apply themselves to agriculture, to honour that occupation, to favour those who engage in it, and not to suffer men either to be idle or to follow employs that foster luxury and effeminacy: for you see that these two men, who were so wise when on earth, are here greatly distinguished and caressed by the gods. Their glory, you may observe, as far outstrips that of Achilles, and other heroes, who were eminent only for their valour, as a mild pleasant spring excels a cold frosty winter, or the light of the sun exceeds the moon in splendor." While Arcesius spoke, he observed that Telemachus kept his eyes fixed

upon a grove of laurels, and a little rivulet, bordered with violets, roses, lilies, and other sweet-smelling flowers, whose vivid colours resembled those of Iris, when she descends from heaven to earth, to notify to some mortal, the will of the gods. It was the great king Sesostris whom he recognized in that delightful place. He seemed now a thousand times more majestic than ever he had appeared on the throne of Egypt. Mild rays of light issued from his eyes, with which those of Telemachus were dazzled. He looked as if he was intoxicated with nectar, into such an extacy, above human comprehension, had the divine spirit rapt²² him, in recompence of his virtues. Telemachus perceiving him, said to Arcesius, "I there recognize, O my father! the great king of Egypt, Sesostris, whom I saw in that country not long ago." "Yes," replied Arcesius, "that is he, and he is an example to shew you, how liberal the gods are in rewarding good kings: but you must know, that all that felicity is nothing in comparison of what was intended for him, if too much prosperity had not made him forget the rules of moderation and justice. To humble the pride and insolence of the Tyrians, he besieged and took their city. That conquest inspiring him with a desire of more, he suffered himself to be seduced by the vain ambition of conquerors, and in consequence of that seduction subdued, or rather ravaged all Asia. When he returned to Egypt, he found his brother had usurped his throne, and, by an unjust administration, violated the best laws of the kingdom. Thus did his great conquests serve only to interrupt the peace of his kingdom. But what was still more inexcusable in him, was his suffering himself to be intoxicated by his glory: for he compelled some of the most haughty of the vanquished kings to draw his chariot. However, he afterwards became sensible of his ostentatious cruelty, and was ashamed of it. Such was the fruit he reaped from his victories, and such is the prejudice that kings do, both to themselves and their dominions, by endeavouring to subdue those of their neighbours. It was that which stained the character of a king, otherwise so just and beneficent, and deprived him of that degree of glory, which the gods had intended for him. Observe, my son, that other prince, whose wound appears so bright and shining? His name is Diocledes. He was king of Caria, and devoted himself in behalf of his people in a battle; because in a war between the Carians and Lycians, the oracle had foretold, that the nation, whose king should be killed, would be victorious. Look at that other: he was a wise legislator, who framed laws for his people, calculated to make them virtuous and happy, and exacted of them an oath, that they never would violate any of them during his absence: then, in order to oblige them, in consequence of their oath, to adhere for ever to such good laws, he went abroad a voluntary exile, and died poor in a foreign land. That other is Eunesimus, who was king

of the Pylians, and one of the ancestors of the sage Nestor. When a plague desolated the country, and crowded with fresh ghosts the banks of Acheron, he prayed to the gods to let him appease their wrath by his death, and save the lives of so many thousand innocent people. The gods heard him, and bestowed upon him here a true crown,²³ of which those on earth are only the empty shadows. That old man, whom thou seest crowned with flowers, is the famous Belus. He reigned in Egypt, and espoused Anchinoë, the daughter of the god Nilus, who conceals his source, and enriches, by his inundations, the country through which he flows. He had two sons, Danaus, whose story thou knowest, and Egyptus, from whom the country took its name. He thought himself richer by the plenty he procured his people, and the love they bore him, than by all the taxes he could have imposed. These men, my son, whom you suppose to be dead, are still alive, and that life which mankind miserably drag out on earth, is real death; the words are only changed. May the gods indulge thee with virtue enough to merit that happy life, which will never end, nor suffer the least disquiet. Come, it is now time to go in quest of thy father. Alas! what a deluge of blood wilt thou see spilt before thou shalt find him! What glory awaits thee in the plains of Hesperia! Remember the counsels of the sage Mentor. By following them, thou wilt make thy name famous in all ages and nations." He said; and immediately led Telemachus towards the ivory gate, by which there is an outlet from the gloomy realm of Pluto, where they parted. Telemachus, at parting, shed tears, though he could not embrace Arcesius; then made the best of his way for the camp of the allies, and joined again the two young Cretans, who had accompanied him to the confines of the cavern, and never expected to see him more.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

In an assembly of the chiefs, Telemachus wins their assent to his advice against surprising Venusium, which had been put into the hands of the Lucanians in trust, with the consent of both the parties concerned. He displays his wisdom, upon occasion of two deserters being apprehended, one of whom, named Acantus, had undertaken to poison him. The other, named Dioscorus, offered to bring the head of Adrastus to the allies. In the battle that was fought soon after, Telemachus deals death around him wherever he turned in quest of Adrastus; and that king in looking for him, meets with, and kills Pisistratus, the son of Nestor. Immediately after Philoctetes comes up, and, when he was just going to dispatch Adrastus, is wounded himself, and obliged to retire from the field. Telemachus hastens to the relief of his friends, who were in great distress, engages Adrastus, who was making a dreadful havock among them, and having vanquished him, grants him his life upon certain conditions. But Adrastus, upon his getting up, endeavouring to surprize Telemachus, he seized him a second time, and put him to death.

Mean while the chiefs of the allied army held a council, to determine whether it would be proper to take possession of Venusium, a strong city, which Adrastus had unjustly surprised and taken, some time before, from the Peucetes of Apulia, his neighbours, who, with a view to obtain redress, had joined the confederates. In order to pacify them, Adrastus had put the city into the hands of the Lucanians, in trust, but had corrupted with his money both the Lucanian garrison and commander; so that Venusium was actually more at his disposal than that of the Lucanians; and the Apulians, who had consented to a Lucanian garrison, had been fairly out-witted in the negotiation. A citizen of Venusium, named Demophantes, had secretly made an offer to the allies, to put them in possession of one of the gates of the city in the night. This offer was the more considerable, as Adrastus had his whole magazine of warlike stores and provisions in a castle near Venusium, which would not have been tenable, had the other been taken. Philoctetes and Nestor had already given it as their opinion, that such an advantageous offer was not to be rejected; and all the other chiefs, influenced by their authority, together with the facility and utility of the enterprize, applauded their resolution: but Te-

lemachus at his return, exerted himself to the utmost to divert them from their purpose. "I own," said he, "that if ever man deserved to be surprised and deceived, it is Adrastus, who hath so often deceived all the world. I own likewise, that the surprising of Venusium will only be taking possession of a city that is your own, since it belongs to the Apulians, who are one of the nations that compose your league, and that you would do it with the greater appearance of reason and justice, as Adrastus, by whom it was sequestered,¹ hath corrupted the garrison and officers, that he may have it in his power to make himself master of it when he pleases. Lastly, I am aware, as much as you, that if you should take Venusium, you would the very next day be in possession of the castle, in which Adrastus hath deposited all his warlike stores; and that you might thus put an end to this formidable war in two days. But is it not better to perish than conquer by such methods? Shall we repel fraud by fraud? Shall it be said, that so many kings entered into a confederacy to punish the fraud and treachery of the impious Adrastus, and yet practised perfidy themselves? If it is lawful for us to imitate his example, then is he not guilty, and we are to blame for endeavouring to punish his deceit. For what! has all Hesperia, supported by so many Greek colonies, and heroes returned from the siege of Troy, no other arms wherewith to combat the perfidy and perjury of Adrastus, but those very arts of fraud and subornation? Besides, you have sworn by all that is sacred, that you would let Venusium remain in trust in the hands of the Lucanians. But, say you, the Lucanian garrison hath been corrupted by Adrastus. I believe it as well as you; but still that garrison is paid by the Lucanians, and it hath not yet refused to obey their orders, but observes, at least in appearance, a neutrality. Neither Adrastus, nor any of his troops, have ever entered Venusium; so that the treaty is still binding, and the gods have not forgot your oath. Is faith never to be kept, but when plausible pretexts cannot be found to violate it? Are oaths to be religiously observed only, when nothing is to be got by breaking them? If the fear of the gods, and the love of virtue, do not move you, at least you ought to be influenced by your own interest and reputation. What wars will you not excite among mankind, if you should be so abandoned as to set them the pernicious example of terminating this by the violation of your oaths and faith? To what neighbour will you not thereby give ground to apprehend every thing from you, and to detest you? Who for the future will venture in the most pressing exigency to trust you? What method will you take to convince your neighbours of your sincerity, when you are really in earnest, and when it is your interest that they should believe you are so? Will you propose a solemn treaty? But that you have already trampled under your feet. Will you offer to confirm your en-

gements by oath? Say, will it not appear that you pay very little regard to the gods, when you hope to reap any advantage from your perjury? You will therefore be as insecure in time of peace as in war. Every step you take will be construed into a declaration of war upon your neighbours, open or understood; and thus will you be perpetually in a state of hostility with those nations, who have the misfortune to lie near you. Whatever transactions require reputation, probity, and confidence, will to you become impracticable; you will have no resource left to retrieve the credit of your engagements. But there is (added he) one consideration still more interesting, which must alarm you, if you have yet any remains of virtue or concern for your future welfare, and that is, that a conduct so treacherous has a direct tendency to break and annihilate the confederacy; and thus will your perjury ensure the triumphs of Adrastus." At these words the assembly were greatly surprised, and asked him, how he could presume to say, that what would procure certain victory to the league, would prove the ruin of it? "How," replied he, "is it possible that you should put any trust in one another, after having broke the only band of society and mutual confidence, which is good faith? Who among you, after it is laid down for a maxim, that the rules of probity and fidelity may be violated in order to obtain any great advantage, will trust another, when that other may be a great gainer by breaking his word, and deceiving him? In what a disagreeable situation will you be? Who is there among you that will not endeavour to defeat the perfidious schemes and intrigues of his neighbour, by his own? What will become of the confederacy of so many states, when by a public resolution it is declared lawful to take all advantages against your neighbour, and to violate your engagements? How great will be your mutual distrust, discord, and eagerness to destroy one another! Adrastus will have no occasion to attack you; for you will sufficiently weaken and harrass one another, and thereby justify his perfidy. O! ye sage magnanimous monarchs, and commanders of this vast army, of consummate experience, disdain not to listen to the counsels of a young man! Should you be reduced to the greatest extremities, as is sometimes the case in war, you may extricate yourselves by your vigilance, and vigorous efforts; for true courage never gives way to despondency. But when you have once overleaped the bulwark of honour and good faith, the error is irretrievable, and you can neither regain the confidence that is necessary in all transactions of importance, nor bring men back to the rules of virtue, after you have taught them to despise that virtue. But what is it that you are afraid of? Have you not courage enough to conquer, without having recourse to treachery? Is not your virtue, supported by so great an army, sufficient? Let us fight, let us die, if it must needs be, rather

than conquer in so unworthy a manner. Adrastus, the impious Adrastus, will soon be subdued, provided we banish³ all thoughts of imitating his villainy and baseness." When Telemachus ended his speech, he perceived that sweet persuasion had flowed from his lips, and penetrated to the very hearts of his hearers. A profound silence ensued, the whole assembly being struck, not with his person or eloquence, but the evidence of truth that ran through the whole of his reasoning, in so much that their astonishment was visible in their countenances. At length a low murmur was heard all over the assembly, every one looking at another, and afraid to break the silence first. The rest of the army would fain have disclosed their sentiments, but expected every moment that some of the chiefs would explain themselves. At last the venerable Nestor stood up, and spoke to this effect: "Worthy son of Ulysses, it was by the gods you was prompted to speak, and Minerva, who hath so often inspired your father, suggested to you⁴ the wise and generous counsel you have just given. Your youth I do not attend to; for I look upon all you have said as dictated by Minerva. You have pleaded the cause of virtue, without which the greatest advantages that can be gained are real losses. Without it, men soon draw upon themselves the vengeance of their enemies, the distrust of their friends and allies, the detestation of all good men, and the just wrath of the gods. Let us then leave Venusium in the hands of the Lucanians, and think no more of conquering Adrastus, by any other means than valour." Thus he spoke, and the whole assembly extolled the wisdom of his words, at the same time eyeing with astonishment the son of Ulysses, whose looks seemed to lighten with the wisdom of Minerva, by whom he was inspired. In a short time after this transaction, another question was debated in the assembly of the kings, by which Telemachus gained equal glory. Adrastus, still cruel and perfidious, sent into the camp a pretended deserter, named Acantus, who had undertaken to poison the most illustrious chiefs of the army, and had orders in particular to spare no pains or cost to dispatch Telemachus, who was become the terror of the Daunians. Telemachus, who was too generous and brave to be inclined to distrust, received in a friendly manner, as soon as he arrived, this seemingly unhappy man, who had seen his father Ulysses in Sicily, and recounted to him the adventures of that hero. He treated him with great kindness, and endeavoured to comfort him in his misfortunes; for he pretended to have been imposed upon, and extremely ill used by Adrastus; but by acting thus, he was warming and cherishing in his bosom a venomous viper, ready to sting him to death. Another deserter, named Arion, was apprehended, whom Acantus had dispatched to inform Adrastus of the state of the camp of the allies, and to assure him that he would next day dispatch by poison, at an entertainment to be

given him by Telemachus, the chief of the kings, together with Telemachus himself. Arion, when apprehended, owned his treacherous design. It was suspected that he acted in concert with Acantus, on account of the great intimacy between them; but Acantus being a bold man, and a profound dissembler, made so artful a defence, that he could not be convicted, nor a full discovery of the conspiracy obtained. Many of the kings were of opinion, that Acantus, though unconvicted, to prevent all danger, ought to be put to death. "He must," said they, "be sacrificed to the public safety. The life of a single man is nothing, when the business is to secure the lives of so many kings. What does it signify, if an innocent man suffers, when the question is, the security of those who represent the gods among men." "What an inhuman maxim! what barbarous policy!" cried Telemachus. "What! are ye, who are appointed the shepherds of mankind, and have authority over them, only to enable you to protect them as a shepherd does his flock, thus prodigal of human blood? You are then cruel wolves, and not shepherds; at least, if you are shepherds, it is only to fleece and devour the flock, instead of leading them to proper pastures. According to you, a man becomes guilty as soon as he is accused, and to be suspected is to deserve death. At this rate, innocence will be at the mercy of envy and detraction, and the more your hearts become a prey to jealousy and distrust, the more victims must be sacrificed." Telemachus pronounced these words with such an air of authority and indignation, as had a great effect upon his hearers, and overwhelmed with shame the authors of so base a proposal. Then in a milder tone he thus proceeded.⁵ "As for me I do not value life so much as to purchase it at that price, and I had rather that Acantus should be a villain than I, and that he should take away my life by treachery, than that I should put him to death before I had full proof of his guilt. But hear me, O ye, who being ordained kings, that is judges of the people, ought to know how to administer justice with moderation, prudence, and impartiality; allow me to examine Acantus in your presence." Accordingly he interrogated him in regard to his connection with Arion, and urged a thousand suspicious circumstances. He often threatened to deliver him up to Adrastus as a deserter that merited punishment, to see if he would betray any symptoms of fear. But no alteration appeared either in his countenance or voice. At last, finding all his endeavours to come at the truth hitherto ineffectual, he said to him, "Give me your ring, I'll send it to Adrastus." Upon this demand of the ring, Acantus turned pale, and was disconcerted. Telemachus, whose eyes were continually fixed upon him, perceiving his confusion, immediately snatched the ring, saying, "I will send it directly to Adrastus by a Lucanian, named Polytropus, who is your acquaintance, and will pass for your accomplice."⁶ If we can by these

means come to the knowledge of your correspondence, we will put you to death without pity, by the most cruel tortures. But on the other hand, if you will immediately acknowledge your crime, we will grant you your life, and only send you to an island in the sea, where you will want for nothing." At this declaration, Acantus made a full confession, and Telemachus persuaded the kings to grant him his life, because he had promised him that favour. Accordingly he was sent to one of the isles, called Echinades, where he lived in peace and safety. On the back of this incident,⁷ a Daunian of obscure birth, but a bold violent spirit,⁸ came by night into the camp of the allies, and offered to assassinate king Adrastus in his tent. This deed he could have perpetrated; for a man becomes master of another's life, the moment he loses all regard to his own. This man breathed nothing but vengeance against Adrastus, because he had violently taken his wife, whom he loved to excess, and who equalled Venus herself in beauty. He maintained a secret correspondence with some individuals, who had promised to admit him into the king's tent in the night, and several Daunian officers had engaged to assist him in the attempt; but he thought it would be necessary that the allies should attack the camp of Adrastus, at the same time that he might have an opportunity in the confusion to escape, and carry off his wife. And if, after having assassinated the king, he could not retrieve her, he was content to lose his life. When Dioscorus had laid his design before the kings, the eyes of the whole assembly⁹ were turned upon Telemachus, to request, as it were, his determination. "The gods," cried he, "by preserving us from traitors, forbid us to make any use of them ourselves. Though we had not virtue enough to make us reject with abhorrence this treasonable offer, the consideration of our own interest would be sufficient. After having given a public sanction to treason in regard to others, we should deserve to have it employed against ourselves; and who then among us could pretend to be safe? Adrastus may possibly elude the blow that threatens him, and make it fall upon the allied kings. The war will then no longer be a war, but a scene of treachery, treason, and assassination, and virtue and wisdom will be useless. We ourselves shall feel the fatal consequences, and deservedly, as having given a sanction to the greatest of crimes. I conclude therefore, that the traitor ought to be delivered up to Adrastus. I own, indeed, he does not deserve to be treated in that manner;¹⁰ but all Greece and Hesperia, who now attentively observe our conduct, may justly expect we should act such a part to merit their esteem. In fine, to abhor perfidiousness, is a duty we owe the just gods and ourselves." Accordingly, Dioscorus was immediately delivered up to Adrastus, who shuddered at the thoughts of the danger he had been in, and was quite amazed at the generosity of the allies; for sublime virtue is above the compre-

hension of bad men. He could not help admiring it, though he durst not praise it. The nobleness of the action made him reflect with shame on all his treacheries and cruelties. He endeavoured to depreciate the generosity of his enemies, being ashamed to seem ungrateful, while he had such obligations to them; but wicked men are soon hardened against all sense of moral obligation. Finding the reputation of the allies increased every day, he thought he must of necessity perform some notable exploit to prevent the loss of his own; and being incapable of executing any that was praise worthy, he resolved at least to try if he could not obtain some signal advantage over them; accordingly he prepared to give them battle. The day destined to the engagement being come, scarce had Aurora unbarred to the sun the portals of the east, in a path bestrewed with roses, when Telemachus, in vigilance outstripping the oldest commanders, sprang from the downy arms of sleep, and called up all the officers. Already his helmet, adorned with a flowing crest, glittered on his head, and the cuirass on his back dazzled the eyes of the whole army. The work of Vulcan, besides its natural beauty, displayed all the splendor of the Egis, which was there concealed. With one hand he grasped his lance, and with the other pointed to the several places where troops were to be posted. Minerva had illumed his eyes with fire divine, and dignified his looks with a sublime majestic air, presaging victory. He commanded the army to march; then all the chiefs, finding themselves impelled by a superior power, forgot their age and dignity, and followed where he led. Low mean jealousy could find no place in their hearts. Every thing plied¹¹ before him, whom Minerva led invisibly by the hand. His conduct had now nothing in it impetuous or precipitate. He was affable, cool, patient, always ready to listen to others, and to pay a due regard to their advice; at the same time he was active, foreseeing, and provident, for the most distant exigencies, regulating every thing with judgment and propriety, neither embarrassing himself, nor others; excusing mistakes, retrieving blunders, obviating difficulties, never requiring any thing too hard or unreasonable of any one, and diffusing through all ranks freedom and confidence. Did he issue orders?¹² It was in terms the most clear and explicit, repeating them, that the person who was to execute them, might be thoroughly apprized of his intentions. He could discover by his eyes, whether he apprehended his meaning. He then made him explain in what sense he understood his words, and what it was he principally aimed at in the enterprize. After he had thus proved the understanding and capacity of him who was to execute the commission, he dismissed him, but not till he had first bestowed upon him some mark of confidence and esteem for his encouragement. Hence all those whom he thus employed were extremely zealous to

please him, and to secure success, without restraint, or fear of being made answerable for miscarriage, for he always forgave involuntary errors. The horizon now appeared all in a blaze with the rays of the approaching sun, and the sea was deeply tinged with the blush of the dawning day. The coast was quite covered with men and arms, horses and chariots, all in motion, and attended with a confused noise, like that of the raging waves, when Neptune rouses the fell tempest from the bottom of the abyss. Thus did Mars begin by the din of arms, and the noisy apparatus of war, to sow the seeds of rage in every heart. All over the plain appeared the bristling pikes, like ears of corn, which cover the fruitful fields in the time of harvest. Already, clouds of dust arose, so that neither heaven nor earth could be discerned by human sight, while confusion, horror, slaughter, and unrelenting death, advanced with hasty strides. Scarce were the first darts thrown, when Telemachus, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, thus preferred his prayer.¹³ "O Jupiter, father of gods and men, on our side thou seest justice and a disposition to peace, which we have not been ashamed to endeavour to obtain. It is with reluctance we engage in battle; we should be glad to avoid shedding human blood, and we do not even hate the enemy we are just going to encounter, though cruel, perfidious, and sacrilegious. Try our cause, and judge between us. As our lives are in thy hand, if we must fall, we submit. But if we deliver Hesperia, and humble the tyrant, as we shall be indebted for the victory to your power, and the wisdom of your daughter Minerva, the glory of it will also be due to you. It is thou who holdest the balance in thy hand, and determinest the issue of battles, and for thee we fight; as thou art our judge, Adrastus is more thy enemy than ours. If before the close of the day, thy cause should be victorious, the blood of a whole hecatomb¹⁴ shall stream upon thine altars." He spoke; and forthwith drove his fiery foaming steeds among the thickest ranks of the enemy. The first he encountered was Periander, the Locrian, covered with the skin of a lion, that he had killed when he was travelling in that country. He was armed like Hercules, with an enormously large club, and his strength and stature were such, that he resembled a giant. When he cast his eyes on Telemachus, he despised his youth, and the beauty of his countenance. "It well befits thee, effeminate stripling (said he), to dispute with me the prize of military glory. Go, child, go, and seek thy father in the shades below." So saying, he lifted up his ponderous, knotty club, which was armed with iron spikes, and looked like the mast of a ship. Every body dreaded destruction from its fall; but he aimed it at the head of the son of Ulysses, who avoided it, by slipping aside, and then sprung upon Periander with the rapidity of an eagle darting through the air. The club in its descent broke in pieces the wheel of a chariot, pretty near to

that of Telemachus. In the mean time, the young Greek with a javelin pierced the throat of Periander, whose voice was choked by the blood that gushed from the large gaping wound. His fiery horses feeling no longer the restraint of his enfeebled hand, now scampered up and down the field, the loose reins flowing on their necks. At last he tumbles from the chariot, his eyes already closed for ever, and pale death pictured in his ghastly face. Telemachus taking pity upon him, delivered his body immediately to his attendants; but kept the lion's skin, and the club, as trophies of his victory. He then went in quest of Adrastus in the crowd; but before he found him, sent many a combatant to the infernal regions. Hileus, whose chariot was drawn by two coursers, like those of the sun, fed in the extensive meadows watered by the river Aufidus. Demoleon, who in Sicily formerly almost equalled Erix in fighting with the cestus. Crantor, who had been the friend and entertainer of Hercules, when that son of Jupiter passed through Hesperia, and put to death the infamous Cacus. Menecrates, who is said to have been little inferior to Pollux, in wrestling. Hippocoon the Salapian, who imitated with success the dexterity and gracefulness of Castor in horsemanship. Eurymedes, the famous hunter, always stained with the blood of bears and wild boars, killed on the snowy tops of the cold Apennine, who is said to have been so dear to Diana, that she taught him herself to shoot with the bow. Nicostrates, who vanquished a giant that vomited fire among the rocks of mount Gargan. Cleanthes, betrothed to the young Pholoe, daughter of the river Liris, who had promised to give her in marriage to him who should deliver her from a winged serpent hatched upon the banks of the river, which, according to the prediction of an oracle, would have devoured her in a few days. The young man, deeply enamoured of the maid, exposed himself to almost certain death, in order to kill the monster, but he came off victorious. He had not, however, reaped the fruit of his victory; for while Pholoe, in hopes of hymeneal joy, impatiently waited for him, she learned that he had followed Adrastus to the war, and that the Fates had cruelly cut short the thread of his days. The neighbouring woods and mountains echoed with her lamentations: she bathed her eyes in tears, and tore her fine hair; forgetting the garlands of flowers that she had been used to gather, and charging heaven with injustice. As she never ceased weeping night and day, the gods, moved with her distress, and her father's intreaties, put an end to her grief: for, in consequence of the tears she shed, she was all on a sudden changed into a fountain, which glides into the bosom of the river, and joins its waters to those of the god her father; but the water of the fountain is bitter, and the plants upon its margin never flowereth, and no other shade but that of cypress is found upon its melancholy banks. Meanwhile, Adrastus being

informed that Telemachus spread terror all around him, eagerly sought the youth. He flattered himself that it would be an easy matter to vanquish the son of Ulysses, yet so young; and he placed around him thirty Daunians, of extraordinary strength, agility and boldness, to whom he promised great rewards if they could by any means whatsoever dispatch Telemachus in the engagement. Had he then met the young Greek, undoubtedly these thirty men surrounding his chariot, while he attacked him in front, would have found little difficulty in cutting him off; but Minerva led them another way. Adrastus, fancying he saw, and heard Telemachus in the hollow of the plain, at the foot of a hill, where there was a crowd of combatants, runs, or rather flies thither, eager to glut himself with his blood: but, instead of Telemachus, he finds old Nestor, who, with a trembling hand, was throwing about him some harmless darts. Adrastus, in his fury, would have dispatched him immediately, had not a troop of Pylians thrown themselves about him. Then did a shower of darts darken all the air, and envelope the combatants; and nothing was heard but the heavy groans and cries of the dying, and the clattering noise made by the armour of those who fell in the crowd. The ground was loaded with heaps of dead bodies, and streams of blood ran down on all sides, while Mars and Bellona, with the infernal Furies clad in robes dropping all over with blood, feasted their cruel eyes with the spectacle, and continually renewed the rage of the combatants. These divinities, enemies to mankind, banished from the breasts of both parties generous pity, gentle humanity, and valour tempered with moderation.

In such a tumult of men, intent upon destroying one another, all was carnage, revenge, despair, and brutal fury. Even the sage and invincible Pallas herself shuddered when she beheld it, and was struck with horror. In the mean time Philoctetes, with slow steps, and bearing in his hands the arrows of Hercules, advanced to the assistance of Nestor. Adrastus, unable to offend the good old man, had hurled his darts at several Pylians, who bit the ground.¹⁵ Already he had overthrown Eusilas, so swift in running, that he scarce left the prints of his feet upon the sand, and in his own country outstripped the most rapid billows of Eurotas and Alpheus. Hard by him had fallen Eutyphron, more beautiful than Hylas, and a keener sportsman than Hippolitus. Pterelas too had fallen, who followed Nestor to the siege of Troy, and whom Achilles himself had loved on account of his courage and strength; and Aristogiton, who by bathing in the river Achelous, had secretly received from that god the power of assuming all sorts of forms. In fact, he was so nimble and quick in all his motions, that he could not be detained even by the strongest hands. But Adrastus, with his lance, laid him motionless, and immediately his soul fled,

together with his blood. Nestor, seeing his bravest captains fall under the hands of the cruel Adrastus, as the yellow ears of corn in harvest fall under the sharp sickle of the indefatigable reaper, forgot his age, and the danger to which he exposed himself, to no purpose, and thought of nothing but keeping his eyes fixed upon his son, who bravely maintained the fight in defence of his father: but the fatal moment was come, when Pisistratus was to convince Nestor what a misfortune it often is to live to a great age. Pisistratus aimed so violent a blow at Adrastus with his lance, that it must have brought him to the ground, but he avoided it, and with a javelin wounded in his belly Pisistratus, who had been a little disconcerted by missing his blow, and was now raising his lance again. Through the wound the bowels of Pisistratus began to burst, with a stream of blood, and his complexion faded like a flower, which the hand of a nymph hath plucked in the meadows. The light of his eyes was now almost extinguished, and his tongue faltered. Alceus, his governor, who was close by him, supported him, when he was just going to fall, and had hardly time to convey him to his father's arms before his death: for, while he was opening his mouth in order to speak, and give his father the last marks of his tenderness, he expired. While Philoctetes spread death and dismay around him, in repelling the efforts of Adrastus, Nestor held the corpse of his son clasped in his arms, at the same time pouring forth the most bitter wailings, unable to endure the light of day. "Wretch that I am!" said he, "to have been a father, and to have lived so long! alas! cruel Destinies, why did ye not put an end to my life, either at the chace of the wild boar of Calydon, or the first siege of Troy, or when I made the voyage to Colchos? I should then have died gloriously, and without feeling this bitter distress; whereas I am now doomed to linger out a miserable old age, diseased and impotent! I now live only to be wretched, and am insensible to every thing but grief! O my son! O my son! my dear son Pisistratus! when I lost your brother Antilochus, I had you left to comfort me: but as I have now lost you also, I shall never be comforted any more; I have now no more happiness to expect. I am even excluded from hope, the only cordial that enables mankind to support affliction. O my dear children, Antilochus and Pisistratus! today, methinks, I have lost you both; the death of the one making the wound I had received in my heart, by that of the other, to bleed afresh. I shall not see either of you any more. Whom have I now to close my eyes, or gather my ashes? O my dear Pisistratus, you died, as did your brother, like a gallant man; but I, I alone am obliged to live." So saying, he made an attempt to kill himself with a javelin that he had in his hand, but was prevented, and the body of his son forced from his embrace. The unhappy old man then swooned away, and was carried to his tent; where having recovered

his spirits a little, he would have returned to the engagement, but was withheld by force. In the mean time, Adrastus and Philoctetes were looking out for one another, their eyes sparkling like those of a lion or leopard when they seek to tear one another in pieces on the plains watered by the Caystea. Dire menaces, hostile fury, and cruel vengeance gleam from their voracious eyes. Wherever their shafts are hurled, certain death attends them; and all the combatants behold them with affright. Already they appear to each other's view; and when Philoctetes draws one of those dreadful arrows, which never missed the mark when shot by him, but still inflicted wounds that were incurable. But Mars, who favoured the cruel, yet intrepid Adrastus, could not bear to see him fall so soon; for he was resolved to increase the carnage, and prolong the horrors of war. Adrastus was yet spared by the gods, to execute their justice in punishing mankind by shedding human blood. At the very instant, when Philoctetes was going to attack him, he received a wound with a lance from Amphimachus, a young Lucanian, more beautiful than the famous Nireus, who, in that respect, was inferior to none of all those who were at the siege of Troy, except Achilles alone. No sooner had Philoctetes received the wound, than he let the arrow fly at Amphimachus, and pierced him to the heart. Immediately his beautiful black eyes were quenched, and covered with the shades of death. The vermillion of his lips, more lively than the roses which Aurora scatters through the horizon at the dawn of day, now vanished, and a deadly paleness overspread his cheeks. That face, so delicate and tender, was suddenly disfigured. Philoctetes himself could not help pitying his fate: and all the combatants were greatly affected when they saw him fall and welter in his blood; his hair, beautiful as Apollo's golden locks, now trailing in the dust. Philoctetes, having slain Amphimachus, was obliged to quit the battle; his strength, by the loss of blood, beginning to fail him; and even his old wound, by the efforts he made, seeming ready to break out again, and renew his pains; for the sons of Esculapius, with all their divine skill, had not been able to cure him entirely. Behold him then upon the point of falling on a heap of dead bodies that surrounded him, when Archidamus, the most high-spirited and dexterous of all the Oebalians, whom he brought with him to found Petilia, carried him off from the engagement at the very instant when Adrastus, with ease, would have laid him at his feet. Nothing now could stand before Adrastus, or stop his career, all his opponents fell or bled. He rushed like a torrent, that, surmounting all obstacles, sweeps away with its rapid flood the fields of corn, flocks, and villages. Telemachus heard at a distance the shouts of the conquerors, and at the same time saw the disorder of his own troops, flying before Adrastus as a herd of timorous deer traverse the vast forests, woods, mountains, and even the most rapid rivers

when pursued by the huntsmen. He groaned; and indignation lightning from his eyes,¹⁶ he quits the place where he had fought a long time with much danger and glory. He runs to the assistance of his troops, he advances covered all over with the blood of a great number of the enemy, whom he had laid groveling in the dust. Even at a distance he shouted so loud as to be heard by both the armies. Minerva had swelled his voice to such a terrible pitch,¹⁷ that all the neighbouring mountains echoed with the sound. Never did Mars exalt his horrid voice with greater force in Thrace when he summons the infernal Furies, War and Death. By his shouting, Telemachus inspired the troops of his own side with courage and spirit, while he froze the blood of his enemies with fear. Even Adrastus was ashamed to find himself disordered. A great many unfavourable presages alarmed him, and it was rather despair than cool courage that supported his spirits. Thrice did his trembling knees begin to sink under him; thrice did he recoil without thinking of what he did. A deadly paleness and cold sweat overspread his body and his limbs. His hoarse faltering voice could hardly pronounce one word distinct: his fierce gloomy eyes seemed ready to start from his head, and all his motions were convulsive; so that he looked like Orestes agitated by the Furies. Then did he begin to apprehend, that there were gods. He thought he saw them incensed against him; and heard a hollow voice come from the bottom of the abyss, to call him to gloomy Tartarus. Every circumstance served to convince him that an invisible celestial hand hung over him, ready to fall heavy on his head. All hope was extinguished in his breast; and all his intrepidity forsook him, as the day-light disappears when the sun sets in the bosom of the sea, leaving the earth enveloped in the shades of night. The impious Adrastus, suffered to remain too long on earth, if men had not rendered such a scourge necessary; the impious Adrastus, I say, now draws near his end.¹⁸ He runs headlong to meet his inevitable destiny, attended by horror, sharp remorse, consternation, fury, rage, and despair. No sooner did he perceive Telemachus, than he thought he saw Avernus open, and the flames that issue from the dusky Phlegethon ready to devour him. He cries aloud; and his mouth remains wide open, without his being able to utter an articulate sound. Like a man asleep, who, in a frightful dream opens his mouth, and makes an effort to speak; but his tongue fails him, and he endeavours to use it in vain. With precipitation and a trembling hand he throws a javelin at Telemachus; who, cool and intrepid as the favourite of the gods, covers himself with his buckler. Victory seemed already to shield him, as it were, with her wings, and to hold a crown suspended over his head; courage, calm and unruffled, beaming in his eye. One would have taken him for Minerva herself, such sagacity and presence of mind did he discover amidst the

greatest dangers. The javelin which Adrastus threw having been repelled by the shield of Telemachus, he instantly unsheaths his sword, that he might not give the son of Ulysses time to launch his javelin in his turn. Telemachus, seeing him sword in hand, forthwith unsheathed his own, and left his javelin unessayed. The other combatants seeing them thus engaged in close fight, laid down their arms, and with silent attention beheld the contest, expecting that it would determine the fate of the war. Their two swords, gleaming like the flashes of lightning from whence the thunder breaks, crossed one another several times, and with their ineffectual strokes the polished armour rings. The combatants extend their bodies, and contract themselves by turns. Sometimes they stoop, and in an instant rise again: at last they close. The ivy, springing at the root of a wild ash,¹⁹ does not clasp more closely with its interwoven branches the hard and knotty trunk, till it reaches the highest branches, than they clasped one another. Adrastus had not lost any of his strength, and Telemachus had not attained to his full vigour. The former several times endeavoured to surprize the latter, and take him from his poize. He endeavoured also to wrest his sword from him, but in vain; for at that instant Telemachus lifted him up, and flung him on the plain. Then did that impious man, who had always despised the gods, discover a dastardly fear of death; and, though ashamed to ask his life, yet he plainly shewed that he wished for it, by endeavouring to move the pity of Telemachus. "Son of Ulysses," said he, "now am I convinced of the justice of the gods, who punish me as I deserve. By misfortune alone are the eyes of men opened to see the truth which I now see, and by which I am condemned; but let an unhappy king remind you of your father, who is far from Ithaca, and let that remembrance touch your noble heart." Telemachus, who held him down with his knees, and had already raised his sword to plunge it in his breast, immediately replied: "I desire nothing more than victory, and the tranquillity of the nations that I came to succour. I take no pleasure in shedding blood. Live then, Adrastus, but live to repair your faults: restore whatever you have unjustly seized; re-establish peace and justice upon the coast of the great Hesperia, which you have violated by so many massacres and treacheries; live, and become another man; learn by your fall that the gods are just; that bad men are miserable, and deceive themselves when they think to obtain happiness by violence, cruelty, and falsehood; lastly, that nothing is so sweet and cordial as the practice of simple, stedfast virtue. Give us your son Metrodorus, together with twelve of your principal subjects as hostages." So saying, Telemachus suffered Adrastus to rise, and held out his hand to him, without the least suspicion of treachery; but Adrastus that instant threw at him a second javelin, very short, which he had hitherto kept concealed. So

sharp was the weapon, and with so much force was it thrown, that it would have penetrated the armour of Telemachus, had it not been divine. Meanwhile, Adrastus ran behind a tree, to elude the pursuit of Telemachus, who thus exclaimed: "Daunians, you see the victory is ours; the miscreant could not have saved himself, without having had recourse to treachery; and, though he is not afraid of the gods, he is afraid of death: whereas those who fear the gods, fear nothing else." Pronouncing these words, he advanced towards the Daunians, making a sign at the same time to his own men, who were on the other side of the tree, to cut off the retreat of the perfidious Adrastus, who, now afraid of being surprised, feigned to return the way he came, and would have opened to himself a passage through the Cretans, who opposed his retreat. But Telemachus immediately darted upon him, quick as the thunderbolts which the father of the gods hurls from the lofty Olympus on the heads of guilty men, seizes him, throws him down, and, as deaf to his intreaties as the cruel north wind when it levels the slender ears that gild the plain, though the impious caitiff²⁰ attempted once more to abuse the goodness of his heart, he plunged his sword into his bosom, and sends him headlong,²¹ as his crimes deserved, among the flames of gloomy Tartarus.

THE END OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adrastus being dead, the Daunians offer their hands to the allies, to signify their inclination to peace; and desire them to allow them to chuse a king out of their own nation. Nestor, being inconsolable for the loss of his son, comes not to the assembly of the chiefs; in which several give it as their opinion, that the lands of the conquered ought to be divided, and the territory of Arpi ceded to Telemachus. Far from accepting this offer, Telemachus makes it appear to be the common interest of the allies to chuse Polydamus king of the Daunians, and to leave them in possession of their lands. He afterwards prevailed upon that people to assign the country of Arpi to Diomedes, who then chanced to arrive in the camp. The troubles being thus composed, the several nations separate, in order to return home.

Adrastus was no sooner dead, than the Daunians, far from regretting their defeat, and the loss of their chief, rejoiced at their deliverance; offering their hands to the allies, in token of their pacific disposition and reconciliation. Metrodorus, the son of Adrastus, whom his father had trained to maxims of dissimulation, injustice, and cruelty, like a coward, betook himself to flight. But a slave, who had been his accomplice in all his cruel and infamous actions, to whom he had granted liberty and many favours, and who now attended him in his flight, thought of nothing but abusing his confidence from a mercenary view: accordingly he stabbed him as he fled in the back, cut off his head, and carried it to the camp of the allies, hoping to receive a great reward for a crime that would put an end to the war. But he was held in abhorrence for what he had done, and put to death. Telemachus could not refrain from tears, when he beheld the head of Metrodorus, who was young, extremely beautiful, and naturally of a good disposition, but corrupted by pleasure and bad example. "Alas!" said he, "thus it is that young princes are spoiled by prosperity; the greater their elevation and vivacity are, the farther do they recede from every virtuous principle they may have: and, perhaps, that would now have been my case, had not I, thanks to the gods, by the misfortunes I have undergone from my infancy, and the instructions of Mentor, been taught moderation." The Daunian chiefs in council assembled, demanded no other condition of peace, but that they should be allowed to chuse a king out of their own nation; who,

by his virtues, might wipe out the stains with which the impious Adrastus had sullied the royal dignity. They thanked the gods, that they had cut off the tyrant, and came in crowds to kiss the hand of Telemachus, which had been imbrued in the blood of the monster, looking on their defeat as a triumph. Thus, in a moment, did that power vanish irrecoverably which had threatened the downfall of all the states of Hesperia, and made so many nations tremble. Like those grounds that appear firm and solid, but are gradually undermined. For a long time, the weak attempts to sap them are ridiculed; no alteration appears, no part sinks or gives way, or seems to be hollow; but, in the mean time, the whole, by little and little, is undermined, till at last all at once the ground gives way, and opens a dreadful gulph. Thus power acquired by violence, injustice, and fraud, how much soever it may appear to prosper, digs a pit for itself. Fraud and oppression, by degrees, undermine the most solid foundations of legal authority. Power acquired in that manner is admired and dreaded; it makes the world tremble, till it vanishes in a moment, and sinks under its own weight. Nor can it ever rise again; having overthrown, as it were, with its own hands, the true pillars of power, namely, good faith and justice; by which the love and confidence of mankind are gained. Next day the chiefs of the army assembled to grant a king to the Daunians. It gave them great pleasure to observe the two camps united by so unexpected a friendship, and the two armies become in a manner but one. The sage Nestor could not assist at the council, his heart being quite broke with grief and old age; as a flower, which at the dawn of day was the ornament and glory of the green fields, is in the evening overwhelmed, and languishes beneath the beating rain. His eyes were become two fountains of tears that never ceased to flow. Far from them fled balmy sleep, that soothes the most poignant sorrow: and hope, that animates the heart of man,¹ in him was quite extinguished. All kind of nourishment was distasteful to the unfortunate old man, and even the light grew odious. The only wish of his soul was to be disengaged from the body, and to descend into the endless shades of Pluto's empire. All his friends attempted to console him in vain: he had no more relish for friendship and conversation than a sick man has for food. He made no other reply to the most endearing expressions of his friends, than groans and sobs. Now and then he would exclaim: "O my son Pisistratus, Pisistratus, Pisistratus, thou callest me, I shall follow thee, Pisistratus! Thou wilt make death agreeable, my dear son! I desire nothing more to make me happy, than to see thee again upon the banks of Styx." Then he would pass whole hours without speaking; groaning only, and lifting his hands and streaming eyes to heaven. Meanwhile, the princes in council assembled were waiting for Telemachus, who stood by the body of Pisistratus, strewing it

with flowers by handfuls; adding exquisite perfumes, and shedding floods of bitter tears! "O my dear companion," said he, "never shall I forget that I saw you at Pylos, followed you to Sparta, and met with you again upon the coast of the great Hesperia. Many were the obligations I owed you;² I loved you, as you did me; and I was no stranger to your valour, which would have surpassed that of many famous Grecian warriors. Alas! it was your valour which put an end to your days; with glory indeed, but deprived the world of the benefit of your virtues, which would have equalled those of your father. Yes, in a more advanced age, your wisdom and eloquence would not have fallen short of your father's, which were admired by all Greece. You spoke in a manner so insinuating, that it was irresistible: there was a simplicity in your narratives; you was endued with that sagacity and moderation which operate like a charm in pacifying the angry and passionate; and had acquired that authority which results from prudence and judicious counsel. When you spoke, all that were present listened with attention; all were prepossessed in your favour; all wished that you might have reason on your side; and your simple modest eloquence distilled upon their hearts, as the dew falls upon the tender grass. Alas! of all these valuable endowments which we possessed but a few hours ago, we are now deprived for ever. Pisistratus, whom I embraced this morning, is now no more; nothing remains of him but the sad remembrance. Had you lived to close the eyes of Nestor, and your own had not been closed so early, he would not have seen what he now sees, nor been the most wretched of fathers." After this lamentation, Telemachus directed the bleeding wound in the side of Pisistratus to be washed. Then he was laid by his order on a bed of purple, where his head reclining on one side, and his face exhibiting the pale livery of death,³ he resembled a young tree, which, after it had overshadowed a large space of ground, and extended its verdant boughs towards heaven, had been stretched on the earth by the sharp axe of the woodman. No longer is it supported by its roots, nourished in the bosom of its fruitful mother the earth: it languishes, and its verdure disappears; it nods, it falls. Its branches, which before excluded the light of heaven, now sweep the dust, decayed and withered; and it is nothing more than a log, stripped of all its beauty. Thus Pisistratus becomes a prey to death, was taken away in order to be laid upon the funeral pile. Already the flame ascends towards heaven. A company of Pylians, with slow and solemn steps, arms reversed, and downcast eyes all bathed in tears, conveyed it to the pile. As soon as it was consumed, the ashes were inclosed in a golden urn, which Telemachus, who superintended the whole ceremony, committed as a great treasure to the care of Callimachus, who had been the tutor of Pisistratus. "Take care," said he, "of these melancholy, but precious remains of him

whom you loved. Keep them for his father; but, before you present them to him, wait till he has recovered strength enough to ask for them: what at one time excites grief, at another time asswages it." Telemachus then went to the assembly of the allied kings, in which all were silent as soon as he appeared, that he might be heard the better. He blushed, and could not be prevailed upon to speak. The acclamations and encomiums bestowed upon him, for all that he had done, increased his confusion; so that he wished he could have concealed himself from their view. It was the first time he had appeared at a loss, and disconcerted. At last he begged it as a favour that they would forbear any further panegyric. "Not," said he, "that I don't love it, especially when it is bestowed by such good judges of merit: but that I am afraid I should grow too fond of it; for it is apt to corrupt the heart, and make us conceited, vain, and presumptuous. We must endeavour to merit praise, but not be too much in love with it:⁴ the highest praise resembles that which comes not from the heart. Tyrants, the most vicious of the human race, still exact from sycophants the most extravagant applause. What pleasure can there be in being praised like them? True genuine praise is that which you shall bestow upon me in my absence, provided I am so happy as to deserve your approbation. If you really think I have merit, you ought also to suppose I would chuse to be accounted modest, and to despise vanity. Spare me then if you really esteem me; and don't treat me as one enamoured of applause." Telemachus having thus expressed his sentiments, took no further notice of those who still continued to extol him to the skies, and his indifference soon put a stop to their encomiums; for they began to be afraid of giving him offence. However, the whole camp admired him more and more, when they understood what regret he had expressed for Pisistratus, and how careful he had been of his obsequies. The whole army was more affected by these marks of the goodness of his heart, than by all the prodigies of wisdom and valour which he had exhibited. "He is wise, he is valiant!" said they to one another, in private, "he is beloved by the gods, and the greatest hero of the age: nay he is more than human! yet these qualities only excite our wonder and astonishment. But he is humane, benevolent, a faithful and affectionate friend, compassionate, liberal, beneficent, and wholly attached to those whom he is bound to love. He is the delight of those he lives with: he has entirely shaken off his former haughtiness, indifference, and pride. Those his good qualities are of general use. They touch the heart; they bind our affections to him; they make us so sensible of all his goodness, insomuch that we would willingly lay down our lives for his advantage." When this discourse was over, they began to deliberate upon giving a king to the Daunians. It was the opinion of most of the princes who were present in the

council, that their country ought to be considered as conquered, and the lands divided. Telemachus was offered for his share the fertile country of Arpi, which bears twice a year the rich gifts of Ceres, the delicious presents of Bacchus, and the ever-green fruit of the olive, sacred to Minerva. "That country," said they, "will make you forget the poor cottages of Ithaca, the dreadful rocks of Dulichium, and savage forests of Zacinthus. Think no more of your father, who must have perished in the waves at the promontory of Caphareus, by the vengeance of Nauplius, and the resentment of Neptune; nor of your mother, who must have yielded to her lovers since your departure; nor of your country, whose soil hath not been so much the care of the gods as that of the lands which we now offer you." This discourse he heard patiently: but the rocks of Thrace and Thessaly are not deafer to the plaintive supplications of despairing lovers, than he was to all their offers. "As for me," said he, "I do not much regard either riches or pleasures; of what advantage is it to possess a greater extent of land, and to have the government of a greater number of men? It is only to have more trouble and less liberty. Life, even to the wisest and most moderate, is sufficiently stocked with misfortunes and disappointments, without increasing them by the government of headstrong, restless, unjust, treacherous, and ungrateful men. To desire to be a ruler of men, purely for one's own sake, to get authority, grandeur, and pleasure, is to desire to be a tyrant, a miscreant, and a scourge of mankind. On the other hand, when one desires not to rule over them but as he ought,⁵ and for their good, he is not so much their ruler, as their tutor, and gets nothing by it, but infinite trouble; so that he is far from desiring to extend his dominions. The shepherd, who does not butcher⁶ his flock, who exposes his life to defend them from wolves, who watches them day and night, and conducts them to good pasture, is not solicitous to increase their number, or to take any of his neighbour's, for it would only be increasing his trouble. Although," continued he, "I never executed the office of king, or governor,⁷ yet I have learnt from the laws, and the wise men that made them, how difficult it is to govern cities and kingdoms. I am, therefore, satisfied with my poor Ithaca. Small and poor as it is, I shall acquire glory enough, if I rule it with justice, piety, and valour. But even there, I shall but too soon ascend the throne. May the gods grant that my father may escape the fury of the waves, and reign in Ithaca to extreme old age, that I may have an opportunity of learning a long time from him how to restrain my own passions, so as to be able to moderate those of a whole nation." He afterwards proceeded thus: "Hear, O ye princes, in council assembled, what I think it my duty to lay before you, for your interest. If you assign the Daunians a just king, he will rule them with justice, and convince them how much it is their interest to be

true to their engagements, and not to invade unjustly, or usurp the possessions of their neighbours: a lesson which they never could have learned under the wicked Adrastus. While they are under the government of a wise and just prince, you will have nothing to fear, especially as they will be indebted to you for their good king, and for the peace and prosperity they enjoy. Far from attacking you, they will bless you without ceasing, and both king and people will be the creatures⁸ of your hands. If, on the other hand, you should divide their lands among you, these, I apprehend, will be the consequences: they will become desperate, and renew the war; and as they will then fight for their liberty, and have justice on their side, the gods, who are enemies to tyranny, will fight in their behalf. If that should be the case, sooner or later, you will certainly be worsted, and your prosperity will vanish like the smoke. The wisdom and counsel of your chiefs, the courage of your armies, and the fertility of your lands will fail. You will delude yourselves with vain hopes, engage in rash enterprizes, and turn a deaf ear to good men, who would tell you the truth. Thus will you sink on a sudden into ruin, and it will be said of you: 'Is that then the flourishing nation which pretended to give law to all the world? They now fly before their enemies, and are despised and insulted by other states. This is the work of the gods; and it is what an unjust, proud, cruel people deserved.' Farther, you ought to consider, that if you should attempt to divide among you this conquest, you will make all the neighbouring nations unite against you. Your confederacy formed to defend the common liberty of Hesperia against Adrastus, will render itself odious, and you will be justly charged by all nations with aspiring to universal despotism. But suppose you should conquer the Daunians, and the other states, I will now make it appear, that even that success would prove your ruin. Consider then in the first place, that such an enterprize would break your union: as it is not founded upon justice, you will have no rule to determine your several pretensions; each of you will expect that his share should be proportioned to his power, and there is none of you that will have authority enough to make the rest agree to his distribution. The consequence will be a war, of which your grandchildren may not see the end. Is it not better to be guided by justice and moderation, than ambition attended with so much danger, and so many unavoidable misfortunes? Are not profound peace, and the innocent agreeable pleasures that accompany it, cheerful plenty, the friendship of your neighbours, the glory inseparable from justice, and the authority that is acquired by foreign states referring their differences to you, in consequence of their esteem for you, advantages that far outweigh the gratification of a ridiculous vanity obtained from unjust conquest. O ye princes! O ye kings! You see I am quite disinterested in what I say.

Listen then to him who is so much your friend, as to venture to contradict and displease you, that he may tell you the truth." While Telemachus harranged in this manner,⁹ with an authority which they never had observed in any other, and all the princes were struck with wonder and astonishment at the wisdom of his counsels, a confused noise diffused itself through the whole camp, and at last reached the place where the assembly was held. "A stranger," said they, "is just arrived upon the coast with a troop of armed men. He has a noble mein, and all the appearance of a hero: one may easily see, that he hath been long unfortunate, but the greatness of his courage hath raised him above misfortune. At first the people of the country, who guarded the coast, were resolved to attack him as an enemy who had made a descent with a hostile intention; but he drew his sword with an intrepid air, and told them he knew how to defend himself if he was attacked, though he wished for peace and hospitality: accordingly, he held out a branch of olive, as a suppliant. His request being complied with, he desired¹⁰ to be conducted to those who had the government of that part of Hesperia, and accordingly they are bringing him hither to present him to the kings here assembled." This account had scarce been given, when the stranger appeared, with an air of majesty that surprised the whole assembly. He might have easily passed for the god Mars, when he assembles upon the mountains of Thrace his blood-thirsty troops. He addressed the chiefs thus: "O ye shepherds of the people, who doubtless are here assembled either to defend your country against its enemies, or to enforce the most just laws, vouchsafe to hear a man, whom fortune hath persecuted. May the gods grant you may never meet with such misfortunes. I am Diomedes, king of Etolia, who wounded Venus at the siege of Troy. The vengeance of that goddess now pursues me through the universe, and Neptune, who can refuse nothing to the divine daughter of the sea, hath abandoned me to the rage of winds and waves, which have often dashed my ships to pieces against the rocks. The inexorable Venus hath left me no hope of ever seeing again my kingdom, my family, and the sweet natal clime where I first saw the day and drew my breath."¹¹ No, I shall never see again what I held most dear in life. After having been so often shipwrecked, I have ventured ashore on this strange coast, in hopes of finding some repose, and a safe retreat. If you fear the gods, and especially Jupiter, who is the protector of strangers; if you have any feelings of humanity, refuse me not some barren corner in this wide extended country, some desert, some craggy cliffs or sands, where I may, with the help of my companions, found a city, which may be at least a melancholy representation of the place of our nativity, now lost. We ask only a small space of ground, which is of no use to you. We shall live in strict

friendship and alliance with you; your enemies shall be ours, and we shall ever be attached to your interests, only we desire we may be allowed to use our own laws." While Diomedes thus addressed the chiefs, the eyes of Telemachus were fixed upon him, and all the different passions by turns appeared in his countenance. When that majestic man began to speak of his long series of misfortunes, he fondly imagined that he might possibly be his father. But as soon as he had declared that he was Diomedes, his countenance faded like a fair flower defaced by the baleful breath of the ruthless Boreas.¹² When Diomedes afterwards complained of the unrelenting rage of the goddess, his words deeply affected Telemachus, by reminding him of what his father and himself had suffered. Mingled tears of pity and joy ran down his cheeks, and he immediately flew to embrace Diomedes. "I am," said he, "the son of Ulysses, whom you knew, and who was of some service to you when you carried off the famous horses of Rhesus. The gods have persecuted him as well as you without pity. If the oracles of Erebus do not deceive me, he is still alive, but not, alas! for me. I left Ithaca to go in quest of him, and now I can neither find Ithaca nor him. You may judge by my own misfortunes, what compassion I must feel for those of others. The advantage of having been unfortunate is, that we can thereby sympathize with the distresses of others. Although I am here but a stranger myself, I can, renowned Diomedes, the most invincible of all the Greeks except Achilles, (for notwithstanding the calamities of my country during my infancy, my education was not so bad as not to know the glory you acquired in battle), I can, I say, procure you some assistance. These princes, whom you see, are endowed with humanity; they know there is no virtue, no true courage, no solid glory without humanity. Misfortune gives a new lustre to the glory of great men. While they are strangers to misfortunes, there is something wanting to complete their characters, as their lives afford no examples of patience and fortitude; and every heart that has any relish for virtue, sympathises with it in distress. It shall, therefore, be our care to comfort you, since the gods have brought you among us; in so doing they have dealt kindly by us, and we ought to account ourselves happy that we have it in our power to alleviate your distress." While he spoke, Diomedes eyed him with attention and surprise, and felt a strong emotion in his heart. After they had embraced one another, as if they had been long intimate friends, Diomedes exclaimed, "O worthy son of Ulysses, I recognize in you his mild aspect, his graceful action, his nervous eloquence, his noble sentiments, and his profound wisdom." Then Philoctetes likewise embraced the great son of Tydeus, and when they had given each other an account of their misfortunes, Philoctetes said to Diomedes, "Undoubtedly you will be pleased to see again

the sage Nestor, who has just lost his sole remaining son Pisistratus; a path of sorrow is all he now has left in life, and that conducts him to the grave. Come, and see if you can give him any consolation: an unfortunate friend is more likely to do it than any other." Then they went both together to the tent of Nestor, who hardly knew Diomedes again, so much had grief depressed his spirits and impaired his understanding. As Diomedes could not help shedding tears at first sight, the old man's grief redoubled, but afterwards it was gradually assuaged by the presence of such a friend. It plainly appeared, that his affliction was a little suspended by the pleasure he found in recounting to Diomedes what he had suffered, and in hearing, in his turn, what had befallen his friend. While they conversed together, Telemachus and the other chiefs in council assembled, were debating the question concerning the country of the Daunians.¹³ Telemachus advised them to give the territory of Arpi to Diomedes, and to chuse for king of the Daunians Polydamas, a native of the country, and an officer of distinction, whom Adrastus out of jealousy never would employ, apprehensive lest the success of his arms should be attributed to his general's abilities, and himself thereby deprived of the glory, which he otherwise hoped to enjoy without a rival. Polydamas had often intimated to him in private, that he risked too much both his life and his crown, in a war against so many nations combined, and would fain have engaged him to act with more moderation and justice towards his neighbours: but men who hate the truth, hate also those who have the courage to tell it them. They are not moved either with their zeal, or sincerity, or disinterestedness. A delusive prosperity hardened the heart of Adrastus against all salutary advice; and, notwithstanding his slighting it, he triumphed every day over his enemies. By insult, treachery, and violence, he still brought victory to declare for him; and none of the misfortunes which Polydamas foretold had yet ensued. He made a jest of the timid caution, that was always foreseeing danger, and Polydamas became so insupportable to him, that he divested him of all employment, and left him to languish in poverty and solitude. His disgrace at first lay very heavy on him, but it soon gave him what he had never hitherto possessed; it opened his eyes to see the vanity of grandeur. He grew wise at his own expence: he triumphed in his misfortunes: he learned by degrees to bear affliction, to be satisfied with a little, to nourish his mind with contemplation in tranquillity,¹⁴ to cultivate the secret virtues, which are of more value than the most shining talents; in fine, to live by himself free and independent.¹⁵ He took up his residence in a desert, at the foot of mount Garganus, where a hollow rock served him instead of a house, a rivulet that fell from the mountain quenched his thirst, and some

trees in the neighbourhood supplied him with fruit. He had two slaves, who cultivated a little field: these he assisted with his own hands, and the land rewarded them abundantly for their pains, so that they wanted for nothing. They had not only plenty of fruit and pulse, but all sorts of sweet smelling flowers. There he lamented the unhappy lot of those nations, who are undone by the absurd ambition of their kings. There he expected every day to hear that the just, though long-suffering gods, had taken vengeance on Adrastus. The greater his prosperity, the nearer he concluded he was to irrecoverable ruin; for successful iniquity and imprudence, and power stretched to the height of despotism, are the forerunners of the fall of kings and kingdoms. When he heard of his death and defeat, he discovered no indecent joy, either for having foreseen them, or for being delivered from the tyrant, but was extremely uneasy lest the Daunians should be stripped of their liberties.¹⁶ Such was the man whom Telemachus recommended to a crown. It was some time since he had been informed of his virtue and courage; for, in pursuance of Mentor's advice, he diligently enquired into the characters of all those who were in any considerable employment, not only in the nations that composed the confederacy, and served in the war, but also among the enemy. He never neglected to inform himself minutely concerning all that were eminent either for talents or virtues. The allied princes at first discovered some reluctance to the placing Polydamas upon the throne. "We know," said they, "by experience, how formidable a king of the Daunians is to his neighbours, when he is fond of war, and acquainted with the military art. Polydamas is an able officer, and would be a dangerous enemy." To this objection Telemachus replied: "It is true, Polydamas is acquainted with war, but then he loves peace, and these are precisely the qualifications to be wished for. A man who knows the dangers, difficulties, and disasters inseparable from war, will probably be more cautious of engaging in it, than he who has had no experience of its evils: besides, he hath had an opportunity of acquainting himself with the sweets of a quiet life, and he always condemned the conduct of Adrastus, of which he foresaw the fatal consequences. You have more to fear from a weak and ignorant prince, than from one who will judge and determine every thing himself. A prince, weak, ignorant, and without experience, will see only by the eyes of a capricious favourite, or a flattering, restless, ambitious minister. Hence will he blindly engage in war without intending it, and it will be impossible for you to depend upon him, who cannot depend upon himself; nor will he be true to his engagements, so that you will soon be reduced to the hard necessity, either of destroying him, or being destroyed by him. Is it not more for your interest,

more safe, and at the same time just and noble, not to abuse the confidence of the Daunians, but to give them a king who is worthy of a crown?" By these arguments all the chiefs were persuaded, and accordingly Polydamas was proposed to the Daunians, who waited with impatience for the council's resolution. When they heard the name of Polydamas, they immediately exclaimed, "Now are we convinced that the allied princes have no sinister views in regard to us, and that they desire a lasting peace, since they have proposed to us for king a man so virtuous, and so capable of governing well. If they had proposed to us one that was pusillanimous, ignorant, and effeminate, we should have concluded, that their intention was to humble us, and to unhinge the form of our government. A conduct so artful and insidious, would have excited in us a violent and lasting resentment: but by recommending Polydamas, you shew the uprightness of your intentions. It is evident, that your views in relation to us are just and honourable, since you have given us a king who is incapable of attempting any thing against our liberty, and the glory of our nation. We can, therefore, venture to declare in the presence of the just gods, that the rivers will return to their sources ere we cease to love such beneficent princes. May our latest posterity be informed of the benefit now conferred upon us, and renew from generation to generation the peace of the Golden Age through all the coast of Hesperia!" Telemachus then proposed, that they should give to Diomedes the lands of Arpi, where he might establish his colony. "These colonists," said he, "will be indebted to you for their settlement in a country at present unoccupied. Remember, that all men ought to love one another; that there will always be more land than can be settled; and that, as you must have neighbours, it is better to have those who are obliged to you for their establishment. Take pity on an unfortunate king, who cannot reach his native country. Polydamas and he, united by the bands of justice and virtue, which are the only lasting ties, will procure you an uninterrupted peace, and render you formidable to all those neighbours that may think of aggrandizing themselves at your expence. You see, O Daunians, that we have provided you with a king, capable of carrying the glory of your country to the highest pitch.¹⁷ We may hope then, that you will grant, at our request, a tract of land which is of no use to you, to a king who merits all possible assistance." The Daunians, in answer to this proposal, said they could refuse Telemachus nothing, since it was he that had procured them Polydamas for their king, whom they immediately went to find in his desert, in order to place him on the throne. But, before their departure, they made a grant of the fertile plains of Arpi to Diomedes, there to lay the foundations of a new kingdom. This settlement gave great pleasure to

the allies, because that Greek colony might be able to assist them powerfully, should the Daunians ever attempt to renew the encroachments, of which Adrastus had set them a bad example. The princes now resolved to separate: accordingly Telemachus marched off with his troop, and his eyes bathed in tears, after he had tenderly embraced the valiant Diomedes, the sage but inconsolable Nestor, and the renowned Philoctetes, who worthily inherited the arrows of Alcides.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus upon his arrival at Salentum is surprised to find the country so well cultivated, and so little magnificence in the city. Mentor explains to him the reasons of that alteration, points out to him the errors that commonly prevent a state's flourishing, and proposes to him for a model, the conduct and government of Idomeneus. Telemachus then discloses his mind to him in regard to his inclination to espouse Antiope, the daughter of that prince. Mentor agrees with him in praising her good qualities, and assures him, that the gods had destined her for him; but that at present he ought to think of nothing but setting out for Ithaca, and delivering Penelope from the irksome addresses of her suitors.

The young son of Ulysses glowed with impatience to be with Mentor again at Salentum, and to embark with him for Ithaca, where he hoped his father had by this time arrived. As he approached Salentum, he was greatly surprised to find all the neighbourhood cultivated like a garden, and full of industrious people, which at his departure was little better than a desert, and concluded that it was the work of the sage Mentor. Then entering the city, he perceived fewer artisans for the luxuries of life, and much less magnificence than he had observed before.¹ This change disgusted him greatly, for he was naturally fond of shew and splendor; but his mind was soon engrossed by other thoughts. Seeing Mentor and Idomeneus at a distance coming to meet him, his bosom forthwith throbbed with strong emotions of tenderness and joy.² At the same time, notwithstanding his great success in the war against Adrastus, he was apprehensive lest Mentor should not be satisfied with his conduct, and, therefore, as the sage approached, he endeavoured to discover in his eyes, whether he had done any thing amiss.³ After Idomeneus had embraced him with as much tenderness as if he had been his own son, he flew immediately to the arms of Mentor, and bedewed him with his tears. Mentor then said to him: "I am not dissatisfied with your conduct. You have, it is true, committed great faults; but then they have taught you to know yourself better, and to be more diffident than you was before. One often reaps more benefit from his misconduct than from his heroic exploits. Great actions are apt to swell the mind with pride, and to inspire the most dangerous presumption;

whereas a man's errors in conduct make him look into himself, and recall that wisdom which prosperity had exiled. All that you have now to do is to be thankful to the gods, and not too ambitious of the praise of men. You have performed great actions, but if you will be ingenuous, you must own, that but a small part of the merit of them is due to you. Is it not true that they were suggested and directed by something independent of yourself? Would not your natural heat and imprudence otherwise have made them miscarry? Did you not perceive that Minerva had, as it were, transformed you into something above yourself, to enable you to perform what you have atchieved? She suspended all your natural defects, like Neptune when he pacifies the storms, and holds the angry billows in suspense." While Idomeneus with eager curiosity interrogated the Cretans who returned from the war, Telemachus was listening to the sage instructions of Mentor. In the course of their conversation, casting his eyes around him with surprize, he exclaimed: "What a change is here! I cannot conceive the reason of it. Hath any calamity befallen Salentum since my departure? What is become of that magnificence which then appeared in every part of the city? I now see neither gold, nor silver, nor precious stones; the dresses are plain; the buildings which they are now erecting, are neither so large nor so much ornamented as they were then; the arts languish, and the city is become a solitude." Mentor replied thus with a smile: "Have you observed the condition of the country round the city?" "Yes," said Telemachus, "I observed that the fields were cultivated, and agriculture in repute." "Which," said Mentor, "is most eligible, a city adorned with marble, gold and silver, and a barren neglected country; or a fruitful well cultivated country, with a city in which there is a simplicity of manners, and not much magnificence? A large city full of artisans employed in promoting luxury and a corruption of manners, with a poor ill cultivated country about it, resembles a monster with an enormous large head, but the rest of the body, for want of nourishment, meagre and extenuated, and bearing no proportion to the head. The true strength and wealth of a kingdom consist in the number of the people, and the produce of the lands. Idomeneus has now an infinite number of people indefatigably laborious, through the whole extent of his dominions, so that they look like one continued city, of which Salentum is the center. We have transplanted from the city to the country the hands with which the former was overstocked, but were wanted in the country, in which we have also induced many foreigners to settle. The more these people multiply, the more they multiply by their labours the fruits of the earth; and by such a peaceful and agreeable multiplication, the power of a state is more enlarged than by a conquest. We have not suppressed in the city any but superfluous arts, which

divert the poor from the culture of the lands for the supply of real wants, and corrupt the rich by introducing among them effeminacy and ostentation. Nothing has been done that can affect the fine arts, or those who cultivate them with a true genius. Thus Idomeneus is become much more powerful now than when you admired his magnificence: that dazzling outside concealed a weakness and misery that would have soon brought his empire to ruin: now he has a much greater number of subjects, and maintains them with more ease. These men inured to labour and hardship, and taught to despise death by their love of equitable laws, would all take arms to repel an enemy who should invade the lands cultivated by their own labour. Hence will the state, which you thought on the brink of ruin, soon be the wonder of Hesperia. Remember, Telemachus, that there are two grievances in government scarce ever guarded against, or redressed. The first is an exorbitant illegal power assumed by kings; and the second is luxury, followed by a corruption of manners. When kings once begin to think that their absolute wills are the only laws they are bound by, and to give a loose to their passions, their power indeed is uncontrolled. But by the exercise of such a power, they sap the foundation of it for they have no longer any certain rule or maxims of government; every one vies with another in flattering them; and the number of their people, who are now slaves and not subjects, diminishes every day. Who will now venture to inform them of the truth, or to check the torrent of their power?⁴ They carry all before them, while the wise lament their blindness, retire, and a power so exorbitant can be reduced to its just limits only by force, and a sudden revolution; but the blow that might have reduced it, often overthrows it quite; for nothing is more exposed to a fatal overthrow than power stretched too far. It is like a bow too much bent, which never fails to break at last on a sudden, unless it is slackened: but who is it that will venture to slacken the bow of power? The heart of Idomeneus had been so much corrupted by an excess of power, that he was dethroned by his subjects, but not cured of his folly. It was necessary that the gods should send us hither to disabuse him, in regard to that exorbitant despotic power, for which men are altogether unqualified; so that a kind of miracle was required to open his eyes. The other evil almost incurable, is luxury; for, as arbitrary power⁵ is the bane of kings, so luxury impoisons a whole nation. It is said, that luxury maintains the poor at the expence of the rich, as if the poor could not gain a livelihood, and be more useful in multiplying the fruits of the earth, without enervating the rich by the refinements of luxury. A whole nation comes by degrees to look upon superfluities as necessities of life, and to invent such necessities every day; so that they cannot dispense with what was counted superfluous thirty years before. Such luxury is called elegant

taste, the perfection of the arts, and the politeness of a nation; that vice, which draws after it an infinite number of others, is extolled as a virtue, so that the contagion extends at last to the very dregs of the people. Those of the royal family will imitate the magnificence of the king; the grandees, that of the royal family; those in the middle ranks of life, that of the grandees; for who is it that keeps within his own sphere?⁶ and those in low life will affect to pass for people of fashion. Thus all live above their rank and income, some from vanity and ostentation, and to display their wealth; others from a false shame, and to hide their poverty. Even those who are wise enough to condemn such excesses, yet have not resolution to make head against them, and to set an example of a different conduct. Hence a whole nation goes to wreck;⁷ all ranks are confounded. The desire of money wherewithal to make a figure, corrupts the best disposed mind; wealth is the sole pursuit, and poverty is accounted scandalous. Though you should be learned, ingenious, and virtuous; though you should instruct mankind, gain victories, save your country, and sacrifice your all for its honour and interest, yet will you be despised, if your talents are not set off by pomp and parade. Even those who are poor will affect to appear wealthy, and spend as if they really were so. To supply that expence, they will borrow, they will cheat, they will have recourse to a thousand indirect methods. But how will these disorders be remedied? Only by changing the taste, manners, and constitution of a whole nation. But who will undertake such an arduous task, unless it be a king who is a philosopher, and who by setting an example of moderation, may bring contempt on those who affect an expensive shew, and give a sanction to the manners of the wise, who will be glad to have their decent frugality supported by such authority.” Telemachus hearing these remarks, was like a man just waked from a deep sleep: he was convinced of the truth of Mentor’s words, which made a deep impression upon his heart: as the skilful statuary engraves on marble what features he thinks proper to display, so as to give it delicacy, life, and motion. At first he made no reply, but after reflecting on what he had heard, and taking a view of the changes which had been made in the city, he said to Mentor: “You have made Idomeneus the wisest of all kings; so that I now know neither him, nor his people; and what you have done here, I own is infinitely more glorious than the victories we have gained: for in the successes of war, bodily strength and accident have no small share. Of the glory gained in war, a part is due to the soldiers; but this whole work proceeded from your sagacity alone. You was obliged to combat the false notions both of king and people, in order to set them right.⁸ The successes of war are always ruinous and fatal to many: here all is the work of wisdom more than human; all is peace, joy, and beneficence, and manifests supernatural au-

thority. When men are ambitious of glory, why do not they endeavour thus to obtain it, by doing all the good they can? How much are they mistaken with respect to true glory, who expect to find it by laying waste the earth, and shedding human blood!" Great joy appeared in Mentor's countenance when he perceived Telemachus had such just notions⁹ of victories and conquests, at an age when it was natural for him to be intoxicated with the glory he had acquired. He then observed: "It is true, all is proper and praise-worthy that hath been done here; but you must know that something greater and better might have been done. Idomeneus now bridles his passions, and studies to discharge the duty of a king: but still his conduct is far from being free from blame; the unhappy effect of his former errors. Even when men are willing to forsake vice, it seems still to pursue them for a length of time. Some bad habits still remain; the natural vigour of the mind impaired, inveterate errors, and almost incurable prejudices. Happy are they who never quitted the path of virtue!¹⁰ they attain to a higher degree of perfection in the practice of beneficence. The gods, O Telemachus, will expect more of you, than of Idomeneus; because you was taught to know the truth in your infancy, and never was exposed to the seduction of great prosperity. Idomeneus," continued Mentor, "is not destitute of judgment and discernment; but he is too attentive to the detail of business, and his views of things are too narrow and confined to form proper plans. It is not requisite that he, who is placed at the head of a nation, should do every thing himself, in order to shew his talents for government; and it is the height of vanity to imagine it possible for him, or to endeavour to make the world believe that it is. The business of a king is to make choice of proper persons to govern under him, and to direct them; but he is not to concern himself with the detail; for that would be to do the duty of those who are subordinate to him: whereas he ought only to make them give him an account of their administration; and to know enough of it to be able to judge of that account with some degree of precision. He may be justly said to govern extremely well, who judiciously chuses those that are to govern under him, and employs men according to their different talents. The great art and perfection of government consists in governing well those who are vested with the executive power:¹¹ these must be watched, proved, checked, punished, encouraged, advanced, degraded, shifted from one place to another, and always kept in order. For a king to pretend to examine, look into every thing himself, argues a distrust of his ministers, and a littleness of mind: it is abandoning himself to a mean attention to matters of little consequence, which consumes the time and application necessary for great affairs. To form great designs, the mind must be free and composed: it must meditate without restraint, wholly disen-

gaged from the dispatch of intricate affairs. The mind, exhausted of its vigour by such an application, is like the lees of wine, which have neither strength or spirit. Those who govern by detail, are always determined by the present, never extending their views to a distant futurity, or looking beyond the affair of the day: and as their minds are engrossed by that alone, it makes too great an impression, and weakens the faculty of reason; for there is no forming a sound judgment of affairs, but by comparing them all together, and ranging them in a certain order, so as to have symmetry and dependence. Not to adopt this rule in government, would be to resemble a musician who should be satisfied with inventing melodious sounds, but should give himself no trouble about uniting and symphonizing them, so as to compose agreeable and affecting music. It would also be acting like an architect, who should think he had done every thing necessary in collecting large columns, and abundance of hewn stone, without regarding the order, or proportion of the ornaments of his edifice. In laying out a saloon, he never reflects that there must be a convenient stair-case; and while he is employed upon the main building, he never thinks either of the court or portico; so that his work is nothing but a confused assemblage of magnificent parts, not at all suited to one another. Such a work, far from doing him honour, will be a monument to perpetuate his shame; for it will shew, that the architect had not capacity sufficient to form a general plan of his work. Such conduct argues a narrow confined genius; and he whose capacity rises no higher than detail, is only fit to be employed in a subordinate station. Be assured, my dear Telemachus, that the government of a kingdom requires a certain harmony, like music, and proportions as exact as those of architecture. If you will allow me once more to borrow a comparison from the fine arts, I will convince you how moderate the capacity of those is who govern by detail. He, who in a concert only sings certain parts, how well soever he may acquit himself, is still but a singer: he alone who conducts the whole concert, and at once regulates all the parts of it, is the master-musician. In the same manner, he who cuts the columns, or builds a part of the edifice, is but a mason; but he alone who hath planned it, and hath all the proportions in his head, is the architect. Thus, those who labour, who execute, and transact the greatest share of business, are but subordinate workmen, who have the least merit in the administration. The true genius who governs the state, is he who, without having any hand in the execution, directs and superintends the whole; who reflects, who plans, who looks into futurity, and revolves past events; who arranges and adjusts, who takes seasonable precautions, and in continual efforts wrestles with mischance; as a swimmer struggles with the stream, employing his attention day and night, that nothing may be left to accident. Do

you imagine, Telemachus, that a great painter labours incessantly from morning to night to finish his pictures the sooner? No, such servile labour and drudgery would quite extinguish the fire of his imagination, and depress his genius: he must work by starts and sallies, according to the dictates of his taste, and the impulse of his genius. Do you imagine, that he spends his time in grinding colours, and preparing pencils? No, that is the business of his pupils. His part is to meditate, and by bold touches, to infuse majesty, life, and passion into his figures,¹² while his imagination is warmed with the thoughts and sentiments of the heroes he intends to represent, transporting him to the ages in which they flourished, and recalling all the circumstances of their fate. But to this enthusiasm must be joined judgment, that the whole may be just, correct, and duly proportioned. Do you think, Telemachus, that a less elevated genius, and less capacity, are required to form a great king, than a great painter? If not, it follows that the business of a king must be to reflect, to plan great designs, and to choose proper persons to execute them under his direction." To these observations Telemachus replied: "Methinks I comprehend all that you have said: but if matters are to be managed in that manner,¹³ a king would be often imposed upon, by not entering himself into the detail of business." "That is your mistake," replied Mentor. "To prevent a king's being imposed upon, it is sufficient that he have a general knowledge of government: those who have no principles in regard to business, nor any true discernment, are always, as it were, groping in the dark. If they are right, it is merely by accident, for they do not know exactly what they would be at, nor the mark they ought to aim at: all they know is, to be distrustful and suspicious; and they are actually more distrustful of honest men who contradict them, than of knaves who flatter to betray them. On the other hand, those who have principles to direct them in the management of affairs, and who are acquainted with human nature, know what they are to expect, and the means of obtaining it: at least, they know in the main, if the people they employ are fit for their purposes, and have a clear comprehension of their views and designs. Further, by not subjecting themselves to the labour of detail, they can with more freedom and ease take a general survey of the whole administration, and determine, whether their ministers advance towards the principal point they have in view; so that if they are deceived, it can hardly be in respect of essentials. Moreover, such kings are above those little jealousies, that argue a low mind, and narrow understanding. They know it is impossible to avoid being sometimes deceived in great affairs, as there is a necessity for employing in them men who are so much addicted to deceit. More is lost by the irresolution proceeding from distrust, than would be hazarded by acquiescing in a little imposition. Happy those who are de-

ceived only in matters of no very great consequence, while such as are of importance are happily forwarded; and it is only about these, that a great man ought to give himself trouble. Knavery ought to be severely punished when it is discovered: but men must lay their account with being sometimes imposed upon in trifles, if they would avoid imposition in matters more essential.¹⁴ A tradesman in his shop sees every thing with his own eyes, and does every thing with his own hands: but a king, whose dominions are extensive, can neither see every thing, nor do every thing, and therefore he ought to see only what regards matters of importance, and to do what can be done by none of those who are subordinate to his will." In conclusion Mentor said: "The gods love you, Telemachus, and intend to distinguish your reign by a wise administration."¹⁵ All the regulations you see here, were calculated more for your instruction than the glory of Idomeneus; and are no more than the type of those that will one day take place in Ithaca, if your virtues do not fall short of your high destiny. But it is now time to think of quitting this place. Idomeneus hath prepared a vessel on purpose to carry us home." Then Telemachus opened his heart to his friend, though with some reluctance, in regard to an attachment that embittered the thoughts of leaving Salentum. "Perhaps," said he, "you will blame my being too susceptible of tender inclinations in the place where we sojourn: but I should be continually exposed to the reproaches of my own heart, if I did not acquaint you that I am in love with Antiope, the daughter of Idomeneus. No, my dear Mentor, it is not a blind passion like that of which you cured me in the island of Calypso. I have felt to my cost how violent that passion was¹⁶ with which Cupid then inspired me for Eucharis; for I cannot yet pronounce her name without emotion, and time and absence have not been able to efface her from my memory."¹⁷ Such dear-bought experience hath put me upon my guard. But as for Antiope, what I feel is of a very different nature; it is not a blind violent passion, but taste, esteem, and regard to merit. How happy should I be, could I pass my life with her! if ever the gods shall restore my father to me, and allow me to make choice of a consort, Antiope shall be the person. What charms me in her is her silence, her modest reserve, her constant employment; her industry in spinning, weaving, and embroidery; her attention to the œconomy of her father's house, since the death of her mother; her contempt of the ornaments of dress, and her forgetting, or even seeming to be ignorant of her beauty. When Idomeneus desires her to lead the dance with the young Cretan ladies to the sound of the flute, one would take her for the ever-smiling Venus, with so much grace does she acquit herself; and when he carries her to the chace, she displays no less majesty and address in shooting with the bow, than Diana amidst her nymphs. Yet of all these accomplishments

she seems herself insensible, even while she is universally admired. When she enters the temples of the gods, bearing the offerings on her head in baskets, one would imagine that she was herself the divinity of the place. With what reverence and humility have I seen her sacrifice, and deprecate the wrath of the gods, when any act of impiety was to be expiated, or ill omen averted. In fine, when she appears among the virgins with a golden needle in her hand, one is apt to think that Minerva herself is come from heaven in human shape to teach the liberal arts. She animates the rest to work, and banishes weariness and uneasiness by the charms of her voice, when she sings all the marvellous histories of the gods. The most exquisite painting falls short of the delicacy of her embroidery. Happy the man, whom gentle Hymen shall unite to her! the only thing he will have to fear, will be his irretrievable loss in case he should survive her. I here call the gods to witness, my dear Mentor, that I am ready to depart. Though I shall love Antiope as long as I live, yet she shall not retard one moment my return to Ithaca. Was another indeed to possess her, I should pass my days in bitterness and sorrow: but I am determined to leave her, although I know that during my absence I may chance to lose her. I will not mention my passion either to her or her father; for you are the only person I ought to consult, until Ulysses, re-established on his throne, shall declare his approbation and assent. Hence you may judge, my dear Mentor, how different my present attachment is from that blind passion which I had for Eucharis." Mentor replied: "Telemachus, I am sensible of the difference; Antiope is good-natured, discreet, and unaffected; she does not think it below her to work with her hands; she foresees what will be wanted; and looks to every thing: she knows when she ought to be silent; goes about things in an orderly deliberate manner, and is never idle. She is never in any perplexity or confusion, because every thing is done in its proper time and place. The good order of her father's house speaks her praise, and is a greater ornament to her than her beauty. Although she has the care of every thing, and authority to reprove, to refuse, to retrench, (an authority that makes almost all those women odious who are vested with it), yet is she the darling of the whole family, because they do not find her subject to passion, caprice, levity, or ill humour, like other women. By a single look she can make herself understood, and every body is afraid of displeasing her. She gives her orders with precision, requiring nothing of any but what they are capable of executing; reproving with tenderness and good-nature; so that she encourages even while she reproves. The heart of her father with perfect confidence reposes on her; as a traveller fatigued by the violent heat of the sun, reposes under a shade on the tender grass. You are in the right, Telemachus; Antiope is a treasure worth seeking in

the remotest corners of the earth. Her mind is not set off with vain trifling ornaments, no more than her body: her imagination, though lively, is chaste; she never speaks but when it is proper; and when she opens her mouth, a stream of sweet persuasion and unaffected graces flow from her lips. When she begins to speak, every body is silent, then she blushes; and is almost tempted to suppress what she intended to have said, when she finds herself listened to with so much attention: so that I have hardly ever heard her speak at any length. Do not you remember, Telemachus, that her father one day sent for her, and she appeared with a modest look under a large veil; when she spoke only to pacify Idomeneus, and intercede for one of his slaves, whom he was going to punish severely. At first she gave way to his anger, then pacified him, and at last urged what she could in behalf of the unhappy delinquent. Thus, without making the king sensible that he had been too much hurried away by passion, she inspired him with sentiments of pity and justice. Thetis, when she flatters old Nereus, does not with more mildness pacify the angry waves. Thus Antiope, without assuming any authority, or availing herself of her charms, will one day mould the heart of her husband, as she now touches the lyre, when she would draw from it the most ravishing notes. Once more, Telemachus, I say, your love for her is rational and just, and the gods intend her for you; but you must wait till you have obtained the consent of Ulysses. I commend you for resolving not to discover your passion to her; for I assure you, if you had made any attempt of that kind,¹⁸ she would have been offended at it, and you would have lost her esteem; as she never intends to promise herself to any one, but to be entirely at the disposal of her father. She is determined too to espouse no man that does not fear the gods, and observe all the rules of decorum. Have you taken notice, as I have, that she appears seldomer, and is more shy since your return, than she used to be? She is no stranger to the success you have had in the war, nor to your birth and adventures, and the talents the gods have bestowed upon you; it is that consideration which makes her so shy and reserved. Come, Telemachus, come, let us prepare to set sail for Ithaca. I have now nothing more to do but to find your father, and help you to a consort worthy of the golden age; for if she was but a shepherdess on mount Algidum, instead of being the daughter of the king of Salentum, you would be extremely happy in possessing so much virtue."

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus, uneasy at the intended departure of his two guests, consults Mentor concerning several difficult matters; telling him, that he could not possibly settle them properly without his assistance. Mentor directs him how to proceed; but cannot be diverted from his purpose of departing with Telemachus. However, Idomeneus makes a fresh effort to detain them, by awakening the youth's passion for Antiope, which he does by engaging Mentor and him in a hunting match, and persuading his daughter to accompany them. But she would have been torn to pieces by a wild boar, had not she been saved by Telemachus, who was very unwilling after that to part with her, and take leave of the king her father. But by the encouragement of Mentor, he gets the better of his reluctance, and embarks for his native country.

Idomeneus, who dreaded the departure of Mentor and Telemachus, used all his endeavours to retard it. He told Mentor he could not, without his assistance, terminate a difference that had arisen between Diophanes, priest of Jupiter, conservator,¹ and Heliodorus, priest of Apollo, in regard to the presages taken from the flight of birds, and the entrails of victims. "Why," said Mentor, "would you concern yourself with things sacred? Leave the decision of them to the Hetrurians, who have the traditions of the most ancient oracles, and are qualified by inspiration to be the interpreters of the gods. You ought only to employ your authority to stifle these disputes in their birth, taking care not to shew any prepossession or partiality to either side; and to maintain the decision when once it is given. Remember, that a king ought to be subject to religion, and without ever attempting to subject it to his regulation; for it comes from the gods, and soars superior to the power of kings.² When kings interfere in the disputes of religion, instead of protecting, they enslave it. So great is the power of kings, and so small that of other men, that every thing will run the risque of being altered, to suit their humour, if once they should assume a right to determine questions relating to things sacred. Leave then the determinations of them entirely to the ministers of the gods, and content yourself with restraining those who refuse submission to the judgment they pronounce." Idomeneus then complained of the perplexity occasioned by a great number of law-suits betwixt individuals, which he was pressed to determine.

“Decide,” replied Mentor, “every new question which tends to establish general maxims of jurisprudence, and to explain the laws. But never charge yourself with judging particular causes; otherwise you will be perpetually harrassed by their number and variety, as in that case you would be the sole judge of your people, and all the other subordinate judges would become useless. The labour and drudgery of such an undertaking would be insupportable, and by attending to small matters, you would neglect such as were important, without being able to discuss the former. Beware then of exposing yourself to this embarrassment; but refer the cognizance of private causes to the ordinary judges, and only charge yourself with that which others cannot do for your relief. By observing that rule, you will acquit yourself of the duty of a king.” “I am also pressed,” said Idomeneus, “to bring about certain matches. Those persons of high birth, who have followed me in all my wars, and lost great estates in my service, would be glad to repair them by marrying certain rich heiresses, and it would cost me but a word to procure them these advantageous matches.” “It is true,” replied Mentor, “it would cost you but a word: but then that very word would cost you too dear. Would you rob parents of the liberty and consolation of choosing their sons-in-law, and consequently their heirs? That would be to reduce all families to the most wretched slavery; and to make yourself the author of all the domestic woes of your subjects. Marriage is attended with trouble enough, without adding to the bitterness of it by such a conduct.³ If you have any faithful servants to reward, assign them estates out of the uncultivated lands, and add to that rank and honours, proportioned to their condition and services. If there is occasion, you may also present them with some money out of that paid into the treasury from the funds appropriated to your own immediate expence: but never pay your debts by encroaching on the rights of parents,⁴ and sacrificing the daughters of the rich.” From this, Idomeneus made a sudden transition to another question. “The Sybarites,” said he, “complain, that we have taken possession of lands that appertain to them, and assigned them to the strangers we have lately drawn hither as waste grounds for cultivation. Shall I yield them up to these people? If I do, every other neighbouring state will think they have nothing to do but to make a claim upon me.” “The Sybarites,” replied Mentor, “are not sufficient evidence in their own cause: nor are you in yours.” “Whose evidence then,” said Idomeneus, “is to determine the dispute?” “There is no necessity,” said Mentor, “for trusting to the evidence of either party. Let some one of the neighbouring nations be chosen arbitrators, who are not suspected of favouring one side more than another; such are the Sipontines: their interests and yours do not clash in the least.” “But am I obliged,” said Idomeneus, “to refer it to any arbitrator?

Am not I a king? Ought a king to allow strangers to determine the extent of his dominions?" Mentor thus replied: "As you seem resolved not to part with the lands in question, you, no doubt, look upon your right as sacred. On the other hand, the Sybarites continue firm, and insist that they have an indubitable right. Either an umpire chosen by both parties, or a war, must decide between these opposite pretensions. There is no other expedient left.⁵ If you should visit a republic, where there was neither judge nor magistrate, and where every family thought they had a right to make good their claims upon their neighbours by violence, you would lament the unhappy condition of such a nation, and look with horror upon such anarchy, as permitted all the families thus to make war on one another. Do not you think the Gods must regard the whole world, which is but one great republic, with equal horror, should each nation, that is, each family of the great commonwealth, think it had an undoubted right to make good its claims upon the neighbouring nations by violence? A private person, who is the proprietor of a field that descended to him from his ancestors, cannot maintain himself in possession of it but by the authority of the laws, and the decision of the magistrate. He would be severely punished, as guilty of sedition, if he should take arms to preserve even what justice has awarded. Do you imagine that kings are justifiable in having immediate recourse to violence to assert their claims, before they have made trial of every amicable method?⁶ Is not justice to be held more sacred and inviolable by kings, when whole countries are concerned, than by private families, when only a few cultivated fields are in question? Shall he be accounted an unjust invader of another's property, who wrongfully dispossesses another of an acre of ground; and he who dispossesses another of whole provinces, be deemed a just man and a hero? If men are apt to be prepossessed, to be blinded, and to impose upon themselves in regard to the trifling concerns of private life, is there not more reason to apprehend that will be the case, when the question regards the great interests of a state? Will they venture to trust to themselves upon an occasion when they have so much reason to be diffident? Will they not be afraid of deceiving themselves, in a case wherein the mistake of a single person may have such fatal consequences? For the mistake of a king, who works himself up to a false persuasion of the justice of his pretensions, is often the occasion of devastations, massacres, famines, losses, and corruption of manners, the fatal effects of which extend to very remote ages. Ought not a king, who is always surrounded by such a number of sycophants, to be afraid of flattery upon these occasions? If he consents to submit his claim to arbitration, he thereby discovers his equity, honour, and moderation. He will then publish the solid reasons that justify his claim, referring it to the arbitrator that is chosen,

as an amicable mediator, and not as a sovereign judge. He does not engage to submit implicitly⁷ to his determination: but pays a great deference to his judgment. The arbitrator is not vested with absolute power to determine the dispute; but he makes proposals, and by his advice and persuasion prevails upon both parties to part with something for the sake of peace. If a king, notwithstanding all his endeavours to preserve peace, is obliged to go to war, he will at least have the approbation of his own mind, the esteem of his neighbours, and the protection of the just gods.” Moved by these arguments, Idomeneus consented that the Sipontines should be mediators between him and the Sybarites. After having taken this resolution, the king finding all his endeavours to detain the two strangers were ineffectual, tried an expedient that promised more success. He had observed, that Telemachus was enamoured of Antiope, and he hoped to hold him by means of this passion. With this view he directed her to sing several times during the festivals. She would not disobey her father, and therefore complied with his desire; but she did it with so much modesty, and such an air of melancholy, as plainly shewed how much it was against her inclination. Idomeneus even went so far as to desire her to sing the victory that had been obtained over the Daunians and Adrastus: but she could not prevail upon herself to sing the praises of Telemachus: she excused herself, therefore, in a respectful manner, and her father would not venture to lay her under any restraint. Her singing produced great rapture and emotion in the heart of the young son of Ulysses; and Idomeneus, who kept his eyes fixed upon him, was much pleased when he perceived it: but Telemachus would not seem to be aware of the king’s designs. Although upon these occasions he could not help being greatly affected, yet his reason maintained a superiority over his passion; so that he was not now the same Telemachus who had been such a slave to a tyrannical passion in the island of Calypso. While Antiope was singing, he listened in profound silence; but she no sooner left off, than he immediately began to talk of some other subject. The king, finding this expedient had not the desired effect, resolved at last upon a great hunting match for the diversion of his daughter. Antiope, even with tears, expressed her unwillingness to engage in it:⁸ but she was obliged to obey her father’s command. She mounted a sprightly, foaming steed, like those which Castor trained up to battle, and managed him with ease. A bevy of young damsels with joy attended her, amidst whom she appeared like Diana in the forest. The king was so charmed with the sight of her, that he gazed upon her incessantly, and forgot all his past misfortunes. Telemachus gazed upon her also, more affected with her modesty, than her address, and all her other attractions. The hounds were now in pursuit of a wild boar enormously large, and as fierce as that of Calydon. His strong

hard bristles stood up like darts; his blood-shot eyes glared fire; the sound of his breath was heard afar off like the hoarse murmur of the raging winds, when Æolus recalls them to his cave in order to appease the storm; and his long tusks, bent like the reaper's sickle, made gashes in the trunks of even the hardest trees. All the hounds that ventured to approach him were torn in pieces; and the boldest hunters dreaded to overtake him in the chace. But Antiope, swift-footed as the wind, was not afraid of his encounter. She launched a dart that pierced him above the shoulder. The blood of the fierce animal flows in a torrent from the wound; the pain of which increasing his fury, he turned directly upon her, by whose hand it was inflicted. Antiope's horse, notwithstanding his mettle, was frightened, and recoiled; but the monstrous boar now sprang upon him with a force like that of the heavy machines with which the strongest walls of cities are assailed. The courser, unable to stand the shock, was overthrown: Antiope sees herself dismounted,⁹ no longer in condition to avoid the fatal tusks of the exasperated boar: but Telemachus, attentive to guard her against all danger, had already alighted from his steed; quick as the lightning he throws himself between the horse that was overturned and the wild boar, just going to take his revenge. Having a long javelin in his hand, he plunges its whole length into the side of the dreadful animal, which falls and bites the ground. Telemachus, cutting off the head, which still struck terror when viewed so near, and astonished all the hunters, presented it to Antiope. She blushed, and consulted the looks of her father, who, after his great alarm at her danger, was now overjoyed at her escape, and made her a sign to accept of the present. As she took it from the hands of Telemachus, she said to him: "I thankfully accept from you a more important present; I am indebted to you for my life." These words had no sooner proceeded from her mouth, than, apprehending she had said too much, she stood with downcast eyes in some confusion, which Telemachus observing, would not venture to make any other reply than this: "Happy is the son of Ulysses in having saved a life so precious! but happier still would he be, could he hope to pass his days with you." Antiope, without making any answer, hurried away to her young companions, and mounted her horse again. Idomeneus would have that moment promised his daughter in marriage to Telemachus, but he hoped to enflame his passion more by keeping him in suspense, and even fancied that the desire of securing the match would make Telemachus put off his departure from Salentum. Such was the scheme of Idomeneus: but the gods laugh at human wisdom; for that which promised fairest to induce Telemachus to stay, was the very circumstance that made him hasten his departure: the emotions he began to feel justly inspired him with a diffidence in his own discretion. At

the same time Mentor redoubled his efforts to inflame his impatience to return to Ithaca. He pressed Idomeneus to let him depart, a vessel being provided and ready to set sail.¹⁰ Thus Mentor, who regulated the whole course of his life, in order to raise him to the highest pitch of glory, suffered him to remain no longer in any particular place than was necessary for the exercise of his virtue, and for the purpose of gaining experience. Mentor had given orders to get ready a ship as soon as Telemachus arrived; but Idomeneus, who had perceived this precaution with the utmost regret, sunk into a deplorable state of sorrow and chagrin, when he saw himself on the point of being forsaken by his two guests, from whom he had received such benefit and assistance. He shut himself up in the most retired part of his palace, where he vented his grief in tears and lamentations. He neglected the necessary care of sustenance: sleep no longer soothed his poignant sorrows. He was blasted and consumed by his disquiet. Like a lofty tree, whose numerous boughs project a mighty shade, when the worm begins to gnaw its stem, pervading those delicate canals through which the nourishing sap is circulated: this tree, though it stood unshaken by the winds, though the fruitful earth nourished it in its bosom, respected by the axe of the husbandman; from some secret cause, it now languishes, withers, and sheds those leaves that were its chief ornament, so that nothing remains but a trunk and some decayed branches covered with rotten bark. Such was Idomeneus in his grief; with which Telemachus was so much affected, that he was afraid to speak to him. He dreaded, therefore, the day of his departure; sought pretexts to put it off; and would probably have continued a long time in such irresolution, if Mentor had not interposed. "I am glad," said he, "to find you so much altered. You was by nature haughty, hard-hearted, and indifferent to every thing but your own interest and convenience; but you are at last become a man, and by the experience of your own misfortunes, you have learned to sympathize with those of others. Without such sympathy, there is no good nature, virtue, nor capacity for the government of mankind: but it must not be carried too far, nor must an unmanly tenderness be indulged. I should make no scruple to speak to Idomeneus, to obtain his consent to your departure, and spare you the pain and uneasiness of such an interview, if it were not that I would not have you enslaved by a false shame and timidity. At the same time that you manifest the tenderness and sensibility of a friend, you ought not to forget the firmness and fortitude that becomes a man. We must endeavour not to give more uneasiness to any than necessity requires; to sympathize with that affliction which we cannot avoid giving, and alleviate as much as possible the grief we cannot absolutely prevent." "It is with a view to that alleviation," said Telemachus, "that I wish Idomeneus were apprized of our intended departure

by your mouth rather than by mine." Mentor immediately replied: "You deceive yourself, my dear Telemachus; it is with you, as with the sons of kings clad in purple, who must be humoured in every thing, and whom all nature must obey, though they have not resolution to thwart any individual to his face. Not that they care a straw for mankind; or have so much good nature, that they are afraid of giving pain; but only to make themselves easy. For that reason, they do not love to see any sad, dissatisfied countenances about them. The sufferings and distresses of mankind give them no trouble, provided they are not eye-witnesses of them; when they hear them mentioned, they are uneasy and dejected; and therefore, to please them, it is necessary to tell them always that every thing goes well. While they are indulging in pleasures, they will neither hear nor see any thing that may damp their joy. Is there occasion for reproving, reclaiming, undeceiving any one, or for controuling the absurd passions and pretensions of unreasonable men; they will always employ some other person for that purpose, rather than speak themselves with calm and decent fortitude. On these occasions, they would suffer the most unreasonable favours to be extorted from them; they would ruin the most important schemes, for want of resolution to over-rule the opinions of those whom they every day employ. When men observe this, their imbecillity¹¹ is at once known; every one endeavours to turn it to his own advantage. They press, they importune, they harrass them with their solicitations; and, by dint of importunity, succeed. At first, indeed, they flatter, and offer incense, in order to insinuate themselves into their confidence; which, when they have acquired, and even obtained some considerable employment, they push their influence still farther, and bring them under the yoke which they bear all their lives, though not without repining, and even some vain endeavours to shake it off. They would fain appear independent of all such influence, but still are governed by their minions: and in fact, they cannot do without a leader; resembling the weak slender vine, unable to support itself, which always clings around the trunk of some tall tree. I will not suffer you, Telemachus, to sink into such imbecillity, as disqualifies a man for government. You who pretend to be so tender-hearted, as not to be able to speak to Idomeneus, will think no more of his distress after you have quitted Salentum. It is not his grief that moves you, but his presence by which you are disconcerted. Go now, and take your leave of him; and display at the same time your sensibility and your firmness, professing your sorrow at parting, but insisting at the same time on the necessity of your departure." Telemachus had not resolution either to disobey Mentor, or to go to Idomeneus. He was ashamed of his timidity, and yet had not courage to get the better of it. He hesitated; then, after having proceeded a few

steps, he would immediately return to Mentor, and urge some new pretext for putting off the interview: but a single look from Mentor silenced him, and all his fine pretences vanished. "Is this then," said Mentor smiling, "the conqueror of the Daunians, the deliverer of the great Hesperia, and that son of the sage Ulysses, who is to be, after him, the oracle of Greece; and yet has not spirit enough to tell Idomeneus that he cannot any longer delay his return to Greece to see his father? O ye people of Ithaca, how unhappy must ye one day be, if you should have a king enslaved by a false shame, who would sacrifice the most important interests of the state to little womanish scruples¹² about trifles. See, Telemachus, what a difference there is between valour in the field, and courage in the ordinary affairs of life. You was not afraid of the armies of Adrastus, and yet you dread the affliction of Idomeneus. It is that inequality of conduct which brings dishonour on princes who have performed the greatest exploits. After having distinguished themselves as heroes in war, they appear the most pusillanimous of all men in the ordinary occurrences, where others acquit themselves with spirit." Telemachus, stung with these reproaches, which he was sensible were just,¹³ immediately hurried away to Idomeneus, without suffering himself any more to be diverted by his scruples: but when he approached the place where that monarch sat, with downcast eyes, languishing and overwhelmed with grief, they were both startled, and afraid to look at one another. They both knew each other's thoughts before either had opened his mouth; each was afraid of the other's breaking silence, and they both burst into tears together. At last Idomeneus, in a transport of sorrow, exclaimed: "To what purpose is it to tread the paths of virtue, if her votaries are so ill rewarded? After you have shewn me my weakness, you are now going to abandon me: well! I shall now relapse into all my former difficulties and distresses. It is in vain to talk to me any more of governing well; no, it is impossible; I cannot any longer endure mankind. Where would you go, Telemachus? Your father is no more: you seek him in vain; and Ithaca is in the hands of your enemies, who will put you to death if you should ever return. Some successful suitor is by this time married to your mother. Stay then with me: you shall be my son-in-law and heir, and succeed me on the throne. Even during my life you shall have the whole management, and I will repose an unlimited confidence in you. But if these offers cannot move you, at least leave me Mentor, who is my sole resource. Speak, answer me, and harden not your heart, but take pity on the most unfortunate of men. What! you make me no reply? Ah! I see how much the gods are set against me, and feel their indignation more than I did when I killed my son in Crete." Telemachus at last made this reply, with a timid faltering voice: "I am not at my own disposal, but am called by

the Destinies to my own country. Mentor, who possesses the wisdom of the gods, commands me in their name to depart. What then would you have me do? Shall I renounce my father, my mother, and my country, which ought to be still dearer to me than they? As I was born heir to a crown, I am not at liberty to chuse a life of privacy and tranquillity, or to indulge my own inclinations. Your dominions are larger and richer than those of my father; yet I ought to prefer such as the gods have destined for me, to those which you are so good as to offer me. Without any hope of succeeding to your crown, I should think myself happy could I have Antiope for my consort; but to render myself worthy of her, I must go whither my duty calls me; and it is my father's province to demand her of you for his son. Have you not promised to convey me to Ithaca? Was it not in consequence of that promise, that I made the campaign with the allies against Adrastus? It is now time for me to think of repairing my own domestic misfortunes. The gods, by putting me into the hands of Mentor, intend that he should direct me how to fulfil my high destiny. Would you have me lose Mentor too, after I have lost every thing else? I have now neither estate, nor place of retreat, nor father, nor mother, nor any certain home: all I have left is a wise and virtuous friend, which is the most precious gift Jupiter can bestow. Judge whether I can think of forsaking him, or being forsaken by him? No, I would sooner part with my life: to part with life is nothing in comparison of parting with Mentor." While Telemachus was speaking, his voice gradually became stronger, and his timidity vanished. Idomeneus did not know what answer to make, and yet he could not assent to what the son of Ulysses had said. But when he had nothing more to say, he tried at least to excite pity by his looks and gestures. At that instant, Mentor appeared before him, and very gravely addressed him thus: "Do not be cast down; for though we must quit you, yet the wisdom that presides in the councils of the gods will rest upon you. You ought to think yourself extremely happy that Jupiter sent us hither to prevent the loss of your dominions, and to rectify the errors of your conduct. Philocles, whom we have restored to you, will serve you with fidelity. In his heart you will always find the fear of the gods, the love of virtue and the people, and compassion for the miserable. Listen to him, and treat him with confidence free from reserve and jealousy. To draw the greatest advantage possible from him, you must charge him to tell you of all your faults, without palliation. A great king shews his magnanimity in nothing more than in providing himself with true friends, that will inform him of his faults. If you are possessed of that magnanimity, our absence will be no disadvantage to you, and you will still be happy: but if flattery, which steals into the heart as a ser-

pent glides unseen beneath the grass, should find the way again into your heart, and infuse distrust of disinterested counsel, you are undone. Do not suffer yourself to be cast down with grief; but endeavour to follow where virtue leads the way. I have instructed Philocles how to act, so as to make you easy, and to deserve your confidence; and I will answer for his fidelity. He is a gift that the gods have given you, as they gave me to Telemachus: and every one ought to be satisfied with his lot; it signifies nothing to repine. If you should ever have occasion for my assistance, I will return to you, after I have restored Telemachus to his father and his country. What is it that could give me more pleasure? I desire neither wealth nor authority on earth; but only to be assisting to those who are friends to virtue and justice. Besides, do you think I ever can forget the confidence and friendship with which you have treated me?" These words had such an effect upon Idomeneus, that he appeared quite changed: his heart was soothed and calmed, as the angry waves and black tempests are assuaged by Neptune's trident, so that nothing of his violent grief remained, but a gentle regret, or tender melancholy. Courage, confidence, virtue, and the hopes of the protection and assistance of the gods, began again to dilate his heart. "Well, my dear Mentor," said he, "it seems then I must even be content to lose my all, and yet not be disheartened! but you will at least think of Idomeneus when you have arrived at Ithaca, where your wisdom will crown you with prosperity. Remember that Salentum is your own work, and that here you have left an unhappy king, whose trust is in you alone. Go, worthy son of Ulysses, I will not seek to detain you any more, nor to resist the will of the gods, to whom I was indebted for the loan of so great a treasure. Nor will I any longer detain you, Mentor, the greatest and wisest of all men, (if a man can be supposed capable of doing what I have seen you do, and if you are not rather a divinity who hath borrowed the human shape, in order to instruct weak and ignorant men) go, and be the conductor of the son of Ulysses, who is more happy in having you to direct him, than in conquering Adrastus. Go both together: I can say no more; forgive my sighs. Go, may you live and be happy together. Nothing will yield me any comfort for the future, but the remembrance of having once possessed you. O ye blissful days, too happy days, which I knew not how to prize so much as they deserved! ye have passed away too quickly, and will never return; never will these eyes survey again what they now see." Mentor seized this moment to depart, having first embraced Philocles, who shed tears in abundance, but could not speak. Telemachus was going to take Mentor by the hand, that he might extricate himself from those of Idomeneus; but the king advanced betwixt them towards the harbour. He

gazed at them and groaned. He would have spoke, but sobs and tears choaked up his utterance.¹⁴ Meanwhile were heard the sounds confused of mariners that swarmed upon the beach. The ropes were stretched, the sails unfurled, and the favourable gale sprung up. Then Mentor and Telemachus, with tears in their eyes, took leave of the king, who held them a long time clasped in his arms, and followed them with his eyes, until he could distinguish them no more.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

During the voyage, Telemachus makes Mentor explain several difficulties to him, touching the manner of governing a nation well; among others, that of knowing men, in order to be able to chuse the good, and avoid being deceived by the bad. When their discourse on that head was almost at an end, they were becalmed, and obliged to put into an isle where Ulysses had arrived just before them. There Telemachus sees him, and speaks to him without knowing him: but after he had seen him embark, he feels a secret emotion, the cause of which he cannot conceive, till it is explained by Mentor, who consoles him by assuring him that he would be soon with his father again, and puts his filial affection and patience to the test by delaying his departure, in order to offer a sacrifice to Minerva. At last, the goddess Minerva re-assuming her form, makes herself known; and having given Telemachus her last instructions, disappears. Telemachus afterwards arrives at Ithaca, where he finds his father at the house of the faithful Eumeus.

THE anchors being now weighed, and the wind swelling the sails, the land seems to retreat; and the experienced pilot descries at a distance the mountains of Leucate, whose tops are hid with frozen fogs, together with the Acroceraunian heights, which still present a proud lofty front to heaven, after having been so often shattered with thunder-bolts. During the voyage, Telemachus said to Mentor: “Methinks I now comprehend the political maxims which you have explained for my instruction.¹ At first they appeared to me like a dream, but by degrees they become more clear and intelligible; as all objects at the first glimmerings of day-light appear indistinct and confused, and in a kind of chaos, which vanishes insensibly, as the light increases to distinguish them, and restore, as I may say, their natural forms and colours. I am fully persuaded, that the most important point in government is to distinguish nicely the different characters and talents of men, and to employ them accordingly: but how such discernment is to be acquired, is what I am at a loss to know.” Mentor thus replied: “To know men, you must not only study them, but keep their company, and even treat with them on different affairs. Kings ought to converse with their subjects, make them speak their sentiments, consult them, and prove them by inferior employments, of which they should exact an ac-

count, in order to discover whether they are qualified for higher offices. How was it, my dear Telemachus, that you learned in Ithaca to know the nature of horses? Was it not by seeing them often, and having their excellencies and defects pointed out to you by persons of experience and skill. Just in the same manner, in order to know men, you must commune about their good and bad qualities with other wise and virtuous men, who have long studied their characters; thus will you insensibly become acquainted with them, and be able to judge what you have to expect from their qualifications. What was it that taught you to distinguish between good and bad poets? Was it not the frequent reading of them, and talking of them with those who had a taste for poetry? What was it that made you a judge of music? Was it not your diligent attention to the performances of good musicians? How can any prince hope to govern a nation well, if he is ignorant of human nature?² And how can he avoid being ignorant of it, unless he lives with men? But it is not living with them, to see them in public, where nothing is said on either side, but unimportant trifles, or the language of art and premeditation; the business is to visit them in private, to trace all the secret springs that move their hearts;³ to probe them on every side; and even relieve their wants,⁴ in order to discover their maxims. But to be able to form a sound judgment of men, you must begin with knowing what they ought to be; you must know in what truth solid merit consists, that you may be capable of distinguishing between those who are possessed of it, and those who have it not. People are continually talking of virtue and merit, without having any clear ideas of them. In the mouths of most men they are only fine words without any determinate meaning; the frequent use of which, they imagine, does them honour. To be capable of determining who are really reasonable and virtuous, we must have just ideas of virtue, reason, and justice; and to know whether princes observe the maxims of a good and wise government, or deviate from them by a false refinement, we must know what these maxims are. In a word, as in taking the dimensions of several bodies, there must be a fixed measure; so there must be certain fixed principles by which we must regulate our judgment. We must know exactly what it is men in general aim at, and what ought to be the end proposed in governing them. A sovereign's only and essential aim is never to extend authority, or display grandeur for his own sake; for such ambitious views tend only to the gratification of a tyrant's pride: but he ought to expose himself to the infinite trouble and vexation of government, in order to make mankind virtuous and happy. Unless that is the mark he aims at, he gropes in the dark, and rules at random all his life. He proceeds like a ship at sea without a pilot, driven to and fro, without any observation of the heavens, or knowledge of the neighbouring coasts,

of consequence inevitably doomed to wreck and ruin. Princes often, by not knowing in what true virtue consists, know not what they ought to look for in the characters of men. According to their notions, virtue has in it something too rigid, independent, and austere: it frights and disgusts them, and therefore they throw themselves into the arms of flattery;⁵ from that moment they lose all sight of virtue and sincerity. They then pursue a vain phantom of false glory, which renders them unworthy of the true. In a short time they begin to fancy there is no such thing as true virtue upon earth: for though the good can distinguish the bad, the wicked cannot distinguish the virtuous, nor can be persuaded that there are any such in the world. All that these princes know, is to distrust good and bad alike; to shut themselves up in their palaces, and hide themselves from the sight of men. Their jealousy extends to the merest trifles, and, as they dread mankind, so are they dreaded by them. They shun the light, and are afraid of appearing in their natural colours;⁶ but how much soever they wish to conceal their true characters, they are always known: for the malicious curiosity of their subjects lets nothing escape it that regards them, while they are entirely ignorant of what regards their subjects. Those selfish sycophants by whom they are constantly beset, are extremely glad to find them inaccessible to all others. A king thus inaccessible but to a few, is also inaccessible to truth: for those who would open his eyes are rendered odious to him by calumny and misrepresentation, and thereby kept at a distance. Such sovereigns pass their lives in a gloomy, unsociable grandeur, always afraid of being the victims of deceit, which they notwithstanding are, and deserve to be. When a king excludes all his subjects, except a very few, from his presence, he subjects himself to the passions and prejudices of these few: for all men have their foibles and prejudices, even the good not excepted. Besides he is at the mercy of slanderers and tale-bearers, a base malignant sort of people, full of venom, poisoning the most innocent actions, exaggerating trifles, who, rather than not do mischief, will invent falsehoods; and who study to make the most of the distrust and mean curiosity of a weak and jealous prince. Learn then, my dear Telemachus, learn to know mankind. Examine them, make them talk of one another, and prove them by little and little: but repose not a blind confidence in any. When you find yourself mistaken in your judgment of any individual, let it teach you to be more cautious afterwards; for mistaken you will undoubtedly sometimes be; and such mistakes should teach you not to be too hasty in judging either favourably or unfavourably of any character. The bad are too deep dissemblers not to throw the good sometimes off their guard by their plausible behaviour: but your past mistakes will be so many useful lessons to you. When you have found a man possessed of virtue and talents, avail

yourself of them without any sort of diffidence; for men of honour and probity are well pleased when they are accounted such, and value confidence and esteem much more than riches; but beware of spoiling them by trusting them with an absolute authority.⁷ There are ministers who would have remained virtuous, though now they have forfeited that character, because their masters have lavished on them too much wealth and power. The prince who is so much loved by the gods as to find in his whole kingdom two or three friends of undoubted wisdom and virtue, will, by their means, soon find others that resemble them to fill the inferior places. By the good men, whom they honour with their confidence, they are apprized of what they could not have discovered themselves in their other subjects.” “But,” said Telemachus, “may not bad men, as I have often heard it maintained, be employed if they have abilities?” “Princes,” replied Mentor, “are often obliged to employ them. During public disorders and confusions, vicious but artful men often get into places of great power and authority, of which it would be dangerous to divest them, as they have acquired the confidence of certain persons of high rank, who must not be disgusted: these wicked men, therefore, must be kept in good humour, because they are dreaded; and might, if provoked, throw every thing into confusion. There is, therefore, a necessity of employing them for a time; but then a resolution should be taken, at the same time, to render them, by degrees, incapable of doing harm. But such men ought never to have the real confidence of a prince, as they might abuse it, and yet could not be disgraced, by being in his secrets; by which they hold him in a chain stronger than those of iron. Employ them in negotiations of an inferior kind; use them well; and engage them by their very passions to be faithful to you; for this is the only tie by which they can be held: but never admit them to your most secret deliberations. Have always a spring by which they can be moved according to your views:⁸ but never trust them with the key of your heart, or your affairs. After peace and order are re-established in the state, and wise and upright men are vested with the administration, those of bad characters, whom you was obliged to employ, may be safely laid aside. But they must not even then be ill used; for ingratitude can never be justified even towards bad men: but while you treat them kindly, you ought to endeavour to reform their minds. Certain defects that men are seldom without, you must overlook; but you must gradually extend your authority, and prevent the mischief, which they would do openly, if not checked. It is an evil, after all, to have even good done by bad men; but though it is an evil often unavoidable, yet we should endeavour to put a stop to it as soon as possible. A wise prince, who aims at nothing but order and justice, will, in time, be able to act without corrupt and deceitful agents; and will find a suffi-

cient number of such as have both ability and virtue. But it is not enough to find out men of merit in a nation; such ought also to be formed." "That," said Telemachus, "must be a matter of great difficulty." "Not at all," replied Mentor; "for by the pains you take to search for able and virtuous men, in order to prefer them, you stimulate and animate all who have spirit and talents, so that they exert themselves to the utmost. How many languish in indolence and obscurity, who would become great men, were they excited by emulation, and the hopes of success? How many are tempted to try to raise themselves by indirect methods from poverty, because they find it impossible to raise themselves by virtue?"⁹ If then you shall distinguish virtue and genius by honours and rewards, what numbers of your subjects will endeavour to attain these qualifications! how many good subjects too may be formed by advancing them step by step from the lowest to the highest employments! thereby you will exercise their talents, discover the extent of their capacity, and try the sincerity of their virtue. Those who will at last fill the highest offices, will be such as have been trained up under your eye in the inferior stations, whom you have observed all your life, as they rose from one step to another; so that you will be able to judge of them, not by what they say of themselves, but by the whole tenor of their life and actions." While Mentor thus instructed Telemachus, they observed a Pheacian vessel which had put into a little barren desart isle surrounded by frightful rocks. At the same time the wind falling, and even the gentle Zephyrs with-holding their breath, the whole sea became as smooth as glass, the flagging sails were unable to keep the ship in motion, nor were the efforts of the weary rowers more effectual. It was therefore thought adviseable to put into that isle, which was rather a rock, than a place fit for the habitation of man. Had the weather been less calm, it would have been impossible to land without great danger. The Pheacians were waiting for a wind, and seemed no less impatient than the Salentines to proceed upon their voyage. Telemachus advancing to them over these rugged rocks, immediately asked the first he came to, whether he had not seen Ulysses, king of Ithaca, at the court of king Alcinous. The person whom he happened to accost was not a Pheacian, but a stranger of a majestic, but pensive melancholy air.¹⁰ He seemed very thoughtful, and at first took little notice of the question; but he afterwards made this reply; "You are not mistaken in supposing that Ulysses was entertained by king Alcinous, who fears the gods, and practises the virtues of hospitality: but he is not with him now, and therefore it would be in vain to go thither in quest of him. He has embarked on his return to Ithaca, provided the Destinies, appeased, will at last allow him to salute his houshold gods." The stranger had no sooner pronounced these words with a melancholy accent, than he hurried

away into a thicket on the top of a rock, whence he attentively surveyed the sea, avoiding all society, and seeming impatient to be gone. Telemachus gazed at him with great earnestness, and the more he looked, the more his emotion and his astonishment increased. "That stranger," said he to Mentor, "answered me like one who hardly hears what is said to him, and labours under some great affliction. I sympathize with the unhappy, since I have been so myself; but I feel an extraordinary concern for this man, the cause of which I cannot explain. Yet he shewed little regard to me, for he hardly deigned to hear or answer the questions I asked. However, I cannot help wishing that his misfortunes were at an end." Mentor smiling, replied: "Such are the happy effects of adversity; it teaches princes moderation, and makes them feel for others. When they have never drank but from the sweet poisoned cup of prosperity, they look upon themselves as gods, and would have the mountains humble themselves into plains to please them; they make no account of men, and expect that all nature should be subservient to their will. When mention is made of distress, they know not what it means: they have no idea of it, having never known the difference betwixt happiness and misery.¹¹ It is misfortune alone that can teach them humanity, and soften their obdurate hearts. They then find they are but men, and that they ought to study the ease and happiness of other men, their fellows of creation. If a stranger seems to merit your compassion, because, like yourself, he hath been a wanderer, and is now detained in this isle; how much more deserving of it ought the people of Ithaca to appear, when you shall hereafter see them in distress? That people, which will be entrusted by the gods to your care, as a flock is to a shepherd, may, perhaps, be made miserable by your ambition, your ostentation, or imprudence; for if a nation suffers, it is owing to the mal-administration of its rulers, whose duty it is to watch over it, and prevent its suffering." While Mentor spoke to this effect, Telemachus was overwhelmed with grief and vexation: but at last he thus replied with some emotion: "If all that you say is true, the condition of a king is very wretched; for he is the slave of all those whom he seems to command. He is appointed rather to serve than to command them. He must devote himself entirely to their interest, and supply all their wants; he is in fine the servant of the state and of every individual. He must accommodate himself to their weaknesses; correct them with the tenderness of a father, and use all his endeavours to make them wise and happy.¹² The authority which he seems to exercise is not his own; he cannot do any thing merely for his own glory or pleasure: his authority is derived from the laws, which he must obey, and thereby set a good example to his subjects. Properly speaking, he is no other than the guardian of the laws, who enforces their execution; for which end he

must watch and labour without ceasing: he is the man the least at his own disposal, the least free from care and business of any in his dominions. He is a slave, who hath sacrificed his liberty and repose to the happiness and liberty of the public." "True it is," replied Mentor, "a king is such only, in order to take care of his people, as a shepherd tends his flock, or a father superintends his family. But, my dear Telemachus, does he appear to you unhappy, because he is charged with promoting the good of such a number of people? The wicked he punishes, and the good he rewards, and thus represents the gods in leading mankind to virtue. Has he not glory enough in maintaining and executing the laws? To attempt to set himself above the laws, is aiming at a false glory, which produces nothing but horror and contempt. If he is wicked, he must necessarily be miserable; for, by gratifying his passions and his vanity, he must destroy his peace. If, on the other hand, he is virtuous, it must yield him the most pure and most solid of all pleasures, to labour in promoting virtue, and to expect an eternal reward from the gods." Telemachus being agitated by a secret uneasiness, seemed as if he had never been instructed in these maxims, although he had been taught them often, and had himself recommended them to others. A peevish captious humour made him, contrary to his real sentiments, cavil, and endeavour to refute the maxims that Mentor urged.¹³ To the arguments, therefore, advanced by the sage, Telemachus opposed the ingratitude of mankind. "What!" said he, "take so much pains to gain the love of mankind, and yet be disappointed after all; and to do good to wicked men, who will turn your very benefit against yourself?" Mentor replied to him calmly thus: "You must lay your account with the ingratitude of mankind, and yet not be discouraged by it from doing good: you must study their welfare, not so much for their own sakes, as for the sake of the gods, who have commanded it. The good that one does is never thrown away. If men forget it, the gods will remember and reward it. Further, if the bulk of mankind are ungrateful, there are always some good men who will have a due sense of your virtue. Even the multitude, though fickle and capricious, does not fail sooner or later to do justice, in some measure, to true virtue: but would you prevent the ingratitude of men? Do not labour solely to make them powerful, rich, formidable in war, and to procure them the pleasures of luxury; for that power and wealth, and those pleasures will corrupt, and render them still more vicious, and consequently more ungrateful. It is making them a fatal present, and furnishing them with a delicious poison. But exert your utmost endeavours to reform their manners, and to inspire them with the love of justice, with sincerity, the fear of the gods, humanity, fidelity, moderation, and disinterestedness. By making them virtuous, you will prevent their being ungrateful, and will procure them the most

substantial of all blessings, namely virtue; which, if genuine, will always attach them to him to whom they are indebted for it. Thus by procuring them the solid advantages of virtue, you will do yourself a service, and will have no occasion to apprehend their ingratitude. Is it surprising, that those princes find men ungrateful, who set them no examples but of injustice, boundless ambition, jealousy of their neighbours, inhumanity, haughtiness, and perfidy? A prince cannot expect they should act otherwise than as he hath taught them. But if, on the other hand, he would endeavour by his example and authority to make them good, he would reap the fruit of his labour in their virtue; or at least he would find in his own, and in the favour of the gods, wherewithal to comfort him for his disappointments." As soon as Mentor had done speaking, Telemachus advanced hastily towards the Pheacians, whose ship lay at anchor upon the coast. Accosting one of them who was advanced in years, he asked him whence they came, whither they were bound, and if they had not seen Ulysses. The old man thus replied: "We are come from our own isle, which is that of the Pheacians, and are bound for the coast of Epire to take in merchandize. Ulysses, as you was told already, passed some time in our isle, but is since gone." "Who is that man," said Telemachus, "who looks so melancholy, and seeks the most solitary part of the isle, waiting for the ship's departing?" "He is," said the old man, "a stranger, unknown to us: but they say his name is Cleomenes; that he was born in Phrygia: that before his birth his mother was told by an oracle that he would be a king, provided he did not continue in his own country; but if he did, that the Phrygians would feel the wrath of the gods in a cruel pestilence. His parents, therefore, as soon as he was born, gave him to some mariners, who carried him to the isle of Lesbos, where he was brought up in secret at the expence of his country, which it so highly concerned to keep him at a distance. In a short time he became tall, strong, comely, and expert at all bodily exercises. He applied himself also to the sciences and fine arts with great success, as he had both genius and taste: but no country will suffer him to settle in it. The prediction concerning him came to be generally known, so that he was taken notice of wherever he went. The kings of the countries which he visits are all afraid of being dethroned by him, so that he has been continually wandering about since he grew up to man's estate; no place where he appears suffering him to make any long stay in it. He has been often in countries at a great distance from his own. But scarce is he arrived in any place, before the story of his birth and of the oracle are known. In vain does he conceal himself, and chuse some obscure way of life in the places which he visits; his talents for war, letters, and the most important affairs, they say, always bring him to light in spite of himself; and in every country some unforeseen occa-

sion drags him, as it were, to public view. His misfortunes are owing to his merit, which occasions his being dreaded and excluded from every place where he would chuse to settle. It is his lot to be esteemed, beloved, and admired every where, and yet no where permitted to reside. He is now pretty well advanced in years, yet has he not been able to find any corner, either in Greece or Asia, where he could live quiet, though he does not appear to have any ambition, or to covet wealth. He would have been very glad that the oracle had not promised him a crown, and he has no hopes of ever seeing his native country,¹⁴ as he knows that his returning thither would occasion affliction and distress in every family. Even a crown does not appear to him a thing much to be desired, and yet, unhappily for him, the promise of it obliges him, much against his inclination, to be continually passing from one kingdom to another, while it still seems to fly before him, still to elude his grasp, though he now begins to grow old. The fatal promise of the gods embitters all his happiness, and is the cause of nothing but sorrow and chagrin to him, at an age when men's bodily infirmities require repose. He says he is going to Thrace, to look for some savage uncultivated people, whom he may bring together, civilize, and govern for a few years; after which, the oracle being fulfilled, they will have nothing to apprehend from him in the most flourishing states. He then intends to retire to a village in Caria, and apply himself to agriculture, of which he is extremely fond. He is a man of wisdom and moderation, who fears the gods, and knows mankind, and how to live with them in peace, though he has little esteem for them. Such is the account they give of the stranger, of whom you desired to be informed." During this discourse, Telemachus was often turning his eyes towards the sea, which the winds began to agitate, lifting up the waves and dashing them against the rocks, which they whitened with their foam. That instant the senior said to Telemachus: "I must be gone; my companions cannot wait for me any longer." So saying, he ran directly to the shore, where he embarked amidst a confused noise, occasioned by the eagerness of the sailors to get under sail. As for the stranger, he had been for some time sauntering about in the middle of the island, climbing to the top of every rock, and from thence contemplating, in a very melancholy thoughtful manner, the wide-extended sea. Telemachus had never lost sight of him; but observed every step he took. He could not help sympathizing with a man, virtuous, and qualified for the highest stations, yet unhappy; the sport of fortune, continually tossed about, and excluded from his native country.¹⁵ "I may hope, at least," said he to himself, "to see Ithaca again; but this Cleomenes can never hope to see Phrygia any more." Thus was the uneasiness of Telemachus somewhat alleviated by lighting on a man still more unhappy than himself. That man now seeing his

ship ready to sail, descended from the craggy rocks with as much speed and agility as Apollo in the forests of Lycia, with his flaxen hair tied behind, skips over the precipices, to shoot with his arrows the stags and wild boars. In a moment he is on board the ship, which putting to sea, ploughs the briny waves, and leaves the land far behind. Then did a secret impression of sorrow invade the heart of Telemachus, who grieved he knew not why. The tears trickled from his eyes, and nothing gave him so much pleasure as weeping. At the same time he observed all the Salentine mariners stretched upon the grass and fast asleep, from weariness and fatigue. Balmy slumber had taken possession of all their members, and by the power of Minerva all the poppies of the humid night had shed their influence upon them, even in broad day. He was surprised to see the Salentines seized with so universal a drowsiness, while the Pheacians had been so active and alert in laying hold of the favourable wind: yet, so much was his attention engrossed by the Pheacian vessel, now ready to disappear amidst the waves, that he never thought of going to wake the Salentines. A secret admiration and uneasiness kept his eyes still so attentively fixed upon that vessel, though now at such a distance, that he could barely distinguish the white sails upon the azure deep: he did not even hear Mentor when he spoke to him, being rapt in a kind of transport like that of the Mænades, when they brandish the thyrses, and make the banks of Hebrus, and the mountains of Ismarus and Rhodope, echo with their mad howlings. At last he recovered a little from this kind of enchantment; and the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. Then Mentor thus addressed him: "I am not surprised, my dear Telemachus, to see you weep; for though the cause of your grief is unknown to you, it is not so to me. It is nature that speaks and works in you: what you feel in your heart comes from her. The stranger, who occasioned all that emotion, is no other than the great Ulysses himself; and the story which the old Pheacian told you of him under the name of Cleomenes, is a mere fiction, invented to conceal his return to his own dominions. He is going directly to Ithaca, where he is already almost arrived, and within sight of those places which he hath so long wished to see. Your eyes have seen him, as it was heretofore foretold you, but without knowing him. In a short time, however, you shall both see him and know him, and be known by him. The gods did not think fit that you should recognize him in any other place but Ithaca. His heart was no less affected than yours; but he was too wise to discover himself in a place where he might have been betrayed, and exposed to the insults of the cruel suitors of Penelope. He is of all men the most sagacious; and his heart is like a bottomless pit,¹⁶ from which his secrets cannot be drawn. Though he is a lover of truth, and never offends against it, yet he speaks no more of it than is necessary: and

wisdom, like a seal, prevents his lips from uttering any thing idle or useless. How much was he moved when he spoke to you! how much did he suffer by seeing you, and not discovering himself to you! it was that which occasioned his melancholy and dejection." During this discourse, Telemachus felt such emotion and distress, that he shed a flood of tears, and sobbed so violently, that he was not able to speak for a long time; but at last he exclaimed: "Alas! my dear Mentor, I felt something that attracted me in a surprising manner to that stranger, and made my bowels yearn! but why did not you let me know before his departure that he was Ulysses, since you knew it? How could you let him go without speaking to him, or pretending to know him? What is the meaning of all this? Am I doomed to be always unhappy? Will the offended gods treat me as they punish Tantalus, from whose eager thirsty lips the delusive water flies whenever he attempts to drink? Ulysses! Ulysses! have I lost you for ever? Perhaps I shall never see you more! perhaps Penelope's lovers will draw you into the ambushes which they were laying for me! had I gone along with you, I should at least have perished with you! O Ulysses! Ulysses! if the stormy winds do not wreck your vessel on some rock, (for I have every thing to apprehend from the malice of fortune) I tremble lest on your arrival at Ithaca, your fate should be as tragical as was that of Agamemnon, on his arrival at Mycenæ. But why, my dear Mentor, did you envy me the happiness of knowing my father? Had you discovered him to me, I should now have been in his arms embracing him, and in the port of Ithaca, ready to assist him against all his enemies." To this expostulation Mentor replied with a smile: "Observe, my dear Telemachus, how oddly men are made.¹⁷ You are now inconsolable, because you have seen your father without knowing him. What would you not have given yesterday to have been assured that he was still alive? To-day you have had the evidence of your own eyes for it, and yet this evidence, instead of giving the greatest joy, as it ought, overwhelms you with grief. Thus do capricious, discontented mortals undervalue what they most eagerly desired; as soon as they are in possession of it, and are ingenious in finding something to torment themselves for, which they are not in possession of. It is to exercise your patience, that the gods thus suspend the gratification of your wishes;¹⁸ and the time which you now count lost, will afterwards be of the greatest service to you, as it habituates you to a virtue the most necessary of any for those that are born to sovereign sway. To gain the command either of ourselves, or others, we must have patience. Impatience, which has the appearance of strength and vigour of mind, is, in reality, but weakness, and an inability to bear misfortune. He who knows not how to wait, and to suffer, is like him who

knows not how to keep a secret; both of them want resolution, and may be compared to a man who drives a chariot, and has not strength or skill to stop, when necessary, the sprightly steeds. No longer subject to the reins, they rush down some dangerous precipice, and crush the feeble driver in the fall. Thus the impatient man is, by his violent ungoverned passions, precipitated into an abyss of misfortunes; and the greater his power is, the more he suffers by his impatience. He will not wait for any thing; he will not take time to weigh or examine any thing, and he will be gratified immediately in every thing; breaking down the branches to gather the fruit before it is ripe; and bursting open doors, rather than wait till they are opened. When the sagacious husbandman is only sowing, this impatient man must reap; and, as every thing he does, is done in haste, and unseasonably, it is ill done, and cannot be durable, any more than his ever-varying desires. Such is the absurd conduct of the man who thinks nothing without the reach of his power, which he abuses, by giving a loose to his impatient desires. It is in order to teach you patience, my dear Telemachus, that the gods oblige you to practise it so much, and seem to make sport of you, by keeping you continually wandering about in suspense and uncertainty. The happiness you hope for, presents itself, as it were, to your view, and immediately disappears, like a dream, when one wakes in the morning: to teach you, that the things which we often think ourselves quite sure of, vanish and are lost in a moment. The wisest lessons which Ulysses can give you, will not be found so instructive as his long absence, and the hardships you have suffered in searching for him." Mentor then resolved to put the patience of Telemachus to the last, but severest trial. At the very instant when the young man was going in a hurry to desire the sailors to hasten their departure, Mentor stopped him, and proposed a great sacrifice to Minerva on the shore. Telemachus readily complying, two altars of turf were raised, on which the blood of victims was shed, and incense burnt. With tender sighs, Telemachus looking towards heaven, implored the protection of the goddess, of which he was immediately sensible: for no sooner was the sacrifice over, than following Mentor into the gloomy paths of a neighbouring grove, he perceived that the countenance of his friend, all of a sudden, assumed a new form; the wrinkles of his forehead began to disappear, like the shades of night when the rosy-fingered Aurora opens the gates of the East, and sets the horizon all on fire. His stern, hollow eyes were changed into others of a celestial blue, replete with fire divine; his grey, neglected beard, now disappeared, and noble majestic features, softened with a mixture of grace and sweetness, presented themselves to the eyes of the astonished Telemachus, who immediately perceived that it was a

female countenance, with a complexion more delicate and smooth than that of a tender flower that hath just opened its bosom to the sun. The whiteness of the lily was blended in it with the vivid blush of the rose; and the charms of eternal youth were heightened by an air of easy unaffected majesty. Her loose flowing hair diffused all around an odour of ambrosia, and her garments displayed those bright colours with which the sun at his rising tinges the sable vault of heaven, and gilds the clouds. The goddess did not touch the ground with her feet, but glided lightly through the air, as a bird on the wing. In her powerful hand she brandished a glittering lance, capable of making the most warlike cities and nations tremble, and even of striking terror into Mars himself. Her voice was sweet and even, yet strong and affecting; and all her words were like fiery darts that pierced the heart of Telemachus, and produced in it a kind of melancholy agreeable sensation. On the top of her helmet appeared the gloomy bird of Athens, and on her breast glittered the terrible ægis; by which marks Telemachus knew her to be Minerva. “O goddess!” said he, “then it is you yourself who have vouchsafed to conduct the son of Ulysses, from the love you bore his father.” He would have said more, but his voice failed him, and his lips in vain attempted to express the sentiments that flowed impetuous from his inmost soul. The presence of the goddess overpowered him, and he was like a man who is so oppressed in a dream, that he is scarce able to breathe, and altogether incapable to speak, notwithstanding the painful efforts he makes. At last Minerva addressed him thus: “Son of Ulysses, hear me once more, and for the last time. I never took so much pains to instruct any mortal as you. I have led you, as it were, by the hand through shipwrecks, unknown lands, bloody wars, and all the disasters that the heart of man can encounter. I have shewn you by facts, of which you was a witness,¹⁹ the consequences of the true and false maxims adopted in government: and your errors have been no less serviceable to you than your misfortunes. For, who is the man that can pretend to rule a people wisely, who has never suffered, nor ever profited by the sufferings which his errors have occasioned? Like your father, you have filled both sea and land with your disastrous adventures. Go, you are now worthy of having him for your model;²⁰ the passage is short and easy from hence to Ithaca, where he is just now arrived. Assist him against his enemies, and be as submissive and obedient to him, as if you was the meanest of his subjects, setting thereby an example to others. He will consent to your espousing Antiopé, in whom you will be happy, as having been captivated less by her beauty, than her wisdom and virtue. When you ascend the throne, let the great object of your ambition be, to renew the golden age. Let your ears be open to every

one, but let your confidence be confined to a few. Beware of trusting too much to your own judgment, and thereby deceiving yourself: but when you have committed a mistake, be not afraid that it should be known. Love your people; and neglect nothing that may tend to conciliate their affection. Fear, indeed, is necessary, where love is wanting; but, like violent dangerous remedies, it ought never to be employed but where necessity compels. Always weigh beforehand the consequences of every thing you undertake. Endeavour to foresee the greatest misfortunes that may happen; and know, that true courage consists in viewing danger at a distance, and despising it, when it cannot be avoided: for he that avoids thinking of it beforehand, it is to be feared will not have courage to support the sight of it when present; whereas, he who foresees all that can happen, who prevents all that can be prevented, and calmly encounters what cannot be eschewed, alone deserves the character of wise and magnanimous. Guard against effeminacy, ostentation, and profusion; and account it your glory to maintain a simplicity of manners. Let your virtues and your good actions be the ornaments of your person and palace, and your guards. Let all the world learn from you wherein true honour consists; and remember always that kings are not promoted to the throne to gratify their own ambition, but for the good of their people; that the good they do extends to very remote ages, and that the ill goes on continually increasing to latest posterity. A weak or vicious reign often entails misery on several generations. But above all, be upon your guard against your own humour and caprice, which is an enemy that will never quit you till death, but will intrude into your counsels and betray you, if you listen to its suggestions. It often occasions the loss of the most valuable opportunities; it engenders childish inclinations and aversions, to the prejudice of the most important considerations; and makes the most frivolous reasons determine the greatest affairs. It disgraces a man's talents, and his courage, and makes him appear unequal, weak, contemptible, and unsupportable. Beware therefore, O Telemachus, of such an enemy, and fear the gods. Such fear is the greatest treasure the heart of man can be possessed of: by it you will obtain wisdom, virtue, peace, joy, genuine pleasures, true liberty, chearful plenty, and unspotted glory. I am now going to leave you, son of Ulysses; but my wisdom shall never leave you, provided you always retain a due sense of your inability to do any thing well without it. It is now time that you should try to walk alone. The reason of my parting with you in Egypt and at Salentum, was to accustom you, by degrees, to be without me, as children are weaned, when it is time to take them from the breast, and give them more solid food." No sooner had the goddess spoke these words, than she ascended into the air, enveloped



Telemachus discovers Ulysses.
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in a cloud of gold and azure, and disappeared. Telemachus, overwhelmed with grief, wonder, and astonishment, lifted up his hands to heaven, and threw himself prostrate on the ground: then he went and waked the ship's crew, commanded them to put to sea immediately; arrived at Ithaca; and found his father at the house of his faithful friend Eumeus.

FINIS.

NOTES TO THE TEXT

Notes are generally confined to the explanation of terms with which the reader may not be familiar, the definition of obsolete English words and citation of archaic English usages, and the identification of substantive or otherwise significant departures from the French text. In his translation, Smollett regularly varies from the French by the omission or, more frequently, the addition of words, phrases, or clauses; a representative selection of such variations, including all of the most important instances of it, is given in the notes. Other substantive changes, including departures from the meaning or narrative progression of Fénelon's work, are indicated by quotation from the French, allowing the reader to make comparisons; quotations are from a contemporary English edition of the French *Télémaque* (Londres: Chez Nourse & Vaillant, 1756), with page numbers given in parentheses immediately following. For full discussion of the principles and methods followed in preparation of the notes, see above, the preface to the volume (pp. xiii–xiv).

Book I

1. "*manes*": The spirit or shade of a departed person, considered as an object of reverence, or as demanding to be propitiated by vengeance (*OED*).
2. "sparkled in her eyes": "éclattoit malgré elle sur son visage" (2).
3. "vouchsafe . . . his fate": "daignez en instruire son fils Télémaque" (3).
4. "revolve": Meditate, determine (*OED*).
5. "effeminate": Womanish, unmanly; soft, exceedingly delicate. For Smollett, the word is always pejorative when used to describe male sensibilities or conduct.
6. "be diffident . . . for my advice": "defiez-vous de vous-même, & attendez toujours mes conseils" (5).
7. "Battles of the Gods against the Giants": See guide to names, GIGANTES.
8. "Amours of Jupiter and Semele": See guide to names, BACCHUS.
9. "the Birth of Bacchus": See guide to names, BACCHUS.
10. "his Education conducted by old Silenus": See guide to names, SILENUS.
11. "the Race of Atalanta . . . garden of Hesperides": See guide to names, ATALANTA.
12. "battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ": See guide to names, CENTAURS.
13. "Descent of Orpheus . . . Eurydice": See guide to names, EURYDICE.
14. "Obstinately": This word was added by Smollett. The French says, "Il voulut me quitter" (6).
15. "remonstrance": "paroles" (8).

16. “with an eager look”: This phrase was added by Smollett.
17. “fillets”: Narrow strips of material, used for binding; ribbons (*OED*).
18. “we dropt astern”: “nous demeurâmes un peu derrière” (9).
19. “from our own mouths”: “ne peut vous toucher” (11).
20. “shade”: In the netherworld, a disembodied spirit (*OED*).
21. “cannot excite your compassion”: These words were added by Smollett.
22. “to prevent the threatened attack”: “pour prévenir l’attaque, dont Mentor l’avoit menacé” (11).
23. “softened nor subdued”: “n’ont jamais adouci” (12).
24. “cuirass”: Body armor consisting of a breastplate and back plate to protect the arms and chest (*OED*).
25. “ægis”: A breastplate, shield, or other defensive armor; the term is usually applied to the arms of Zeus or Athena (*OED*).

Book II

1. “had attracted the resentment of king Sesostris”: “avoient irrité contre eux le roi Sésostris” (14).
2. “His ships . . . the Phœnicians”: “Ses vaisseaux alloient de tous côtez cherchant les Phéneciens” (15).
3. “shepherds who . . . pastoral pipes”: “bergers qui faisoient répéter les doux sons de leurs flutes & de leurs chalumeaux à tous les échos d’alentour” (15).
4. “No, young man”: This phrase was added by Smollett.
5. “police”: Civil administration; policies and procedures for the regulation of public order (*OED*).
6. “Our captors told the king”: “Ceux qui nous avoient pris, dirent au roi” (17).
7. “where divers Ægyptian legislators have flourished”: “plusieurs Egyptiens y ont donné des loix” (19).
8. “favoured”: Lent support or confirmation to (*OED*).
9. “that he might . . . his own slaves”: “pour nous faire ses esclaves” (19).
10. “wicked ministers”: “méchants” (19).
11. “ruin is . . . to resist flattery”: “il est perdu s’il ne repousse la flatterie” (19).
12. “desarts”: Here Smollett uses the word in its most common sense; elsewhere he frequently uses it more broadly to mean wasteland.
13. “lose the remembrance of what thou hast undergone”: “& si tu ne les oublies jamais” (21).
14. “in his decline . . . is distinguished”: “& la jeunesse la plus enjouée n’a point autant de graces” (22).
15. “insured”: Made secure (*OED*). Smollett uses this word here in a common eighteenth-century sense.

16. “made the caverns . . . with horrid noise”: “faisoient gémir les profondes cavernes de la terre, & les abîmes de la mer” (23).
17. “stood motionless in pleasing suspense around me”: “étoient suspendus & immobiles autour de moi, pendant que je leur donnois des leçons” (24).
18. “long extended tail”: “longue queue” (25).
19. “I had effected”: This clause was added by Smollett.
20. “from the snares”: This phrase was added by Smollett.
21. “as for us . . . sustain by his death”: “nous ne l’avons vû que pour sentir sa perte” (26).
22. “obsequies”: Funeral rites or ceremonies (*OED*).
23. “dreadful as the god of war”: “il paroissoit comme le Dieu Mars” (28).
24. “he was like a beautiful horse unbroke”: “Il étoit comme un beau cheval qui n’a point de bouche” (28). The French expression literally means “has no muzzle at all.”
25. “he was at once . . . his rational powers”: “sa bonté naturelle, & sa droite raison l’abandonnoient en un instant” (28).

Book III

1. “perceived in me certain happy traits”: “il crut appercevoir en moi je ne sai quoi d’heureux” (32).
2. “will not . . . suspicion or distrust”: “ne me permettent pas de me défier de vous” (32).
3. “their trust”: These words were added by Smollett.
4. “to draw me into discourse”: “de me faire parler” (33).
5. “It is still more criminal . . . baseness and injustice”: “C’est un crime encore plus grand à Tyr que d’avoir de la vertu: car Pygmalion suppose que les bons ne peuvent souffrir ses injustices & ses infamies” (34).
6. “immured in . . . his palace”: “au fond de son palais” (34).
7. “in security and free from danger”: “d’assuré” (35).
8. “consequently . . . of a piece”: “ainsi il regardoit tous les hommes comme étant à peu près égaux” (37).
9. “I could not help admiring . . . Tyre”: “J’admirois l’heureuse situation de cette grande ville” (37).
10. “moles”: Stone structures serving as jetties or as breakwaters (*OED*).
11. “Tyrian purple”: The Phoenicians were widely renowned for their production of a colorfast purple dye obtained from the murex, a shellfish.
12. “what was owing to them . . . in foreign countries”: “de ce qui leur est dû par les négocians étrangers” (39).
13. “perpetually plaguing”: “inquiète” (41).

14. “imposts”: Taxes or tariffs (*OED*).
15. “he will be a merchant himself”: “il veut entrer lui-même dans le commerce” (41).
16. “concerning her”: “qui avoit réglé cette proportion” (42).
17. “statuary”: A sculptor of statues (*OED*).
18. “luxuriantly overspread”: These words were added by Smollett.

Book IV

1. “Your father . . . wisdom and courage”: “Jamais votre père n’a égalé votre sagesse & votre courage” (48).
2. “detached grotto”: “grotte séparée de la sienne” (48).
3. “hath seduced your heart”: “vous a entraîné” (48).
4. “made shift”: “elle a trouvé moyen de parler” (49).
5. “I do not disapprove of your relating them”: “il falloit les lui raconter” (49).
6. “nor being transported . . . watched her looks”: “de voir avec indignation que Mentor observoit jusqu’au moindre mouvement de ses yeux” (50).
7. “yet there was . . . I cannot describe”: “il avoit je ne sais quoi dans ses yeux perçans qui me faisoit peur” (51).
8. “baffled”: “vaincu” (51).
9. “But what shocked me greatly”: “Mais ce qui me perça le coeur” (52).
10. “It then appeared . . . myself and them”: “Il me parut que je devois, en sauvant ma vie, sauver celle des autres” (53).
11. “peristyle”: A colonnade or row of columns surrounding a temple or other building (*OED*).
12. “architrave and frize”: In classical architecture the architrave is the lowest part of an entablature, resting crosswise on the capitals of the columns; a frieze, or frieze, is a band of painted or sculptured decoration (*OED*).
13. “They stuck at nothing”: “On n’oublie rien” (54–55). “Stuck”: Scrupled (*OED*). “Stick” is also a Scottish term meaning to “persist doggedly, work hard, persevere, go energetically at” (*Concise Scots Dictionary*).
14. “My case not a little resembled”: “j’étois comme” (55).
15. “Or is it not . . . to my eyes?”: “votre ombre encore sensible à mes maux?” (56). Smollett seems to have confused “yeux,” two sentences above, with “maux,” causing him to mistranslate; the correct translation would be, “Is your shade no longer sensitive to my woes?”
16. “Away then, without delay”: “Fuyez, que tardez-vous?” (56).
17. “fraught with something”: “qui a quelque chose” (57).
18. “Constrained to wait . . . more favourable”: “en attendant un vent favorable” (57).
19. “feeble essays of outrageous fortune”: “outrages de la fortune” (58). Instead of translating literally, Smollett seems to have contrived his phrasing to echo *Hamlet*’s “slings and arrows of outrageous fortune” (3.1.59).

20. “now I am in pain . . . rejected”: “maintenant je crains de ne pouvoir être reçu parmi les enclaves” (58).
21. “instantaneous transition”: “En un instant” (59).
22. “communicating an easy agreeable motion to the ship”: “il anime tout le vaisseau & lui donne un doux mouvement” (59).
23. “delusions”: “charme” (60).
24. “in its immensity”: This phrase was added by Smollett.
25. “that I cannot describe”: “je ne sai quoi” (60).
26. “snow”: “yvoire” (61).

Book V

1. “with ease”: “sans peine” (63).
2. “grasping at superfluities”: “le désir du superflu” (63).
3. “which fall not . . . severely punished”: “qui sont impanis chez les autre peuples” (64).
4. “horned cattle”: “boeufs” (64).
5. “He is under no restraint . . . from doing wrong”: “Il a une puissance absolue pour faire le bien & les mains liées dès qu’il veut faire le mal” (64).
6. “maxims: by which it appeared . . . own family”: “maximes. Il aimoit encore plus son peuple que sa famille” (65).
7. “While Mentor entertained us with this discourse”: “Pendant que Mentor faisoit ce discours” (65).
8. “Nauserates”: Nausicrates. In the various English translations of *Télémaque* preceding Smollett’s, the friendly Cretan’s name alternated between Nausicrates and Nauserates. The first translation, by Littlebury-Boyer, set the English fashion with Nauserates, which Pierre DesMaiseaux was the first to correct to Nausicrates in 1742. Smollett, or his compositor, seems to have paid respect to both names, for Nauserates becomes Nausicrates in Book VI.
9. “in consequence of sepulture”: “après avoir reçu la sépulture” (66). “Sepulture” is burial, interment (*OED*).
10. “he did not know . . . his own destruction!”: “qui ne savoit pas que c’étoit courir à sa perte” (66).
11. “staves”: Sticks of wood (*OED*).
12. “who should . . . their full vigour”: “qui conserve dans leur pureté les loix établies” (68).
13. “Strangers of all countries . . . for the prize”: “On appelle ici tous les étrangers” (68).
14. “circus”: In general usage, an oval or oblong arena, surrounded by rising tiers of seats, for exhibitions of public spectacles. Here Smollett seems to refer to a kind of natural amphitheater, although the *OED* records no such specific usage of the word prior to 1836.

15. "A whisper . . . the spectators": "On dit de tous côtes que c'étoit le fils d'Ulysse" (69).
16. "brawny": "bien nourris" (69).
17. "nervous": Vigorous, sinewy, muscular (*OED*).
18. "cestus": A covering for the hands made of thongs of bullhide and loaded with iron and lead; used by the boxers of ancient Rome (*OED*).
19. "Rhodian": "Je chancelai; il me pressoit, & je ne pouvois plus repirer" (70). In the French text separate paragraphs are devoted to the "Rhodian" and the "Samian." By ignoring the paragraph division Smollett apparently became confused and forgot that in the new paragraph "il" refers to the Samian.
20. "Though he glowed with shame": "sa honte fut extrême" (70).
21. "gleaming with rage": "pleins d'indignation" (71).
22. "at the end of our career": "au bout de la carrière" (71).
23. "they urged . . . so much moderation": "ils étoient si modérez à soutenir ce qu'ils pensoient de part & d'autre" (71).
24. "I lamented . . . enlightened virtue": "Je trouvois la jeunesse malheureuse d'être si impétueuse & si éloignée de cette vertu si éclairée & si tranquille" (72).
25. "Then the whole assembly . . . Minos": "A ces mots toute l'assemblée se récria: on applaudit, & chacun crut que ce sage Lesbien remporteroit le prix sur cette question" (73).
26. "defective in his qualifications": "est un roi imparfait" (76).
27. "that Minos was . . . as I": "que j'avois parlé comme Minos" (76).

Book VI

1. "now taken . . . in the assembly": "me donna le moyen de parler ainsi" (79).
2. "I had rather . . . my mother Penelope": "J'aime mieux obéir à mon père Ulysse & consoler ma mère Pénélope" (79).
3. "disclose my sentiments to you": "je vous dise ce que je pense" (79).
4. "that taught me . . . the same source": "qui vient de parler; & il m'a inspiré toutes les réponses que vous venez d'entendre" (80).
5. "which he answered . . . excite their admiration": "il fut admiré" (80).
6. "One of his sons . . . harmony subsists between them": "Un de ses fils travaille avec lui: ils s'aiment tendrement; ils sont heureux" (83).
7. "dregs": "les derniers" (83).
8. "When he was told . . . at the news": "il parut tranquille: on lui déclara qu'on le faisoit roi" (83–84).
9. "He then embraced us . . . and shed many tears": "Il nous embrassa, & nous ne pûmes en le remerciant retenir nos larmes" (85).
10. "calm and intrepid": "non-seulement ferme courageux, mais doux & tranquille" (86).

11. “if Mentor . . . the mast to them”: “mais nous tâchions de leur présenter le bout de notre mâ, & Mentor faisoit de ce mâ” (88).
12. “you favoured us . . . reception”: “vous daignâtes nous recevoir” (88).

Book VII

1. “put him to the proof”: “elle vouloit l’éprouver” (90).
2. “she could . . . make a discovery”: “pour le faire parler” (90).
3. “secret energy”: “je ne sais quoi” (91).
4. “Thus authorized.” These words were added by Smollett.
5. “rankled”: “envenîmoit” (92).
6. “get the better of it”: “l’éteindre” (93).
7. “had carried him away by main force”: “l’eût arraché malgré lui de l’isle” (94).
8. “His eyes were sunk . . . another person”: “ses yeux creux étoient pleins d’un feu dévorant. A le voir pâle, abattu, & défiguré, on auvoit cru que ce n’étoit point Télémaque” (95).
9. “No, no; I have no just cause of complaint!”: This sentence was added by Smollett.
10. “overwhelmed with shame and despair”: These words were added by Smollett.
11. “All the nymphs . . . what he had said”: “Toute la troupe étonnée demeura dans le silence” (100).
12. “and in great confusion”: “& baissant les yeux” (100).
13. “for thy devoted head”: This phrase was added by Smollett. “Devoted”: Set aside for sacrifice, doomed (*OED*).
14. “Having thus vented her indignation”: “Ayant dit ces paroles” (101).
15. “You pretend . . . see her once more”: “Vous croyez être tranquille, & vous demandez la mort” (103).
16. “O Telemachus . . . love blinded you”: “O aveugle Télémaque!” (104).
17. “fortitude and resolution”: “courage” (104).
18. “bid defiance”: “étoit insensible” (105).
19. “Cupid . . . in the design”: “L’Amour content de l’avoir persuadée, alla pour persuader aussi les nymphes” (106).
20. “without further hesitation”: This phrase was added by Smollett.
21. “advice and assistance”: “secours” (107).
22. “than a thousand shipwrecks”: “que tous les naufrages” (107).

Book VIII

1. “The ship at anchor”: “Le vaisseau qui étoit arrêté” (108).
2. “thus addressed himself to those on board”: “il s’écria” (108).
3. “get footing”: “pu entrer” (109).

4. “Thus Mentor . . . without taking offence”: “Ainsi c’étoit Mentor qui portoit la parole, & Télémaque gardant le silence, le laissoit parler” (109).
5. “perhaps, your memory . . . clear up the difficulty”: “votre mémoire peut-être aidera la mienne” (110).
6. “breeze . . . oars to be plied”: “vent qu’il attendoit commençoit à souffler, il fit lever les ancrs, mettre les voiles, & fendre la mer à force de rames” (110).
7. “in consequence . . . son to death”: “fit mourir son fils innocent” (111).
8. “made shift”: “prirent leurs mesures” (111).
9. “besides, she knew that . . . beforehand with him”: “D’ailleurs elle savoit que l’avarice seule suffiroit pour porter le roi à une action cruelle contre Joazar; elle conclut qu’il n’y avoit pas un moment à perdre pour le prévenir” (112).
10. “ragouts”: A ragout was a dish consisting of meat, stewed with vegetables and highly seasoned (*OED*).
11. “pulse”: Leguminous seeds such as peas, beans, lentils (*OED*).
12. “that had a door leading to it”: This clause was added by Smollett.
13. “a flood of tears . . . cost her nothing”: “car les larmes ne coûtoient rien à cette femme artificieuse” (113).
14. “flew like lightning”: “voler de bouche en bouche” (114).
15. “additional lustre”: “je ne sai quel éclat” (115).
16. “Those who . . . she declined all assistance”: “ils voulurent la secourir: mais elle ne voulut jamais leur répondre, & elle fit signe qu’elle ne vouloit aucun soulagement” (116).
17. “most eligible”: “meilleur” (117).
18. “The administration . . . in the hands of Narbal”: “Narbal gouverne sous lui” (118).
19. “durst not discover an immoderate joy”: “mais il n’osoit y livrer son coeur” (119).
20. “thus seasoning . . . a constant succession”: “& elle délasse du travail par le plaisir” (120).
21. “a sort of pleasure”: “je ne sai quel plaisir” (120).
22. “Thus the whole year . . . spring and autumn”: “Ainsi toute l’année n’est qu’un heureux hymen du printems & de l’automne” (121).
23. “but such as . . . real wants of life”: “qui sert véritablement aux besoins de l’homme” (122).
24. “an usurper”: After this phrase Smollett omits Fénelon’s “sur tous ses voisins?” (125).
25. “The consequence . . . unspotted chastity”: “Les mariages y sont paisibles, féconds, sans tache” (126).
26. “œconomy”: Here, management of a house, and particularly of household expenses (*OED*). Elsewhere Smollett uses the same word more broadly to refer to organization of public or personal resources, management of expenses, or general administration.

Book IX

1. “made light of”: “méprisé” (130).
2. “mole hill”: “amas de bouë” (130).
3. “It is in this exalted region”: “C’est dans cette demeure si élevée au-dessus de la terre” (130).
4. “were all struck with admiration”: “furent surpris” (130).
5. “what occasions your uneasiness?”: “quelle est votre peine?” (131).
6. “They are my peculiar people”: “c’est mon peuple” (132). In the Bible, the phrase “peculiar people” refers to Israel; see, for example, Deuteronomy 14:2 and 26:18.
7. “all he beheld, was mere illusion”: “les yeux du pilote ne lui montrèrent plus rien de véritable” (133).
8. “shelves”: “écueils” (133). Underwater ledges, or shallows, bordering a continental mass (*OED*).
9. “give a loose to joy”: “réjouissez-vous” (134).
10. “the waves . . . tumble into it?”: “la vague qui se rompt contre ces autres rochers, lorsqu’ils semblent menacer la mer par leur chute?” (134).
11. “road”: “rade” (135). A “road” is sheltered water near the shore where vessels may safely lie at anchor (*OED*).
12. “upstart city”: “ville naissante” (135).
13. “detailed upon”: “faits” (137). “Detailed upon” means “assigned.”
14. “I must tell you then”: This clause was added by Smollett.
15. “mingled with . . . conscious dignity”: “avec une noblesse qui étonne” (139).
16. “the Rape of Europa”: See guide to names, *EUROPA*.
17. “These young singers . . . their persons”: “Ces enfans choisis de la figure la plus agréable” (140).
18. “the sacred tripod”: A three-legged vessel at the shrine of Apollo at Delphi, on which the priestess seated herself to deliver oracles; hence, any oracle or oracular seat (*OED*).
19. “The people . . . horror and amazement”: “Tout le peuple est glacé de crainte” (141).
20. “come off victorious”: “la victoire sera dans vos mains” (141).
21. “and to be so much altered”: This clause was added by Smollett.
22. “solicited”: “demanda” (143).

Book X

1. “but then you ought . . . siege of Troy”: “mais souvenez-vous que votre père n’en a acquis une si grande parmi les Grécs” (145).
2. “Mandurians”: In the unauthorized first edition (1699), the allies were identified as “Manduciens,” which was translated as “Manducians” in early English versions.

The name was corrected to “Manduriens” in Fénelon’s manuscript, eventually published in 1717 by his nephew. See guide to places, MANDURIA.

3. “leave us . . . undisturbed possession”: “laissez en paix & en liberté” (146).
4. “obstinate”: Unyielding, not easily subdued; the word was often used in this sense with reference to diseases (*OED*).
5. “the encounter was obstinate and bloody”: “Le combat fut cruel” (147).
6. “I could not . . . insatiable curiosity”: “je ne pouvois me lasser de les regarder” (148).
7. “ozier”: Now more commonly *osier*; a particular species of willow, though the name was given generally to the tough, pliant shoots of any willow, which were used in the making of baskets and other objects (*OED*).
8. “Messapium”: The sudden introduction of Messapium, not mentioned earlier as among the allies, follows Fénelon’s text.
9. “it would be stooping too low”: “que nous n’aurions pû sans bassesse” (150).
10. “all the nations . . . your decision”: “vous seriez l’arbitre de toutes les nations de l’Hespérie” (152).
11. “artful man”: “& qui sut gagner les coeurs par ses artifices” (153).
12. “While this . . . Mentor and Idomeneus”: “Pendant qu’ils raisonnoient ainsi” (154).
13. “fetched a great compass”: Made a great circle.
14. “defiles”: Narrow passages or gorges between mountains.
15. “approved”: Proven.
16. “in the sequel”: Subsequently.
17. “I hope we are come very seasonably”: “Nous sommes arrivez ici tout à propos” (157).
18. “but his narrative . . . circumstantial”: “quoiqu’avec un peu de lenteur” (157).
19. “perspicuous, nervous”: Clear, animated.
20. “apposite modes of comparison”: “comparaisons sensibles” (158).

Book XI

1. “O ye nations, so various”: “ô peuples, assemblez de tant de nations” (160).
2. “there is no good reason”: “il n’est pas juste” (161).
3. “champain”: Flatland or open country, without hills or woods (*OED*).
4. “enslave our people”: “nous mettre en servitude” (161).
5. “The only . . . will be easily surmounted”: “Il n’est question que de vous en persuader: la persuasion ne sera pas difficile” (162).
6. “depositaries”: Keepers in trust (*OED*).
7. “in token of submission”: “soumettre par leurs caresses” (164).
8. “on all hands”: “peu à peu” (165).
9. “gentle murmur”: The same phrase occurs in the preceding sentence, where the original French is “un bruit sourd,” which actually means “a muffled sound”; in

the present sentence the French is “un murmure doux & favorable,” which means “a soft, approving murmur” (165).

10. “Philoctetes . . . prospect of peace”: “Philoctete plus sensible qu’un autre par l’expérience de ses malheurs” (165).
11. “now happy peace shall be restored!”: This clause was added by Smollett.
12. “easily triumph over”: “calment” (165).
13. “After this solemn attestation”: “A ces paroles” (167).
14. “aruspices”: Obsolete spelling of *haruspices*. The *haruspex* was an ancient Roman soothsayer who performed divination by inspection of entrails; the rite was of Etruscan origin (*OED*).
15. “Mentor . . . to this effect”: “Tout-à-coup Mentor dit: O rois! ô capitaines assemblez” (167).
16. “I now entertain . . . of his integrity”: “je n’ai plus de lui cette pensée” (169).
17. “He sticks at nothing”: “Il se sert de toutes sortes de moyens” (169).
18. “Let us then . . . our united strength”: “Hâtons-nous donc tous ensemble de le prévenir” (170).

Book XII

1. “hopeful state”: “beau royaume” (171).
2. “engage in their confederacy”: “entrer” (172).
3. “It will now be your own fault”: “il ne tient plus qu’à vous” (172).
4. “disguised in gaudy colours”: “sous de belles enveloppes” (172).
5. “resumed the thread of his discourse”: “lui dit” (173).
6. “expression of beneficence”: “cette bonté” (174).
7. “Give yourself no uneasiness on that score”: “Ne soyez point en peine” (175).
8. “how to make the most of it”: “qui sait en profiter” (175).
9. “and if you cannot forget them”: This clause was added by Smollett.
10. “Never give ear”: “n’écoutez jamais” (178).
11. “Yet they are . . . to struggle with”: “Ceux qui le jugent n’ont aucune expérience de l’état où il est” (180).
12. “Such are . . . that kings labour under”: “La royauté porte avec elle toutes ces misères” (180).
13. “Learn, O Telemachus”: “Accoûtez-vous ô Télémaque” (181).
14. “consummate bravery”: “sa valeur est parfaite” (181).
15. “in your tender mind”: This phrase was added by Smollett.
16. “they are at least . . . rashness”: “ne le sont presque jamais de témérité” (184).
17. “But what undertakings . . . by whom they were contravened”: “De plus ils faisoient en société les entreprises qu’ils ne pouvoient faire seuls; & la police de ces sociétés étoit inviolable par la rigueur des peines imposées à ceux qui ne les suivroient pas” (184).

18. “to settle at Salentum”: These words were added by Smollett.
19. “to prevent . . . among your people”: “pour rendre votre peuple modeste dans sa dépense” (184).
20. “waste their time so idly”: “tombent jamais dans cet excès” (186).
21. “pomp and luxury”: “le faste” (186).
22. “saloon”: Salon, or large apartment adapted for assemblies, entertainments, and exhibitions (*OED*).
23. “furnished it”: “où présidoient” (188).
24. “mountains”: Smollett here omits Fénelon’s “rivages de la mer” (189).
25. “but in a very imperfect manner”: “qu’à demi” (189).
26. “as they wanted hands”: “manquant d’hommes & de bestiaux” (189).
27. “The soil here . . . culture bestowed upon it”: “La terre ne demande ici qu’à enrichir les habitans; mais les habitans manquent à la terre” (189).
28. “bring into tilth”: “défricheront” (189). “Tilth” is cultivation (*OED*).
29. “the toils of husbandry”: “au joug de la vie champêtre” (190).
30. “carking care”: “les noirs soucis” (191).
31. “Are these . . . lead to glory?”: “Est-ce là le chemin qui mène à la gloire?” (194).

Book XIII

1. “The young . . . agreeable sensations”: “Les jeunes hommes & les jeunes filles qui s’épousaient, ne faisoient éclater leur joye qu’en chantant les louanges de celui de qui cette joye si douce leur étoit venue” (197).
2. “by his . . . dislike to his rival”: “me dégoûtèrent de Philoclès” (198).
3. “But the unshaken fortitude. . . still more offensive”: “Mais la fermeté de Philoclès contre mes foiblesses commençoit à me lasser. Les complaisances de Protésilas & son industrie inépuisable pour m’inventer de nouveaux plaisirs, me faisoient sentir encore plus impatiemment l’austérité de l’autre” (199).
4. “Protesilaus . . . entirely his dupe”: “mais Protésilas qui n’avoit pas encore eu le tems de me tromper” (201).
5. “When Timocrates . . . pushed it still further”: “Quand Timocrate vit que je ne pouvois plus résister à son artifice” (201).
6. “by a cypher”: By a cryptogram, or code (*OED*).
7. “prudence and forecast”: These words were added by Smollett. The particular usage of *forecast* (instead of *forecasting*) as a noun substantive is now obsolete (*OED*).
8. “Timocrates then setting out . . . to conciliate their attachment”: This passage retains the sense of Fénelon’s original (203) but is substantially reworded.
9. “private apartment”: “se renferma” (204).
10. “poignard”: A dagger (*OED*).
11. “conferred”: “abandonnée” (205).
12. “I made shift”: “j’avois une raison” (205).
13. “To effect this deliverance”: This clause was added by Smollett.

14. “He was never . . . humble and complying”: “Il revenoit opiniâtrement à la charge, il usoit tantôt de manières pressantes, tantôt de souplesse & d’insinuation” (206).
15. “I left . . . hands of Protesilaus”: “je laissai Protésilas maître des affaires” (207).
16. “Timocrates accompanied me”: “Timocrate me suivit” (207).
17. “No sooner are they . . . one extreme to another”: “La tête leur tourne aussitôt que l’autorité absolue leur échappe. On les voit aussi rampans qu’ils ont été hautains, & c’est en un moment qu’ils passent d’une extrémité à l’autre” (207–8).
18. “assert my liberty”: “pour me mettre hors de servitude” (208).
19. “you proposed”: “vous me faisiez entreprendre” (209).
20. “He endeavoured . . . contrary to my interest”: “Il me prenoit par mon propre intérêt” (209).
21. “intrench upon”: “rabaissez” (209). “Intrench” is to encroach (*OED*).
22. “To do ill . . . uneasiness”: “Le mal ne leur coûte rien à faire” (210).

Book XIV

1. “or advise with them”: This clause was added by Smollett.
2. “Idomeneus then . . . oppressed innocence”: “Alors Idoménée dit qu’il étoit honteux d’avoir tant tardé à délivrer l’innocence opprimée” (214).
3. “never heard a tittle”: “n’avoit jamais entendu parler” (214).
4. “A great deal of money . . . adorning it”: “Protésilas l’avoit ornée avec une dépense tirée du sang des misérables” (214).
5. “under his administration”: This phrase was added by Smollett.
6. “like a man . . . to hear himself praised”: “comme un homme qui sait bien qu’il en mérite encore de plus grandes, & qui fait trop de grâces de se laisser louer” (215).
7. “Now all those . . . fulsome flattery”: “Tous ceux qui l’encensoient” (216).
8. “make fast his door”: “fermer sa porte” (216).
9. “There was something . . . in her countenance”: “son visage étoit noble & doux” (217).
10. “observed Philocles . . . reading”: “& vit de loin sous un grand arbre Philoclès qui lisoit sur le gazon” (217).
11. “tyrannical administration”: “longue tyrannie” (217).
12. “in consequence thereof”: This phrase was added by Smollett.
13. “well chosen”: These words were added by Smollett as he introduced a reversal upon the order of two sentences in the original.
14. “jolly”: “gras” (219).
15. “austere”: “sauvage” (219).
16. “here did the fates . . . peaceful happy day”: “Ici les Parques me filoient au milieu de ma pauvreté des jours d’or & de soye” (220).
17. “of the ship that was to carry them to Salentum”: This clause was added by Smollett.

18. “bore away”: “que le vent éloigne toujours” (221).
19. “and been beloved by the people”: This clause was added by Smollett.
20. “care must be taken . . . the fruit”: “C’est dans la fleur qu’il faut préparer les fruits” (222).
21. “charms of music . . . civilize their manners”: “charme de la musique saisisse leurs ames pour rendre leurs moeurs douces & pures” (223).
22. “instead of . . . a greater distance”: “& qui ne s’en éloignent point!” (225).

Book XV

1. “we had made . . . city of Troy”: “nous eumes fait tomber la superbe ville de Troye” (228).
2. “every prejudice”: “tout” (228).
3. “as often as he . . . for the sake of any other”: “toutes les fois qu’il paroîtroit la négliger pour en aimer quelqu’autre” (229).
4. “hydra of Lerna”: See guide to names, HYDRA OF LERNA.
5. “a great distance”: Smollett here omits Fénelon’s “du haut de la montagne” (229).
6. “ashes”: “sapins” (229).
7. “while I live”: This clause was added by Smollett.
8. “Nemean lion”: The first labor of Hercules was to kill and bring back the skin of the Nemean lion, which inhabited Argolis in the Peloponnesus. Strangling the beast, Hercules skinned it by means of its own claws, made a cuirass of its skin, and used its jaws for a helmet.
9. “the sight . . . renewed my grief”: “je ne songeois qu’à me repeindre l’image de ce héros, & qu’à pleurer à la vuë de ces tristes lieux” (232).
10. “having a mind . . . efficacy of my arrows”: “je voulus montrer à tous les Grecs ce que mes flèches pouvoient faire” (232–33).
11. “horrible pain”: “extrémité” (233).
12. “some rags . . . my fatal wound”: “habits déchirez, dont j’enveloppois ma playe pour arrêter le sang, & dont je me servois aussi pour la nettoyer” (233). Smollett describes the wound as fatal, even though Philocles recovers. “Fatal” in the eighteenth century did not always mean deadly or lethal; in some contexts, as here, it was used to indicate seriousness or gravity (*OED*).
13. “tempts”: Attempts.
14. “it is your duty to afford me compassion”: “tu dois en avoir pitié” (235).
15. “I was confounded . . . transport of passion”: “je pleure, je m’emporte” (236).
16. “stem”: Prow.
17. “turning a deaf ear . . . the miserable”: “secourir les malheureux” (237).
18. “There is nothing . . . refuse you”: “Tu peux tout” (237).
19. “In the mean time . . . beside myself”: “Cependant une douleur cruelle me saisit, elle me trouble, je ne sai plus ce que je fais” (237).
20. “he attacks . . . my own weapons”: “O s’il m’eût attaqué dans ma force” (238).

21. "I poured out against your father": "Alors je dis à votre père" (239).
22. "your father . . . in the least ruffled": "votre père tranquille" (239).
23. "If you still possess them": This clause was added by Smollett.
24. "but I could not . . . yielding to Ulysses": "mais je ne pouvois me résoudre à voir encore le jour s'il falloit céder à Ulysse" (241).

Book XVI

1. "undesignedly": "sans y penser" (243).
2. "Telemachus found it . . . jealous of one another": "Télémaque trouva de grandes difficultez pour se ménager parmi tant de rois jaloux les uns des autres" (244).
3. "but not of an affable, winning disposition": "mais peu caressant" (244).
4. "prevent": Smollett may have mistaken "pourvoir" for "prévenir," as the use of "prevent" to mean "anticipate" was already obsolescent in his time. See Johnson's *Dictionary* under "prevent," where "to hinder, to obviate; to obstruct" is given as "now almost the only sense." The eighth meaning in the *OED* is "to provide beforehand against the occurrence of something."
5. "although he expected . . . delay": "Il ne falloit jamais rien trouver d'impossible, quand il s'agissoit de le contenter, & les moindres retardemens irritoient son naturel ardent" (244). To "boggle" is to raise scruples, hesitate, demur (*OED*).
6. "courser": A large, powerful horse, ridden in battle or tournament (*OED*).
7. "broke forth again": "reprirent leur cours" (245).
8. "raw young man": "jeune homme sans expérience" (245).
9. "sober, sedate": "sage" (246).
10. "and stronger nerves": These words were added by Smollett.
11. "with his whole weight": This phrase was added by Smollett.
12. "mortified and humbled": "ayant perdu sa fierté" (248).
13. "and with sighs . . . his own temerity": "honteux de sa faute; & ne pouvant plus se supporter lui-même" (249).
14. "Alas! . . . too, too happy": "Hélas! si je pouvois au moins espérer de ne plus faire ce que je suis désolé d'avoir fait! trop heureux! trop heureux!" (249).
15. "others flying . . . agonies of death": "ou fuyans, ou mourans, ou blessez" (250).
16. "taken care to occupy": "saisi" (251).
17. "cross": Intersecting, coinciding.
18. "I have mentioned": "que nous avons vus" (252).
19. "youth is . . . with success": "la tendre jeunesse est le seul âge où l'homme peut encore tout sur lui-même pour se corriger" (252).
20. "of all these miscarriages": This phrase was added by Smollett.
21. "he resolved . . . round the mountain": "il se hâta de faire un grand tour" (254).
22. "But, while they . . . running to their arms": "Pendant qu'ils cherchent leurs armes" (255).

23. “However, as the least of two evils”: This proverbial phrase was added by Smollett.
24. “Phalantus’s troops . . . stand their ground”: “Les troupes de Phalante succombent” (255).

Book XVII

1. “Each of the gods . . . his pleasure would be”: “Chacun des Dieux étoit attentif pour découvrir sur le visage de Jupiter quelle seroit sa volonté” (257).
2. “who is her darling”: “dont elle fait ses délices” (258).
3. “as soon . . . what had happened”: This clause was added by Smollett.
4. “noon-day sun”: “rayons du soleil” (258).
5. “a fine horse”: “un cheval fougueux” (258).
6. “nostrils”: “yeux” (258).
7. “thyrsus”: Or thyrses, a staff or spear tipped with an ornament like a pinecone, carried by Bacchus and his votaries (*OED*).
8. “There was something . . . languishing and effeminate”: “C’étoit une beauté molle, avec je ne sai quoi de noble, de passionné, & de languissant” (260).
9. “So that . . . agreeable manner”: “cette aimable peinture rappeloit tous les charmes de l’âge d’or” (260).
10. “He never discovered . . . tranquillity and precision”: “Il paroît toujours doux, toujours libre & tranquille” (260).
11. “with the utmost diligence”: This phrase was added by Smollett.
12. “he fetches a compass”: “Il fait le tour en diligence” (261).
13. “They returned . . . damage they had sustained”: “Les alliez ne songèrent plus qu’à rentrer dans leur camp, & à réparer leur perte” (263).
14. “by the general desolation . . . ambition”: “trouve dans cette destruction générale son plaisir & sa gloire” (264).
15. “Sometimes he prescribed sudorifics”: “Tantôt il donnoit des remèdes qui faisoient suer” (265). Sudorifics cause or induce sweating (*OED*).
16. “consumptive cases”: “maux de langueur” (265).
17. “Even remedies . . . to the constitution”: “Les remèdes son eux-mêmes de véritables maux qui ruinent la nature” (265).
18. “rendering physic . . . he administered”: “& pour rendre les remèdes inutiles” (265).
19. “he did not suffer himself . . . intoxicated by it”: “mais il ne s’abandonnoit point à ce plaisir” (266).
20. “They did not know . . . his behaviour”: “ils ne savoient que croire; ils ne reconnoissent plus en lui le même homme” (267).
21. “corse”: Archaic and poetic form of *corpse* (*OED*).
22. “the most laborious duties of a commander”: “les plus rudes travaux de la guerre” (271).

Book XVIII

1. “*are doomed to suffer*”: “*les tourmens que souffrent*” (272).
2. “his nakedness”: These words were added by Smollett.
3. “Come . . . let me die”: “Allons, mourons, s’il le faut” (274).
4. “The ground . . . blasted”: “La terre aride y languissoit” (274).
5. “they chose . . . amorous lays”: “ils alloient chanter leurs amours sous un ciel plus doux” (275).
6. “There the bull . . . heifer”: “Le taureau fuyoit la genisse” (275).
7. “oaten pipe”: “musette” (275). An oaten pipe is a pipe made of an oaten straw (*OED*); a musette is actually a bagpipe.
8. “human species”: “hommes” (275).
9. “actuated by the filial duty”: “conduit par l’amour pieux” (275).
10. “Having uttered . . . mouth of the cave”: “Il dit, & redoublant ses pas, il se présenta hardiment” (276).
11. “hither bank he found”: “il découvre sur ce rivage” (276).
12. “I built a temple . . . divine worship”: “je me faisais adorer par les Babyloniens dans un temple de marbre” (276).
13. “Telemachus . . . in his sufferings”: “Télémaque touché de ce spectacle” (277).
14. “chimera”: “une fable & un songe” (277).
15. “weak, effeminate prince”: “homme lâche” (277).
16. “Pull him . . . lift him up”: “Tirez-le par sa chaîne; relevez-le malgré lui” (278).
17. “impartial”: “inflexible” (278).
18. “who singly watched his looks”: “qui attiroit seule ses regards” (279).
19. “watchings”: In this context, vigilant and unsleeping spirits (*OED*).
20. “thither make . . . all convenient dispatch”: “Hâte-toi d’y aller, & de sortir de mon empire” (279).
21. “three infernal judges”: Some sources list three judges of the dead, others four: Minos, Rhadamanthys, Aeacus, and Triptolemus.
22. “offered to their divinity”: This clause was added by Smollett.
23. “thunder-bolt”: Smollett here omits Fénelon’s “ne pouvoit se supporter lui-même” (282).
24. “in fine . . . my own vanity”: “j’étois moi-même mon idole” (282).
25. “consumes not the substance”: “il ne consume rien” (284).

Book XIX

1. “*grandfather*”: Arcesius was Telemachus’s great-grandfather. See guide to names, ARCESIUS.
2. “shoulders”: “poitrine” (287).
3. “sensation”: “soulagement” (287).

4. “it greatly affected him to see”: “il étoit effrayé” (287).
5. “Dog-star”: The star Sirius, in the constellation of Canis Major (Greater Dog). The influence of this brightest of the fixed stars, when rising with the sun, was supposed to cause excessive heat and other pernicious effects (*OED*).
6. “the ruthless North”: “les noirs aquilons” (288). The reference is, of course, to the north wind.
7. “gloomy gleam”: “lumiére sombre” (288).
8. “darkness visible”: “& qui n’est que ténébres” (289). Smollett here echoes Milton, *Paradise Lost*: “No light, but rather darkness visible” (1.63).
9. “without it’s blindfold rage and destruction”: “sans en avoir le trouble & l’aveuglement” (290). Figuratively, “blindfold” refers to anything that obscures judgment (*OED*).
10. “undiminished”: “nouvelle” (290).
11. “but by virtue of . . . immutable energy”: “mais en eux-mêmes avec une puissance immuable” (290).
12. “I am not at all surprised”: “Je te pardonne” (291).
13. “He is bound . . . due to the public”: “il se doit à tous les hommes qu’il gouverne, & il ne lui est jamais permis d’être à lui même” (292).
14. “by the hand of an ingenious artist”: “comme un habile ouvrier avec son burin” (293).
15. “his heart glowed with transport”: “il se sentoit ému & émbasé” (293).
16. “his shadowy form”: These words were added by Smollett.
17. “gloomy grove”: “sombre bocage” (295).
18. “had not . . . his cotemporary”: “si le fils de Thétis n’eût point été au monde dans le même tems” (295).
19. “polity”: “bonnes moeurs” (296).
20. “Be diligent and industrious”: “Appliquez-vous” (297).
21. “being but superficial”: “mais ils ignoroient la perfection du labourage” (298).
22. “rapt”: Enraptured (*OED*).
23. “bestowed . . . a true crown”: “& lui firent trouver ici la vraie royauté” (300).

Book XX

1. “by whom it was sequestered”: “avoit mis cette ville en dépôt” (302).
2. “In what a disagreeable situation will you be?”: “Où en serez vous?” (305).
3. “we banish”: “nous ayons horreur” (306).
4. “suggested to you”: “mis dans votre coeur” (306).
5. “in a milder tone he thus proceeded”: “radoucissant” (307).
6. “pass for your accomplice”: “qui paroîtra y aller secrètement de votre part” (308).
7. “On the back of this incident”: “Peu de tems après” (308). “On the back of”: Following, figuratively riding on the back of. This phrase occurs often in Smollett’s works.

8. “spirit”: Smollett here omits Fénelon’s “nommé Dioscore” (308).
9. “the eyes of the whole assembly”: “tout le monde” (309).
10. “I own, indeed . . . in that manner”: “J’avouë que ce roi ne le mérite pas” (309).
11. “plied”: Yielded.
12. “Did he issue orders?”: “Donnoit-il un ordre?” (310).
13. “thus preferred his prayer”: “prononça ces paroles” (311).
14. “hecatomb”: A great public sacrifice, originally of a hundred oxen; figuratively, a sacrifice of many victims (*OED*).
15. “who bit the ground”: “auxquels il avoit fait mordre la poussière” (314).
16. “indignation lightning from his eyes”: “l’indignation paroît dans ses yeux” (317).
17. “Minerva . . . a terrible pitch”: “Minerve avoit mis je ne sai quoi de terrible dans sa voix” (317).
18. “The impious Adrastus . . . draws near his end”: “l’impieAdraste touchoit enfin à sa dernière heure” (318).
19. “wild ash”: “ormeau” (319). This is the French name for an elm.
20. “caitiff”: Base, mean, despicable wretch (*OED*).
21. “sends him headlong”: “le précipite” (320).

Book XXI

1. “hope, that animates the heart of man”: “l’espérance qui est la vie du coeur de l’homme” (323).
2. “Many were the obligations I owed you”: “Je te dois mille & mille soins” (323).
3. “and his face . . . livery of death”: “avec la pâleur” (324).
4. “but not be too much in love with it”: “les fuir” (325).
5. “rule over them but as he ought”: “gouverner les hommes que selon les vrayes régles” (327).
6. “does not butcher”: “ne mange point” (327).
7. “I never . . . or governor”: “je n’aye jamais gouverné” (327).
8. “creatures”: “ouvrage” (327).
9. “While Telemachus harrangued in this manner”: “Pendant que Télémaque parloit ainsi” (329).
10. “desired”: “demandoit” (329).
11. “the sweet natal clime . . . drew my breath”: “cette douce lumière du pays où j’ai commencé de voir le jour en naissant” (329).
12. “his countenance . . . the ruthless Boreas”: “le visage de Télémaque se flétrit comme une belle fleur que les noirs aquilons viennent de ternir de leur souffle cruel” (330).
13. “debating the question . . . the Daunians”: “éxaminoient ce qu’ils devoient faire” (331).
14. “to nourish . . . tranquillity”: “à se nourrir tranquillement de la vérité” (332).
15. “in fine . . . free and independent”: “enfin à se passer des hommes” (332).

16. “but was extremely uneasy . . . stripped of their liberties”: “par la crainte de voir les Dauniens dans la servitude” (333).
17. “You see . . . to the highest pitch”: “Vous voyez, ô Dauniens, que nous avons donné à votre terre un roi capable d’en élever la gloire jusqu’au ciel” (335).

Book XXII

1. “than he had observed before”: This clause was added by Smollett.
2. “bosom . . . tenderness and joy”: “coeur fut ému de joye & de tendresse” (337).
3. “done any thing amiss”: “s’il n’avoit rien à se reprocher” (337).
4. “Who will now venture . . . torrent of their power?”: “Qui leur dira la vérité? Qui donnera des bornes au torrent?” (339).
5. “as arbitrary power”: “comme la trop grande autorité” (339).
6. “that keeps within his own sphere”: “car qui est-ce qui se fait justice?” (340).
7. “Hence a whole nation goes to wreck”: “Toute une nation se ruïne” (340).
8. “You was obliged . . . set them right”: “Il a falu que vous ayez travaillé seul contre un roi & contre tout son peuple pour les corriger” (341).
9. “Telemachus had such just notions”: “Télémaque si désabusé” (341).
10. “never quitted the path of virtue”: “jamais égarez” (341).
11. “who are vested with the executive power”: “ceux qui gouvernent” (342).
12. “His part . . . his figures”: “Il se réserve le soin de penser; il ne songe qu’à faire des traites hardis, qui donnent de la noblesse, de la vie, & de la passion à ses figures” (344).
13. “but if matters . . . in that manner”: “mais si les choses alloient ainsi” (344).
14. “Knavery ought to be . . . matters more essential”: “Il faut réprimer sévèrement la tromperie quand on la découvre; mais il faut compter sur quelque tromperie, si on ne veut point être véritablement trompé” (345).
15. “intend to . . . a wise administration”: “vous préparent un régime plein de sagesse” (345).
16. “I have felt . . . passion was”: “j’ai bien reconnu la profondeur de la playe” (346).
17. “from my memory”: This phrase was added by Smollett.
18. “if you had made . . . kind”: “si vous eussiez pris quelques détours” (348).

Book XXIII

1. “conservator”: Guardian, keeper (*OED*).
2. “soars superior to the power of kings”: “elle est au-dessus des rois” (351).
3. “Marriage . . . by such a conduct”: “Les mariages ont assez d’épines, sans leur donner encore cette amertume” (352).

4. “never pay . . . the rights of parents”: “mais ne payez jamais vos dettes, en sacrifiant les filles riches malgré leur parenté” (352).
5. “There is no other expedient left”: “il n’y a point de milieu” (352).
6. “before they . . . every amicable method?”: “sans avoir tenté toutes les voyes de douceur & d’humanité?” (353).
7. “implicitly”: “aveuglément” (353).
8. “Antiope . . . to engage in it”: “Antiope pleura, ne voulant point y aller” (354).
9. “The courser . . . herself dismounted”: “Le coursier chancelle, & est abattu. Antiope se voit par terre” (355).
10. “a vessel . . . ready to set sail”: “le vaisseau étoit déjà prêt” (356).
11. “imbecillity”: “foiblesse” (358). “Imbecillity” is weakness of character.
12. “little womanish scruples”: “les plus petites choses” (359).
13. “Telemachus . . . were just”: “Télémaque sentant la vérité de ces paroles, & piqué de ce reproche” (359).
14. “He would have spoke . . . utterance”: “il commençoit des paroles entrecoupées, n’en pouvoit achever aucune” (362).

Book XXIV

1. “for my instruction”: This phrase was added by Smollett.
2. “How can . . . of human nature?”: “Comment peut-on espérer de bien gouverner les hommes, si on ne les connoît pas?” (364).
3. “to trace . . . move their hearts”: “de tirer du fond de leur coeur toutes les ressources secrettes qui y sont” (364–65).
4. “and even relieve their wants”: This clause was added by Smollett.
5. “they throw themselves into the arms of flattery”: “ils se tournent vers la flatterie” (365).
6. “natural colours”: “naturel” (366).
7. “absolute authority”: “pouvoir sans bornes” (366–67).
8. “Have always . . . according to your views”: “Ayez toujours un ressort prêt pour les remuer à votre gré” (367).
9. “How many are tempted . . . raise themselves by virtue?”: “Combien y a-t-il d’hommes que la misère & l’impuissance de s’élever par la vertu, tentent de s’élever par le crime” (368).
10. “stranger . . . melancholy air”: “étranger inconnu qui avoit un air majestueux, mais triste & abattu” (369).
11. “the difference betwixt happiness and misery”: “la distance du bien & du mal” (370).
12. “correct them . . . wise and happy”: “qu’il les corrige en père, qu’il les rende sages & heureux” (370).
13. “A peevish . . . maxims that Mentor urged”: “Une humeur noire lui donnoit contre

ses véritables sentimens un esprit de contradiction & de subtilité pour rejeter les véritez que Mentor expliquoit” (371).

14. “He would have . . . native country”: “Il se trouveroit trop heureux que l’oracle ne lui eût jamais promis la royauté: il ne lui reste aucune espérance de revoir jamais sa patrie” (373).
15. “He could not help sympathizing . . . native country”: “Son coeur étoit attendri pour un homme vertueux, errant, malheureux, destiné aux plus grandes choses, & servant de jouët à une rigoureuse fortune loin de sa patrie” (374).
16. “bottomless pit”: “puits profond” (376).
17. “how oddly men are made”: “comment les hommes sont faits” (376).
18. “the gods . . . your wishes”: “les Dieux vous tiennent ainsi en suspens” (377).
19. “facts, of which you was a witness”: “des expériences sensibles” (379).
20. “of having him for your model”: “de marcher sur ses pas” (379).

GUIDE TO NAMES

Various “keys” exist for the characters in *Télémaque*, but none is traceable to Fénelon. Created in the initial belief that *Télémaque* was a political satire on the French court, these spurious guides, which began appearing soon after the work’s publication in 1699, linked royal figures with various characters of the story: Telemachus was the duc de Bourgogne, and Mentor, of course, Fénelon; Pygmalion was Louis XIV, and the avaricious Astarbe was his morganatic wife, Madame de Maintenon; and so on, with many different combinations possible. Fénelon, however, insisted that he had intended no satire in his work, although he conceded in fragments of his *Mémoire* that a certain allegorical dimension existed: “It is true that I have placed in these adventures all the important truths of governing, and all the faults that one can find in a powerful sovereign: but I have not marked any character with affectations that create a portrait, or a character.” Thus, no attempt has been made in this guide to identify mythological characters as representations of actual personages of European royalty.

Fénelon drew upon the vast resources of Greek and Roman mythology to populate *Télémaque*, generally preferring Roman to Greek names, though he mixed them somewhat freely. The guide follows Fénelon’s practice exactly, listing as main entries only the names mentioned in the narrative. Within entries, however, it is frequently necessary for the sake of accuracy and clarity to use Greek names. That is, if the identifying information is from Greek history or mythology, the Greek names are used; similarly, if the information is from Roman history or mythology, Roman names are used. The reader may be helped by the following reminder of the more important correspondences between Greek and Roman names, familiar as most of them are.

<i>Greek</i>	<i>Roman</i>	<i>Greek</i>	<i>Roman</i>
Aphrodite	Venus	Heracles	Hercules
Athena	Minerva	Hermes	Mercury
Artemis	Diana	Odysseus	Ulysses
Demeter	Ceres	Persephone	Proserpine
Dionysus	Bacchus	Poseidon	Neptune
Hades	Pluto	Zeus	Jupiter
Hera	Juno		

In appropriating characters from classical mythology, Fénelon adjusted them to suit his work’s highly moral quality, frequently sanitizing mortals and

gods alike of objectionable qualities or deliberately choosing the interpretation of characters or adventures most congenial to the intended lesson of the narrative. He also imposed Christian virtues upon certain characters, such as Jupiter.

Télémaque's large range of characters actually can be divided into two categories: figures drawn directly from classical sources, and characters whom Fénelon invented to serve his didactic purpose, many of them with names borrowed from or suggested by mythology. Whatever the category, the characters reveal Fénelon's immersion in Greek-Roman tradition. The gods and goddesses of Olympus, the world, and the underworld make many appearances; some take active parts, such as Jupiter, Venus, and Neptune, and some are merely referred to, such as Mars, Vulcan, and Diana. The chief characters, including Telemachus, Mentor, Ulysses, Idomeneus, and Calypso, are borrowed from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, as well as from related stories, with their characters and adventures modified or extended to suit Fénelon's narrative. Many of the kings and warriors Telemachus encounters are also taken from mythology.

The method of individual entries within the guide is as follows. Characters from mythology are provided with histories; characters wholly invented by Fénelon are identified as such, and their roles are briefly described. The two major battles in which Telemachus engages, and during which a good many characters make their only appearance in the narrative, are designated "first battle" (the attack made by Adrastus and his Mandurians upon the allied camp, Book XVI) and "second battle" (the war between Adrastus and the allies, Book XX). The listing is alphabetical; alternate spelling of a name is given in parentheses immediately following the main entry. Cross-referencing is very selective, as names from Fénelon's narrative mentioned within individual entries may be found separately listed in the guide. In volume 2 of *Télémaque* Fénelon frequently refers to cities and regions by peoples, such as the Messapiums, Peucetes, and the Sipontines; such names are cross-referenced to the guide to places.

Information for this list has been taken largely from *Lemprière's Classical Dictionary of Proper Names Mentioned in Ancient Authors Writ Large*, 3d ed. (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1984). First published in 1788, and recently updated by an exhaustive reediting, this dictionary is particularly relevant to *Télémaque*, which was widely praised as the eighteenth century's worthy contribution to the classical epics. Other information has been taken from Pierre Grimal, *Dictionnaire de la mythologie Grecque et Romaine* (Paris: Presses Universitaires de France, 1982); *New Century Classical Handbook*, ed. Catherine B. Avery (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1962); *Oxford Companion*

to *Classical Literature*, comp. and ed. Paul Harvey (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1962); and Gustav Schwab, *Gods and Heroes* (1946; rpt., Random House, 1974).

ACANTUS. A spy for King Adrastus; invented by Fénelon.

ACESTES. King of Drepanum in Sicily, who assisted Priam during the Trojan War and later helped Aeneas to bury his father Anchises on Mount Eryx, in Sicily.

ACHILLES. A Greek hero of the Trojan War and slayer of Hector. In the *Iliad* he is highly respected for his prowess, mercy, and generosity, but is shown to be sulky, driven to unseemly deeds by his ungovernable anger. See PATROCLUS.

ACHITOAS. An entertainer on board Adoam's ship; invented by Fénelon.

ADMETUS. A mortal king of Pherae for whom Apollo, after being banished from Olympia, served as shepherd for nine years.

ADOAM. A Phoenician captain who rescues Telemachus and Mentor after they escape Calypso's island; invented by Fénelon.

ADONIS. A hunter, and beloved of Venus, who was killed by a wild boar he had wounded. Venus changed him into a flower called anemone. He was restored to life by Proserpine.

ADRASTUS. The cruel but capable king of the Daunians and invader of Hesperia. Telemachus slays him in the second battle (Book XX). Fénelon may have borrowed the name from Adrastus, the legendary king of Argos, who led the expedition known as the "Seven against Thebes" at the time of the conflict of Polynices and Eteocles, sons of Oedipus, over who should rule the kingdom. A number of figures in history and legend, however, are named Adrastus; the name appears, for example, in both the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*.

AENEAS. Son of Anchises and Aphrodite, or Venus. After the destruction of Troy, Aeneas flees with his father. He then gathers a fleet and, after a series of adventures, reaches Italy. In Book I, Fénelon invents a chance meeting between Aeneas's fleet and the ship in which Telemachus and Mentor are sailing to Sicily.

AEOLUS. The son of Poseidon, Greek god of the sea; commonly identified as the Lord of the Winds.

AESCULAPIUS (ESCVLAPIUS). The famed physician and god of medicine who tended soldiers at the Trojan War.

AGAMEMNON. The king of Mycenae and Argos and commander in chief at Troy. On his return home he was murdered by his wife Clytemnestra and her lover, Aegisthus.

AJAX. A Greek hero of the Trojan War who, when the arms of the slain Achilles were given to Odysseus rather than to himself, went mad with rage and eventually committed suicide.

ALCEUS. A character invented by Fénelon to serve as Pisistratus's tutor. Fénelon also calls this same character Callimachus.

ALCIDES. See **HERCULES**.

ALCINOUS. The king of Pheacia and an important character in the *Odyssey*. He welcomes Odysseus and then listens to his adventures before providing him a ship to sail for Ithaca. Odysseus, or Ulysses, seems to be in the court of Alcinous while Telemachus is undergoing the adventures recounted by Fénelon.

ALCMENA. More commonly Alcmene. The mother of Heracles by Zeus, who seduced her despite her reputation for extreme chastity.

AMPHIMACHUS. Although a figure of this name appears in Apollodorus as a suitor to Helen, Fénelon only borrows the name for a warrior whom Telemachus slays in the second battle (Book XX).

AMPHITRITE. A daughter of Nereus, and thus one of the Nereids; known as the queen of the sea, she was the wife of Neptune, or Poseidon, by whom she had a son, Triton.

ANCHINOE. The daughter of the river god, Nilus, and the wife of Belus, one of the twin sons of Poseidon.

ANCHISES. The father of Aeneas by Aphrodite.

ANTIOCHUS. The eldest son of Nestor, alongside whom he fought in the Trojan War. His ashes were laid to rest with those of the two other great heroes of the war, Achilles and Patroclus.

ANTIOPE. The virtuous daughter of Idomeneus, courted by Telemachus. Although a number of figures in myth are called Antiope, Fénelon only borrows the name.

ANTIPHATES. The king of the Lestrigons, an ancient gigantic race of Sicily; in the *Odyssey*, Odysseus, while sailing for home, lands on the Lestrigonian coast and sends three of his men to explore the country. Antiphates devours one of the men, chases the others, and sinks all of the fleet with stones, except Odysseus's own ship.

APOLLO OR PHOEBUS. The god of archery, medicine, music, and prophecy; also the god of light (Phoebus: "the bright") and youth; sometimes identified with the sun.

APULIANS. See guide to places, **APULIA**.

ARACHNE. A supremely skillful weaver who successfully challenged Athena in a contest of skill; when the enraged goddess destroyed her tapestry, she committed suicide and was changed into a spider.

ARCESIUS. A son of Jupiter; great-grandfather of Telemachus and grandfather of Ulysses.

ARCHIDAMUS. An Oebelian warrior who saves the life of Philoctetes in the second battle (Book XX). Fénelon's borrowing of the name is appropriate, for the several characters in history and mythology who bear it are all warriors.

ARGONAUTS. The men who sailed to Colchis with Jason in the ship *Argo*, to recover the golden fleece. To accompany him in his journey, undertaken to prove his birthright and thus claim his inheritance as ruler of his native city of Iolcos, Jason gathered fifty of the chief heroes of Greece, including Hercules, Castor and Pollux, and Orpheus.

ARIADNE. The daughter of King Minos of Crete, Ariadne helped Theseus to kill the Minotaur and then escaped with him. Later, Theseus abandoned her on the island of Naxos, where Dionysus found and married her. See guide to places, **NAXOS**.

ARION. A confederate with the spy Acantus, discovered and questioned by Telemachus. Fénelon may have borrowed the name from a semimythical lyric poet and musician, or from a legendary horse that belonged to Adrastus, king of Argos.

ARISTODEMUS. An impoverished but virtuous Cretan whom Mentor nominates as the king of Crete; invented by Fénelon.

ARISTOGITON. A warrior slain by Adrastus in battle (Book XX); his name may have been suggested by the historical Aristogiton (sixth century B.C.), who, with his lover Harmodius, killed Hipparchus, the infamous tyrant of Athens.

ASTARBE. The wicked paramour of Pygmalion; invented by Fénelon.

ASTRAEA. The goddess of justice, daughter of Jupiter; because of the wickedness and impiety that set in among humanity after the end of the Golden Age, she retired to heaven and became the constellation Virgo.

ATALANTA. An Arcadian huntress who refused to marry any suitor who could not defeat her in a footrace. Hippomanes (more commonly Hippomenes), on the advice of Aphrodite, distracted her by dropping three golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides in her path; he won the race and married her.

ATHAMAS. The pilot of Adoam's ship; bewitched by Venus, he carries Telemachus to Salentum. This character, invented by Fénelon, may be based on a king of Thebes (Boeotia) who was possessed by the Furies.

ATLAS. For his part in the Titans' revolt against Zeus, Atlas was obliged to support the heavens with his shoulders.

ATREUS. The infamous father of Agamemnon and Menelaus. To punish his brother Thyestes for debauching his wife, Atreus served him the flesh of his children by this union, thus offending the gods.

- ATRIDAE.** The trouble-ridden family of Atreus, his brother Thyestes, and his two sons, Agamemnon and Menelaus.
- ATYS.** More commonly Attis. His father was the hermaphroditic son of Zeus, Agdistis, who was castrated by the other gods. Several stories are told of Attis; in the best known and most dramatic of these, Agdistis, now completely female, falls in love with her own son, a youth of great beauty. Horrified, Attis castrates himself, shortly thereafter dying of the wound.
- AURORA.** The goddess (Greek, Eos) whose rosy fingers opened the heavenly gates for the chariot of the sun, thus heralding the dawn.
- BACCHUS.** The god of wine and revelry, Roman counterpart of the Greek Dionysus; son of Jupiter by Semele. Bacchus was prematurely born when the jealous Juno tricked Semele into requesting that Jupiter appear before her in all his radiance, an appearance that instantly burned and destroyed her. Jupiter took the baby from the ashes and hid him in his thigh, from which he was subsequently born a second time. Fénelon presents Bacchus both positively as one who helps banish the “cares of man” and negatively as an effeminate, languishing creator of trouble.
- BALEAZAR.** The son of Pygmalion; invented by Fénelon.
- BELLEROPHON.** Chiefly famous for slaying the monstrous Chimera with the aid of the winged horse Pegasus.
- BELLONA.** The Roman goddess of war, and in some accounts the wife of Mars. Bellona is often described as furiously driving her own chariot while carrying a whip or a torch in her hand.
- BELUS.** Sources variously identify Belus as the son of Poseidon and as king of Egypt or Babylonia, but agree that after his death he was worshiped as a god.
- BOAR OF CALYDON.** For the neglect of her altars, Artemis sent a wild boar to ravage Calydon, a city of Etolia. Meleager, a noble Etolian, heroically killed the boar, saving the city; he presented its remains to Atalanta, whom he loved.
- BOCCHORIS.** The effeminate, avaricious son of Sesostris; after taking the Egyptian throne on his father’s death, he is soon killed by the invading Phoenician army. Perhaps Fénelon is being ironic in his choice of name, as Diodorus describes a Bocchoris who is a “wise king and legislator of Egypt.”
- BOREAS.** The north wind personified as a god. In Homer, the winds Boreas and Zephyrus are described as living in a cave in Thrace and being subject both to the will of the gods and to the prayers of men.
- BRUTIANS.** These people may have been called Brutii because of their alleged stupidity and cowardice, but their name was possibly taken from Abruzzi, a region of central Italy.

- BUTIS.** A cruel shepherd who persecutes Telemachus during his servitude in Egypt; invented by Fénelon.
- CACUS.** A thief and fire god, in some accounts the son of Vulcan; his three heads vomited flames. After he stole cows from the herd belonging to Hercules, the affronted hero strangled him.
- CALLIMACHUS.** A character invented by Fénelon to serve as Pisistratus's tutor. His name may have been suggested by Callimachus, a learned critic and poet of the fourth century B.C. Fénelon also calls this same character Alceus.
- CALYPSO.** A demigoddess who welcomes Telemachus and Mentor to her island, Ogygia. Presented by Fénelon as a jealous woman, vulnerable to the scheming Venus and Cupid, she assumes a harsher character than the lonely and sympathetic Calypso in the *Odyssey*.
- CARIANS.** See guide to places, **CARIA**.
- CARPATHIANS.** See guide to places, **CARPATHIUM**.
- CASTOR and POLLUX.** Twin brothers, born of Jupiter and Leda; fiercely loyal to each other, they distinguished themselves in war and exploration and were equally strong and courageous. Castor excelled at horse training, Pollux at boxing.
- CECROPS.** The mythical founder of Athens. A native of Egypt, Cecrops colonized Attica and cultivated the rude inhabitants with laws and regulations.
- CENTAURS.** Creatures, half man, half horse. Invited to the wedding of Pirithous, king of the Lapithae (or Lapiths) in Thessaly, the Centaurs attempted to carry off the bride and her women. In the resulting battle the Centaurs were defeated.
- CERBERUS.** The three-headed watchdog chained at the gate to Hades, where he terrified the souls who entered and prevented any from leaving.
- CERES.** The Roman goddess of agriculture; in Greek, Demeter.
- CHARON.** Guardian of the underworld and also the peevish ferryman who carried the dead in his boat across the river Styx to Hades.
- CHARYBDIS.** See **SCYLLA** and **CHARYBDIS**.
- CHIMERA.** A fantastic monster with the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon. See **BELLEROPHON**.
- CIRCE.** A magician who lived on the isle of Aea; she was the daughter of the Sun and, on the side of her mother Perseis, the granddaughter of Oceanus, greatest god of the sea. In the *Odyssey*, Circe invites Odysseus's hungry crew to dine in her palace, where she turns them into various animals. With the help of Hermes (in his capacity as guide to travelers), Odysseus outwits her and retrieves his crew.

CLEANTHES. A warrior killed by Telemachus in the second battle (Book XX). Although without apparent mythical origins, Cleanthes is provided with an elaborate history. Perhaps Fénelon borrowed the name from Cleanthes, the Stoic philosopher.

CLEOMENES. In Book XVI, Fénelon uses this name for a warrior slain by Telemachus; in Book XXIV, he gives the name to Ulysses in disguise.

CLYTEMNESTRA. The wife of Agamemnon; with her lover, Aegisthus, she murdered her husband upon his homecoming from the Trojan War.

CRANTOR. In Book V, Fénelon uses this name for the young Lacedaemonian who competes with Telemachus at the games on Crete; in Book XX, he uses the name for a warrior slain by Telemachus in the second battle.

CRETANS. See guide to places, CRETE.

CROTONIATES. See guide to places, CROTONA.

CUPID. The god of love (Greek, Eros), generally presented as a charming, mischievous boy. Fénelon's portrait emphasizes his maliciousness in carrying out the worst intentions of his mother, Venus, by infecting people with inordinate love.

CYCLOPS. A race of one-eyed giants, of whom Polyphemus is the best known. The Cyclops were thought to be the workmen of Vulcan and to have forged the thunderbolts of Jupiter.

DANAIDS. The fifty daughters of Danaus, king of Argos. Danaus, when he learned that one of his daughters' husbands planned to kill him, ordered them all to slay their new husbands with their own hands. Some accounts refer to the pardoning of the Danaids, but Fénelon prefers that in which they are punished in Hades, where they eternally fill a bucket riddled with holes.

DANAUS. See DANAIDS.

DAUNIANS. A people of northern Apulia, called Daunia after King Daunus, who settled there. Fénelon substitutes Adrastus for Daunus as the king of the Daunians. See guide to places, APULIA.

DEDALUS. More commonly Daedalus, an ingenious Athenian artist who built a famous labyrinth for King Minos of Crete; according to some stories, it was modeled on a similar but inferior structure in Egypt, possibly that mentioned in Pliny, *Pomponius Mela* 1.9, as having been built in 1800 B.C. near the lake Moeris. The labyrinth held the Minotaur, a monster, half man, half bull, who devoured victims sent there. Theseus, who had heroically offered himself in sacrifice, killed the Minotaur and then escaped the labyrinth by following Ariadne's suggestion that he use a ball of thread.

DEJANIRA. The wife of Hercules; in Greek, Deianeira. When Nessus, a Centaur, offered violence to her after carrying her across a flooded river, Hercules shot him with a poisoned arrow. As he died, Nessus advised Dejanira

to keep some of his blood to smear on a garment for Hercules, so that she might win back her husband's love if he was ever unfaithful to her. After Hercules fell in love with Iole and brought her home, Dejanira followed Nessus's instructions; Hercules died painfully when he put on the garment.

DEMOLEON. A warrior slain by Telemachus in the second battle (Book XX); invented by Fénelon.

DEMOPHANTES. A citizen of Venusium who seeks revenge on Adrastus by offering help to Telemachus; invented by Fénelon.

DEUCALION. The father of Idomeneus, king of Crete; not to be confused with the son of Prometheus. According to Virgil's *Georgics*, Deucalion was a son of Minos and one of the Argonauts.

DIANA. The Greek goddess Artemis. She has three forms: in the sky she is Phoebe, or Luna, the moon; on earth she is Diana, a huntress-maiden; and in the underworld she is Hecate, the queen of ghosts and magicians.

DIDO. A Phoenician princess, founder and queen of Carthage. In the *Aeneid*, she is the lover of Aeneas; when he leaves her, she kills herself.

DIODRIDES. The wise, compassionate king of Caria; invented by Fénelon.

DIOMEDE (DIOMEDES). A former companion of Ulysses in the Trojan War. At Troy he wounded Venus and, like Ulysses, was hounded with bad fortune by the angry goddess. Fénelon alters the story of Diomedes slightly by having him settle Arpi at Telemachus's behest.

DIOPHANES. A priest of Apollo who has clashed with Heliodorus, priest of Jupiter; invented by Fénelon. Diophanes assumes a much larger role in George Stubbes's elaborate sequel to the original work, *A New Adventure of Telemachus* (1731).

DOLOPIANS. See guide to places, **DOLOPIA**.

ECHO. A demigoddess or sometimes a nymph. Repulsed by Narcissus when she fell in love with him, she pined away and was changed into a stone, which retained the power of voice but could only repeat what was heard.

EGYPTUS. The eponymous founder of Egypt. The son of Belus and his wife, Anchinoë, he was the descendant of Poseidon on his father's side and of the river Nile on his mother's side.

EPIROTES. See guide to places, **EPHROS**.

ERIX. The son of Venus. Of great strength, he challenged all strangers to fight him with a cestus. Hercules, upon accepting his challenge, killed him.

ERYCHTHON. Erichthonios, son of Hephaestus and the Earth and one of the first kings of Athens, invented money and then worried about its pernicious effects. After his subjects became corrupted and forgot the agricultural improvements he introduced, he withdrew into a cave.

ESCALAPIUS. See **AESCALAPIUS**.

EUCHARIS. A nymph on Calypso's island who falls passionately in love with Telemachus and earns the wrath of Calypso; invented by Fénelon. Although lacking mythical origins, Eucharis took on a life of her own in eighteenth-century works based on *Telemachus*: Tomaso Traetta's *Telemaco* (1757), George Graham's *Telemachus, a Masque* (1763), and Lady Sophia Burrell's *Telemachus* (1794). These works concentrated largely on the triangle of Calypso, Telemachus, and Eucharis.

EUMEUS. The herdsman and steward of Odysseus, who in the *Odyssey* recognized and welcomed his master upon his homecoming and helped him rid the hall of Penelope's suitors.

EUNESIMUS. A compassionate king of Pylos who sacrificed himself to save his people from the plague.

EUPHORION. A warrior slain by Telemachus in the first battle (Book XVI); invented by Fénelon.

EUROPA. The daughter of Agenor, king of Phoenicia and Telephassa. Zeus, disguised as a bull, abducted Europa and carried her to Crete, where he assumed his original shape and declared his love. She consented to receive him (in some versions of the story, she is raped) and became the mother of Minos, Sarpedon, and Rhadamanthus. Afterward she married Asterius, king of Crete, who adopted the children as his own.

EURYDICE. The wife of Orpheus. Killed by a snake, Eurydice is allowed by Proserpine to rejoin her husband after he descends into the underworld and charms Hades with his music. Though warned not to look back at her as she follows him out, Orpheus forgets, and she vanishes forever.

EURYMACHUS. A spy for Adrastus; invented by Fénelon.

EURYMEDES. A warrior slain by Telemachus in the second battle (Book XX); invented by Fénelon.

EUSILAS. A warrior slain by Adrastus in the second battle (Book XX); invented by Fénelon.

EUTYPHRON. A warrior slain by Adrastus in the second battle (Book XX); invented by Fénelon.

FATES OR DESTINIES. The goddesses Atropos, Clotho, and Lachesis, who guide the destinies of all mortals.

FAUNS. Spirits of the countryside.

FURIES. The Erinyes, three snaky-haired, hideous sisters born of the blood of the mutilated Uranus, the sky god who was castrated by his son Kronos. In some accounts named Tisiphone, Allecto, and Megaera, they avenge bloodshed and fill humankind with anger and hatred.

GANYMEDE. A Trojan youth abducted by Zeus because of his beauty to serve as his cupbearer on Olympus.

GIGANTES. Creatures of uncommon strength and size, related to the Titans; some had multiple heads and arms, and serpents for legs. Incensed at the defeat of the Titans by the Olympic gods, the giants conspired to dethrone the latter and scaled the walls of heaven. The gods, unable to resist the rocks, burning oaks, and whole forests launched at them, fled to Egypt and assumed the forms of various animals. Zeus armed his son Heracles, who soon put the giants to flight.

GRACES. Goddesses of beauty (Greek, Charites). They were three sisters named Euphrosyne (joy), Thalia (bloom), and Aglaea (brightness). Musicians who sometimes sang with the Muses on Olympus, they were also weavers of robes and girdles; they frequently accompanied Athena and also Aphrodite and Dionysus.

HAZAEEL. A Syrian gentleman who buys Mentor from the Ethiopians, meets Telemachus in Cyprus, and journeys with them to Crete; invented by Fénelon.

HEBE. The personification of youth and cupbearer of the gods; the daughter of Zeus and Hera, she was the wife of Heracles on Olympus.

HECATE. See DIANA.

HECTOR. The son of Priam and the principal Trojan warrior in the *Iliad*; he was slain by Achilles. In the *Iliad* Homer contrasts Achilles with Hector, an affectionate man, devoted to his wife and child, and noble in life and death.

HEGESIPPUS. Idomeneus's aide, who carries Protesilaus into exile in Samos and, while there, convinces the exiled Philocles to come with him to Salentum; invented by Fénelon.

HELEN. The daughter of Zeus and Leda and wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. Astonishingly beautiful, she was removed to Troy by Paris, which was the cause of the Trojan War. In the *Odyssey* Helen welcomes Telemachus to Sparta, where he questions Menelaus about Odysseus.

HELENUS. The son of Priam, king of Troy, and a celebrated seer who predicted the fall of the city.

HELIODORUS. A priest of Apollo in Salentum; invented by Fénelon. Though a minor character in *Telemachus*, Heliodorus assumes major importance in George Stubbes's sequel, *A New Adventure of Telemachus* (1731).

HERCULES. In Greek, Heracles, the mystical name given to him by Apollo. Fénelon refers to him variously, sometimes calling him by his original name, Alcides. Son of Zeus and Alcmene, he is legendary for strength and

mighty feats. He is characterized by Fénelon as a great but tragic figure whose strength cannot protect him from his passions. See DEJANIRA.

HETRURIANS. See guide to places, HETRURIA.

HILEUS. A warrior slain by Telemachus in the second battle (Book XX); invented by Fénelon.

HIPPIAS. The brother of Phalantus, king of Tarentum; invented by Fénelon. Headstrong and violent, he is defeated by Telemachus in a confrontation and later killed in the first battle (Book XVI).

HIPPOCOON. A warrior slain by Telemachus in the second battle (Book XX); invented by Fénelon.

HIPPOLYTUS. The unfortunate bastard son of Theseus and Hippolyta. Accused by his stepmother, Phaedra, of seducing her, he was condemned to death by his father, who called upon Poseidon to destroy him.

HIPPOMACHUS. The nephew of Idomeneus, Hippomachus competes against Telemachus in the games at Crete; invented by Fénelon.

HIPPOMANES. See ATALANTA.

HYDRA OF LERNA. A multiheaded water snake that infested Lake Lerna in the Peloponnesus. One of the labors of Hercules was to destroy the monster.

HYLAS. Companion of Hercules who, on the Argonautic expedition, was sent for water on the isle of Mysia. Nymphs, enamored of his beauty, drew him into a spring. Hercules abandoned the expedition to search for him.

HYMEN. The god of marriage, personified in Greek bridal song and the leader of the wedding procession; variously identified as the son of Apollo and one of the Muses, or of Dionysus and Aphrodite.

HYMERIANS. A savage people who inhabited the Nebrodes in Sicily and attempted to invade the Trojan colony ruled by Acestes. Fénelon apparently invented these people.

ICARIUS. The father of Penelope. According to one version of Penelope's story, Icarius gave his daughter in marriage to Odysseus as a prize for his victory in a footrace.

IDOMENEUS. The king of Crete and founder of Salentum; grandson of Minos, great-grandson of Zeus and Europa. The *Odyssey* tells of Idomeneus's happy welcome upon returning to Crete after the Trojan War. Another version of his story, more relevant to *Télémaque*, tells of how, as his fleet neared the end of the voyage home from the war, it was caught in a storm, prompting him to vow that he would sacrifice the first thing he saw in his kingdom if he arrived safely. When this proved to be his own son, he nevertheless carried out his grim promise. Thereupon a plague broke out across Crete, and Idomeneus

was driven into exile. He migrated to southernmost Italy and founded the city of Salentum on the coast of Calabria, where he ruled well and died in extreme old age. Fénelon blends this story of Idomeneus into his own, adjusting events and characters for the benefit of Telemachus's education. See also **PROTESILAUS**.

INACHUS. A river god and the founder and king of Argos. In some accounts, he gathered together a group of people after the Deucalion flood sent by Zeus to punish humankind, and then established a new kingdom.

IOLE. The beautiful daughter of Eurytus, king of Oechalia; Hercules fell in love with her. See **DEJANIRA**.

IPHICLES. A son of Adrastus slain by Telemachus in the first battle (Book XVI); invented by Fénelon.

IRIS. A messenger of the gods, in particular Zeus and Hera; most often shown with wings and dressed in thin silk, which in sunlight took the colors of the rainbow. She was thus the personification of the rainbow and, more broadly, of the relationship between gods and mortals.

ITHACIANS. See guide to places, **ITHACA**.

IXION. A foolish mortal who repaid Zeus's kindness to him by attempting to seduce Hera. Zeus formed a cloud to resemble Hera, and by her Ixion became the father of the Centaurs. To punish him, Zeus ordered Ixion tied to a burning wheel and gave him a magic draft that made him immortal, so that his suffering was endless.

JOAZAR. A young, effeminate Lydian; invented by Fénelon. Astarbe, after murdering Pygmalion, attempts to install Joazar as king of Tyre.

JUPITER. The Roman name for Zeus, the supreme Olympian god. Fénelon, however, transforms Jupiter into a pseudo-Christian deity, all wise and all virtuous.

LACEDAEMONIANS. See guide to places, **LACEDAEMON**.

LAERTES. The former king of Ithaca and aged father of Odysseus. In the *Odyssey* he is still alive when his son returns to Ithaca after the Trojan War.

LAOMEDON. The king of Troy and father of Priam. Laomedon built the walls of the city, employing Apollo and Poseidon. He refused to pay them, and they set a sea monster upon the city. Laomedon accepted the help of Heracles to defend Troy, and promised the hero that he could have his famous horses. When Heracles found himself also defrauded, he captured the city.

LAPITHAE. See **CENTAURS**.

LATONA. The mother of Apollo and Diana by Jupiter; in Greek, Leto.

LESBIANS. See guide to places, **LESBOS**.

LESTRIGONS. See ANTIPHATES.

LEUCOTHOE. The chief of Calypso's attending nymphs. Fénelon may have taken the name from the story of Ino, daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia, who is transformed at her death into the sea goddess Leucothea (or Leucothea), the White Goddess, who guided sailors in storms.

LINUS. A mortal who taught music to Hercules; his pupil killed him in a fit of anger, striking him on the head with his lyre when Linus attempted to punish him for ineptness. In another version of the story Linus was killed by Apollo when he dared compare himself to the god.

LOCRIANS. See guide to places, LOCRI.

LUCANIANS. See guide to places, LUCANIA.

LYCHAS. The unfortunate messenger who brought Nessus's poisoned shirt to Hercules and was killed by Hercules in the agony of his pain. See DEJANIRA.

LYCIANS. See guide to places, LYCIA.

LYCOMEDES. The king of Scyros and the foster father of Achilles.

LYDIANS. See guide to places, LYDIA.

MACHAON. The son of Aesculapius; in the *Iliad* a suitor of Helen and thus a participant in the Trojan War, during which he served the Greek forces as a surgeon.

MAENADES. Alternately Maenads (meaning "possessed"), who were the Bacchantes, priestesses or female followers of Bacchus.

MALACHON. A victim of Astarbe, who orders his death when he does not return her love; invented by Fénelon.

MANDURIANS. See guide to places, MANDURIA.

MARS. The Greek Ares. The god of war, Mars was detested by the Greeks and honored by the Romans.

MENECRATES. A warrior slain by Telemachus in the second battle (Book XX); invented by Fénelon.

MENELAUS. King of Sparta, brother of Agamemnon and husband of Helen, whose abduction by Paris precipitates the Trojan War. In the *Odyssey*, Telemachus visits Menelaus and Helen to inquire after his father before journeying to Pylos.

MENTOR. In the *Odyssey*, Mentor is the trusted friend and comrade of Odysseus, who, on leaving for Troy, appoints him to oversee his house. The goddess Athena assumes the form of Mentor on several occasions, most importantly when she takes Telemachus away from the suitors and sails with him to Pylos and Sparta. Mentor has become a proverbial name for a wise, faithful adviser.

MERCURY. The Greek Hermes, messenger of the gods, chiefly responsible for delivering the dead to Hades.

MERION (MERIONES). A faithful companion and charioteer of Idomeneus who accompanied the king to the Trojan War, where he distinguished himself.

MESSAPIUMS. See guide to places, **MESSAPIA**.

METOPHIS. Sesostri's crafty aide who condemns Mentor and Telemachus to slavery; invented by Fénelon.

MINERVA. The Romans associated Minerva with the Greek goddess Pallas Athena. She is the daughter of Jupiter, patroness of the city and home and of domestic arts, especially spinning and weaving. She is usually pictured as a woman dressed in armor, carrying a spear and the aegis, or breastplate. In the *Iliad* she favors Odysseus, and in the *Odyssey* she assists him in returning to Ithaca. See **MENTOR**.

MINOS. King Minos of Crete, son of Zeus and Europa, had a reputation for both good and evil; Fénelon prefers the tradition of the wise king and compiler of laws who, after death, continued to dispense justice in the underworld.

MORPHEUS. The god of dreams and sleep.

MUSES. The nine daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne who preside over literature and the arts.

NABOPHARZAN. A murdered Babylonian king who relates his story to Telemachus as they are ferried across the river Styx; invented by Fénelon.

NAIADS. Lesser divinities, presiding over flowing waters, characterized as young and beautiful virgins.

NARBAL. A friendly and instructive Tyrian sea captain who protects Telemachus against Pygmalion; invented by Fénelon.

NARCISSUS. A beautiful youth who fell in love with his own image in a spring. In some versions he pined away with grief and in others he drowned himself in the spring because of his inability to approach the adored object.

NAUPLIUS. The king of Euboea, whose son, Palamedes, exposed Odysseus's feigned madness when the latter sought to avoid fulfilling his oath to participate in the expedition to bring back the abducted Helen from Troy; Palamedes was thus responsible for forcing Odysseus into the Trojan War. In revenge Odysseus arranged for his death. Nauplius, vowing his own revenge in turn, lit fires near dangerous rocks of the promontory of Caphareus to lure the Greek fleet as they were returning from Troy. When Odysseus and Diomedes escaped shipwreck, Nauplius threw himself into the sea in his rage.

NAUSERATES (NAUSICRATES). A friendly Cretan, invented by Fénelon, who tells Telemachus, Mentor, and Hazael of Idomeneus's misfortunes and of the games held to choose his successor.

NEMESIS. The goddess of justice and equity and the personification of divine vengeance, who also embodies the Greek belief that all excess represents a threat to divine order and will therefore be punished. See **FATES**.

NEOPTOLEMUS. Literally, “new soldier.” The son of Achilles, Neoptolemus joined the Greek forces after his father’s death. In Fénelon’s story, he is the modest, respectful Neoptolemus invented by Sophocles for his play *Philoctetes*, rather than the mythological character whose bravery, as when he slew Priam and hurled Astyanax from the walls of Troy, became cruelty.

NEPTUNE. The Romans associated Neptune with the Greek god of the sea, Poseidon. Though Neptune favored the Greek cause at Troy, Fénelon has Venus urge him to violence against Telemachus.

NEREIDS. Sea maidens, in most accounts numbering fifty, all of them fathered by the ocean god Nereus.

NEREUS. Old man of the sea and a kindly, benevolent deity; father of the Nereids.

NESSUS. A Centaur born from the union of Ixion and the cloud; in Greek, Centaurus. See **IXION** and **DEJANIRA**.

NESTOR. The king of Pylos and the eloquent and prudent hero of the *Iliad*. In the *Odyssey*, Telemachus visits him to learn of his father just before he sails for home. Fénelon continues Nestor’s history beyond Telemachus’s visit by sending him and his son Pisistratus to Hesperia to establish the colony of Metapontum.

NICOSTRATES. A warrior slain by Telemachus in the second battle (Book XX); invented by Fénelon.

NILUS. A mythical king of Thebes in Egypt who gave his name to the river Nile; also the god of the Nile.

NIREUS. A minor Greek leader who brought three ships of men to the Trojan War. He is described by Alexander Pope, in his translation of the *Iliad*, as “The loveliest Youth of all the *Grecian* Race” (2.818).

NOZOPHUGUS. A physician for the army of Telemachus in the first battle (Book XVI); invented by Fénelon.

OEBELIANS. See guide to places, **OEBELIA**.

OMPHALE. The queen of Lydia. In some versions of the story of Hercules she is his lover, and they are characterized as a loving, jolly couple who enjoy changing gender roles. In other versions Hercules is during his early life the slave of Omphale, who figuratively castrates him when she puts on his lion’s skin while he is set to spinning among her women.

ORESTES. The son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, Orestes avenged his

father's death by killing his murderous mother and her accomplice, Aegisthus. Later he went mad and was tormented by the Furies.

ORPHEUS. The son of Calliope, one of the Muses, Orpheus played such beautiful music on his lyre that wild beasts were spellbound and submissive. See **EURYDICE**.

PAEAN. The father of Philoctetes; in some accounts it is he, and not his son, who attends Hercules in his last hour. See **PHILOCTETES**.

PALEMON. A sea deity, son of Neptune.

PALLAS. The Greek goddess Athena. See **MINERVA**.

PAN. The god of shepherds and huntsmen; usually depicted as a horned half man, half animal, playing a reed pipe and bearing a shepherd's crook, with a crown of pine needles on his head.

PANDORA. The first woman on earth. Sent to man as a gift of the gods, she brought with her a box that, when she opened it, released all the troubles of humanity into the world.

PARIS. The son of Priam, king of Troy, with Hecuba. His removal of Helen from Sparta to Troy was the cause of the Trojan War.

PATROCLUS. In the *Iliad*, the closest friend of Achilles; when Hector slew him, stripping him of his arms, the sulking Achilles returned angrily to battle, avenging his friend by slaying Hector.

PELEUS. The king of Phthio and the father of Achilles.

PENELOPE. The wife of Odysseus and mother to Telemachus. In the *Odyssey*, Penelope awaits the homecoming of her husband and son while besieged by suitors.

PERIANDER. A warrior slain by Telemachus in the second battle (Book XX); invented by Fénelon.

PEUCETES. See guide to places, **PEUCETE**.

PHADAEL. The son of Pygmalion, king of Tyre; invented by Fénelon.

PHALANTUS. A Lacedaemonian who, in myth, founded the colony of Tarentum in Italy.

PHEACIANS. See guide to places, **PHEACIA**.

PHERECIDES. A tutor to Hippias who laments the death of his former student; invented by Fénelon.

PHILOCLES. The disinterested adviser of Idomeneus who has been disgraced and exiled by his rival Protesilaus; invented by Fénelon.

PHILOCTETES. A friend of Heracles who attended the hero in his final hour and inherited his arrows. He was punished for revealing the location of Heracles's funeral pyre by an incurable wound in his foot. In one version of

his story he is bitten on the foot by a serpent. Fénelon prefers the more ironic version of Sophocles's play *Philoctetes*, in which he is poisoned after he accidentally drops one of Heracles's arrows on his foot.

PHOEBUS. See APOLLO.

PHOENICIANS. See guide to places, PHOENICIA.

PHOENIX. A preceptor to the young Achilles, whom he followed to the Trojan War.

PHOLOE. The wife of Cleanthes, a warrior killed by Telemachus in battle; invented by Fénelon.

PTHIOTS. See guide to places, PHTHIOTIS.

PISISTRATUS. The son of Nestor. In the *Odyssey* Telemachus meets Pisistratus in Pylos when visiting Nestor. Fénelon continues Pisistratus's history by having Adrastus slay him in the second battle (Book XX).

PLUTO. The ruler of the underworld and brother of Jupiter; also called Orcus and, in Greek, Hades.

PODALYRIUS. The son of Aesculapius and thus the brother of Machaon, with whom he attended the Greek forces during the Trojan War.

POLIMINES (POLYMENES). After being attacked by Timocrates and his cronies, Philocles gives Polimenes the command of the Cretan fleet; invented by Fénelon.

POLLUX. See CASTOR and POLLUX.

POLYCLETES. A Cretan youth, invented by Fénelon, who competes with Telemachus at the games on Crete.

POLYDAMUS. A Daunian general, invented by Fénelon, who finds the pleasure of the simple life after being exiled by Adrastus; later, he becomes king of the Daunians.

POLYPHEMUS. One of the Cyclops. In the *Odyssey*, Odysseus and twelve of his men entered Polyphemus's cave. When the giant returned with his flocks and sealed the cave, he discovered the intruders and killed two of them. The next evening Odysseus, after seeing four more of his men devoured, made Polyphemus drunk on wine, put out his eye with a stake, and thus contrived to escape.

POLYTROPUS. An accomplice of Acantus, the agent of Adrastus; invented by Fénelon.

PRIAM. The king of Troy during the Greek siege.

PROSERPINE. The daughter of Ceres; kidnapped by Pluto to be his queen in the underworld. Her Greek counterpart is Persephone.

PROTESILAUS. The avaricious and faithless counselor of Idomeneus, who finally deposes him and sends him into exile; not to be confused with Protesi-

laus, king of a part of Thessaly, the first Greek to die at Troy. Fénelon may have based Protesilaus on Leucos, who, according to Lycophron, was entrusted with the management of Crete by Idomeneus while he went to the Trojan War. At first moderate, he turned violent, and Idomeneus was unable to depose him upon his return.

PTERELAS. A warrior slain by Adrastus in the second battle (Book XX); invented by Fénelon.

PYGMALION. The king of Tyre, brother of Elissa (Roman, Dido); Pygmalion killed his brother-in-law Sicharbas (Roman, Sychaeus), the priest of Hera-cles and the second most important man in the kingdom, in order to obtain his fortune.

PYLIANS. See guide to places, **PYLOS**.

RHESUS. A Thracian ally of Priam, king of Troy, in the *Iliad*. It was said that as long as Rhesus and his horses drank from the river Xanthus, Troy could never be conquered. Odysseus and Diomedes ambushed Rhesus one day after his arrival at Troy, slaying him and taking away his horses.

RHODIANS. See guide to places, **RHODES**.

SALAPIANS. See guide to places, **SALAPIA**.

SATURN. The father of Jupiter and Juno; identified with the Greek Kronos. After being banished by Jupiter from his throne on Olympus, Saturn reigned in Italy. His rule was so mild and virtuous that it was celebrated as the "Golden Age."

SATYRS. Demigods of rural areas who attended Dionysus (Roman, Bacchus). They were grotesque creatures, part man, part animal, lascivious, and difficult to tame.

SCYLLA and CHARYBDIS. Scylla is the name given to dangerous rocks in the channel between the coasts of Italy and Sicily; the rocks, with the nearby whirlpools of Charybdis, posed deadly dangers to sailors. In myth, Scylla was a nymph changed by Circe into a hideous sea monster who, from a hidden cave, devoured sailors passing within her reach.

SCYTHIANS. See guide to places, **SCYTHIA**.

SEMELE. See **BACCHUS**.

SESOSTRIS. The Greek name given to the historical Egyptian pharaoh Ramses (or Rameses) II. A great conqueror of the thirteenth century B.C., Ramses was said to have subdued Ethiopia, the greater part of Asia, and Thrace. Returning to Egypt after nine years, he undertook massive public works, including the great temples at Karnak and Luxor (Thebes).

SICHEUS. More commonly Sychaeus (Greek, Sicharbas); the brother-in-law of Pygmalion, murdered by him for his fortune. See **PYGMALION**.

SILENUS. A Satyr, sometimes said to be a son of Hermes or Pan, and a tutor and companion to Dionysus, or Bacchus. Though frequently described as elderly, bald headed, and drunken, Silenus was a musician and possessed great wisdom.

SIMOIS. The name of a river on the Trojan plain and also of its god.

SIPONTINES. See guide to places, **SIPONTUM**.

SIRENS. See **SYRENS**.

SISYPHUS. For misdeeds on earth, Sisyphus, the cunning and unscrupulous king of Corinth, was, according to the *Odyssey*, condemned in the underworld to the eternal punishment of rolling a stone up a hill, only to have it roll back down again.

SOPHRONIMUS. A seer, invented by Fénelon, who tries to convince Idomeneus that his vow made to Neptune for protection in a storm at sea should not be carried out. See **IDOMENEUS**.

SYBARITES. See guide to places, **SYBARIS**.

SYRENS. Fabulous creatures, half woman and half bird, who lured mariners to their destruction by singing.

SYRIANS. See guide to places, **SYRIA**.

TANTALUS. Tantalus reigned in Phrygia, on Mount Sipylus. For his many sins against the gods he was condemned to eternal hunger and thirst in the underworld, where the food and water placed before him were always just beyond his reach.

TARENTINES. See guide to places, **TARENTUM**.

TELAMON. The king of the island of Salamis and father of Ajax; Telamon is supposed to have rowed alongside Heracles during the expedition of the Argonauts.

TELEMACHUS. Telemachus is a secondary but very important character in the *Odyssey*. As Odysseus relates his adventures in the court of King Alcinous, Telemachus leaves his father's despoiled house to seek news of him and thereby escapes the suitors who plan his death. Fénelon extends Telemachus's adventures after he leaves Pylos and invents the meeting between the father and son on a small, unnamed island (Book XXIV) prior to their reunion at the house of Eumeus.

TERMOSIRIS (TERMOSYRIS). A priest of Apollo who encourages Telemachus during his servitude in Egypt; invented by Fénelon.

TERMUTIS. The new king of Egypt after the death of Bocchoris; invented by Fénelon.

THEOPHANES. A priest of Apollo in Salentum and the rival of Heliodorus; invented by Fénelon. Both priests are important characters in George Stubbes's sequel, *A New Adventure of Telemachus* (1731).

THERSITES. In the *Iliad*, the most cowardly and the ugliest member of the Greek army at the Trojan War; seditious, malevolent, and contemptuous of his superiors, he particularly hated Odysseus and Achilles.

THESEUS. The king of Athens and a national hero of Greece, who was believed to have unified the scattered Attic communities into a single state. He was involved in a variety of heroic, military, and amorous exploits; among the most notable were his killing of the Minotaur, his abandonment of Ariadne on Naxos, his defeat of an invasion of Amazons, and his marriage to their queen. Plutarch's life of Theseus brings together the various legends.

THETIS. A sea nymph, the most famous of the Nereids; the mother of Achilles.

THYESTES. See **ATREUS**.

TIMOCRATES. An accomplice of Protesilaus; invented by Fénelon.

TITYUS. One of the giants and a son of Zeus. For offering violence to Leto, the lover of Zeus and the mother of Apollo and Artemis, Tityus is punished in the underworld, where two snakes (or, in some accounts, two eagles) eternally devour his liver.

TOPHA. The rejected queen of Pgyptalion; invented by Fénelon.

TRAUMAPHILUS. A physician in the camp of the army of Telemachus; invented by Fénelon.

TRIPTOLEMUS. The son of the king of Eleusis, Triptolemus was tended in infancy by Demeter and thereafter became one of her favorites. He was endowed with agricultural skills, which he taught to all people. Upon his death, he was honored as a god.

TRITONS. Demigods of the sea, half man, half fish; so called after the sea god Triton, son of Poseidon and Amphitrite.

TYDEUS. The son-in-law of Adrastus and one of the leaders of the expedition of the "Seven against Thebes" (see **ADRASTUS**); the father of the unfortunate Diomedes.

TYPHIS. A pilot of the ship of the Argonauts, Typhis had been taught the then unknown art of navigation by Athena.

TYRIANS. See guide to places, **TYRE**.

ULYSSES. The Greek Odysseus, one of the Greek chiefs in the Trojan War in the *Iliad* and the hero of the *Odyssey*. The son of Laertes, king of Ithaca, he married Penelope and was father of Telemachus. Courageous, wise, persevering, he was also resourceful and cunning. During the adventures of Telemachus as recounted by Fénelon, he is apparently visiting in the court of King Alcinous of Pheacia, just before his return to Ithaca.

VENUS. The Greek Aphrodite; originally worshiped as a goddess of love and fertility, she became in later times the goddess of mere sensual love.

The chief seats of her worship were Paphos, Amathes, and Idalion (all in Cyprus), along with Corinth, the island of Cythera, and Eryx in Sicily.

VULCAN. The Greek Hephaestus, the god of fire and metalworking. He forged the shield and other arms of Achilles in the *Iliad*.

ZEPHYR (ZEPHYRUS). The west wind, son of Astreus and Aurora. Zephyr is described as producing flowers and fruits by the sweetness of his breath.

GUIDE TO PLACES

Though *Télémaque* takes place in a mythological world, Fénelon cites actual cities, rivers, regions, and peoples in and around the Mediterranean. Allusions also occur to various cities, regions, mountains, and rivers of the classical and mythological world unvisited by Telemachus and Mentor. It is little wonder, then, that many editions and translations of the work, in England and on the Continent, were published with maps, and the text itself was used to teach children the geography of the ancient world.

In addition to the sources used in preparation of the guide to names (for citations, see above, pp. 326–27), the following have been consulted for identification of the places mentioned in Fénelon's narrative: Robert E. Bell, *Place-Names in Classical Mythology: Greece* (Santa Barbara, Calif.: ABC:CLIO, 1989), supplemented by Michael Grant, *A Guide to the Ancient World* (Bronx, N.Y.: H. W. Wilson Company, 1986); and *The Oxford Classical Dictionary*, 3d ed., ed. N. C. L. Hammond and H. H. Clifford (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1970). The listing of places in the guide is alphabetical; alternate spelling is given in parentheses immediately following the main entry. Each entry provides a short description of the place named, including its mythological or historical identity. Cross-referencing is selective, as places named by Fénelon may be found separately listed in the guide. Well-known places, such as Africa, Athens, Crete, Cyprus, Egypt, Sicily, and Troy, have been omitted. For identification of characters from Fénelon's narrative the reader should consult the guide to names, above.

ACHELOUS. A river in ancient Epirus, now northwest Greece, flowing into the Ionian Sea. Achelous, the god of the river, had the ability to change shapes.

The modern name of the river, the largest in Greece, is the Aspropotamo.

ACHERON. A river in ancient Epirus, now northwest Greece, flowing into the Ionian Sea; reputed to be the entrance into the underworld. Homer called the Acheron one of the rivers of Hades, and thus it has become synonymous with the underworld.

ACHERUNTIA. A town in Apulia, set on a mountain.

ACROCERAUNIA. Mountains in Acroceraunium, a promontory in ancient Epirus, now southwest Albania, between the Ionian and Adriatic Seas; famous for their great heights.

AETNA. See **ETNA**.

AETOLIA. See ETOLIA.

AGRAGAS. More commonly Acragas. A river, a town, and a mountain in Sicily.

ALGIDUM. A town in the Latium region in Italy, about twelve miles from Rome.

ALPHEUS. A river of the Peloponnesus rising in Arcadia and flowing into the Ionian Sea; chiefly famous for the river god's pursuit of the nymph Arethusa. Hercules uses the Alpheus to clean the Augean stables.

AMALONTUM. A town in the island of Cyprus; apparently invented by Fénelon.

APENNINES. A ridge of high mountains running north to south through central Italy.

APULIA. An ancient district in southeast Italy, on the Adriatic Sea, colonized by the Greeks; scene of the wars between Adrastus and the allies.

ARGOS. The capital of the Argolis region in the Peloponnesus. Agamemnon was king of Argos during the Trojan War. See PELOPONNESUS.

ARPI. A city in Apulia, the site of modern Foggia. In myth, Arpi was founded and built by Diomedes after the Trojan War. Fénelon invented the story that the Daunians gave Arpi to Diomedes at Telemachus's suggestion (Book XXI).

ASIA. References to Asia in *Telemachus* are to Asia Minor, particularly what is now modern Turkey.

AUFIDUS. A river of Apulia flowing eastward into the Adriatic Sea; the modern name of the river is the Ofanto.

AULON. A mountain in Apulia, near the city of Tarentum, or modern Taranto.

AVERNUS. A lake in Campania, an ancient region of southwest Italy. The waters of the Avernus were so putrid that the ancients and their poets imagined the lake an entrance to the underworld.

BABYLON. A plain between the Tigris and the Euphrates; the site of a great flourishing city that eventually fell to Alexander the Great. Herodotus admired Babylon for its culture; the authors of the Old Testament and New Testament held Babylon in contempt as a place of wickedness.

BAETICA (BOETICA). An ancient region in south-central Spain, the southernmost tip of which is centered on Gibraltar; modern Andalusia.

BAETIS. A river of Baetica, flowing into the Mediterranean; now the Guadalquivir.

BOETICA. See BAETICA.

BRUNDISIUM (BRUNDISIUM). An important commercial and naval port on the Adriatic coast of Apulia where the Appian road terminated; modern Brindisi. In myth, the city was founded by Diomedes after the Trojan War or, according to Strabo, by Theseus to establish a Cretan colony.

CADIZ. An ancient Phoenician colonial city of Hispania and the site of the Pillars of Hercules; also called Gades. The modern Spanish city is the capital of Andalusia.

CAPHAREUS (CAPHAREUM). A lofty mountain and promontory on the southeastern tip of the island of Euboea, in the Aegean Sea. Various kings and warriors lost their lives at this dangerous spot. See guide to names, **NAUPLIUS**.

CARIA. An ancient kingdom in southwest Asia Minor. Halicarnassus, now Bodrum, Turkey, was its most prominent city.

CARPATHIUM. One of the group of Greek islands known as the Dodecanese, located in the southeastern Aegean Sea.

CARTHAGE. A celebrated city of North Africa and the chief rival of Rome. In myth the city was founded by Dido, sister of the tyrannous Pygmalion, king of Tyre. The ruins are a few miles northeast of modern Tunis.

CAYSTEA. The ancient name of a river (variously called Caistre, Cayster, or Caystrus) rising in Lydia and flowing into the Aegean Sea near Ephesus; the modern Bayındır River. Sometimes the name is applied to the Little Menderes River, near Izmir, Turkey.

COCYTUS. A river in Epirus and a tributary of the Acheron.

COLCHOS. More commonly Colchis; a region of Asia on the eastern side of the Black Sea, approximating modern Georgia. Colchis is chiefly famous as the destination of the Argonauts and as the birthplace of Medea, the sorceress who helped Jason steal the golden fleece and then married him.

CRETE. Largest island in the Mediterranean. Considered the birthplace of Greek culture, Crete was famous for its temples, art, and laws.

CROTONA. An ancient city on the Calabrian coast of western Italy, on the undersole of the boot; supposedly founded by Croton, a friend of Heracles.

CYTHERA (CYTHERAE). An island off the southernmost tip of the Peloponnese. In myth, the Mediterranean Sea near Cythera is the birthplace of Aphrodite, associated by the Romans with Venus.

DAMASCUS. A rich, ancient city of Syria.

DAUNIA. The northern portion of Apulia, on the coast of the Adriatic Sea.

DOLOPIA. A region in central Greece, straddling northern Etolia and southern Thessaly.

DULICHIMUM. A part of the kingdom of Odysseus, Dulichium was a small island in the Ionian Sea near Ithaca, opposite the mouth of the river Achelous.

ECHINADES. Five small islands formed by the silt of the river Achelous, off the coast of Acarnania in the Peloponnese.

ELYSIAN FIELDS. The abode of the souls of the virtuous after death. Like other later writers, Fénelon departs from Homeric mythology by setting the

Elysian Fields in the underworld rather than on the unknown western oceans.

ENNA. A town in central Sicily, on a beautiful plain. In myth, Pluto abducted Proserpine on this spot.

EPIRUS (EPIRE). A mountainous region between Macedonia and the Ionian Sea; roughly northwest Greece and southwest Albania.

EREBUS. A poetic word denoting the underworld, particularly that part through which the souls of the virtuous passed into the Elysian Fields.

ETNA. A volcano on the east coast of Sicily. In myth, Mount Etna is the workshop of Vulcan and the Cyclops.

ETOLIA. The central region of Greece.

ETRURIA. See HETRURIA.

EUBEA (EUBOEA). The largest island in the Aegean Sea after Crete. Eubea is just off the mainland of Greece near Boeotia; modern Évvoia.

EUROTAS. A river that flows near Sparta. Called the "king of rivers," the Eurotas was worshiped by the Spartans as a powerful god.

GALESUS. A river in Calabria, extending down the heel of the boot of Italy and flowing into the bay of Tarentum. The Galesus was celebrated by poets for its shady groves and for the fine sheep grazing on its banks.

GARGANUS. Lofty mountains in Apulia; a promontory of these mountains forms the spur on the Italian boot.

HEBRUS. A river of Thrace flowing into the Aegean Sea; now the Marissa River. In myth, the river is the locale of the Cicones, a Thracian tribe among whom Orpheus is said to have lived; according to at least one story, Orpheus's head was thrown into the Hebrus after being cut off by the Ciconian women.

HESPERIA. The ancient Greek name for Italy.

HESPERIDES. The nymphs who guarded a celebrated garden in which grew delicious fruits, including the golden apples given by the Earth to Hera on the occasion of her marriage to Zeus. Possibly Arcadia, in the southern peninsula of Greece, is the original site of the garden.

HETRURIA (ETRURIA). A country in northwest Italy, between the Tiber and Arno Rivers, dominated by the Etruscans. Although Rome broke the power of the Etruscans, their ceremonies, such as the use of haruspices (priests practicing divination by the inspection of animal entrails) and augurs, passed into Roman custom.

IDA. The central and highest mountain in Crete. In myth, Zeus was raised on Mount Ida by nymphs.

IDALIUM (IDALIAN). A town at the foot of Mount Idalus in Cyprus, site of a grove sacred to Venus.

ISMARUS. A rugged mountain in Thrace.

ITHACA. A tiny island in the Ionian Sea off the southwest coast of the Greek mainland; in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the kingdom of Odysseus.

LACEDAEMON. A noble city of the southern Peloponnesus, capital of Laconia; founded by and named for a son of Zeus but more familiarly known by the name of the founder's wife, Sparta.

LACONIA. A region in the southern Peloponnesus. See **LACEDAEMON**.

LEMNOS. An island in the Aegean Sea, situated between the Greek mainland and the northern coast of Asia Minor, near modern Turkey. Despite its small size, Lemnos is distinguished by a bloody, horrific history. The phrase "Lemnian action" describes a needlessly cruel act.

LESBOS. A triangular island situated near Asia Minor, off the western coast of modern Turkey. The home of Sappho, in myth the island is celebrated for its poetry and as the burial place of Orpheus.

LEUCATE. The southernmost promontory of the island of Leucas in the Ionian Sea. Despairing lovers threw themselves into the sea from this promontory.

LIRIS. A river in southwest Italy separating the Campanian and Latium regions; now the Garigliano.

LOCRI. An area in Greece inhabited in ancient times by two tribes of Locrians: the western tribe lived on the Corinthian Gulf, and the eastern tribe lived on the east coast opposite the island of Euboea. It is the latter tribe to which Homer refers in the *Iliad*.

LUCANIA. A mountainous region in southwest Italy, in the ankle of the boot.

LYCIA. A mountainous kingdom on the southwest coast of Asia Minor, in modern Turkey.

LYDIA. A kingdom on the west coast of Asia Minor, on the Aegean Sea, in modern Turkey. Rich and powerful through fortunate trading connections, Lydia obtained the reputation of luxury and corruption.

MANDURIA. A town in the Calabrian region of Italy, located in the heel of the boot and situated on the road to Tarentum.

MEMPHIS. An ancient, celebrated city in Egypt above the Delta and the site of the pyramids; modern Cairo.

MESSAPIA. A region of Italy between Tarentum and Brundisium, in the heel of the boot; modern Calabria.

METAPONTUM. A celebrated Greek city in Lucania, on the Gulf of Taranto.

MOUNT LEBANON. A peak in the Lebanon mountains, near the city of Tyre.

MYCENAE. A rich and powerful city of Argolis, in the Peloponnesus. In myth, Mycenae was the kingdom of Atreus, whose sons, Agamemnon and Menelaus, were chief figures in the *Iliad*.

NAXOS. An island in the Aegean Sea, the largest and most fertile in the Cyclades. See guide to names, **ARIADNE**.

NEBRODES. The principal chain of mountains running through the whole of Sicily.

NERITUS. The name for both a mountain and a small rocky island near Ithaca. The name can signify Ithaca or Odysseus.

NO. A city in the Nile delta. Fénelon seems to have made up the name, though possibly it refers to the city of On, mentioned in Genesis 41:45 as the birthplace of Joseph's wife.

NUMIDIA. An ancient country of northwest Africa, corresponding closely to modern Algeria.

OASIS. Fénelon seems to have created the "Oasis" where Telemachus serves as a shepherd (Book II). The word is a generic name for locations of water in the Egyptian hinterlands, such as Magna Oasis and Oasis Parva.

OEBELIA. The most ancient name of Lacedaemon, or Sparta, capital of Laconia in the southern Peloponnesus; the name was derived from one of its kings, Oebalus, a descendant of Lacedaemon. The same name is often given to Tarentum because it was built by a Lacedaemonian colony, whose ancestors were also governed by Oebalus. See **LACEDAEMON**.

OETA. A celebrated mountain between Thessaly and Macedonia; in myth, the mountain is the site of Hercules's self-immolation.

OLYMPUS. A mountain on the borders of ancient Macedonia and Thessaly; in myth, the heavenly home of the gods.

PAPHOS. A city on the west coast of Cyprus. Revered as the place where Aphrodite, or Venus, came ashore after her birth from sea foam, Paphos was the site of one of the most famous temples in the ancient world.

PELOPONNESUS. A large southern peninsula of Greece separated from the mainland by the Isthmus of Corinth.

PELUSIUM. A Roman city in the Egyptian delta, situated on the mouth of the Pelusian tributary of the Nile. The closest Egyptian city to Phoenicia, Pelusium was heavily fortified against invasion.

PETILIA. Capital of the region of Lucania, perhaps modern Strongoli, supposedly built or repaired by Philoctetes. Ancient maps place it north of Crotona.

PEUCETE. A region north of Tarentum in Italy, within modern Calabria.

- PHAROS.** An island in the mouth of the Nile River opposite ancient Alexandria. "Pharos" means lighthouse.
- PHEACIA.** More commonly Phaeacia. An island in the Ionian Sea, near the coast of Epirus; now Corfu. Although the Pheacian king Alcinous was hospitable to the shipwrecked Odysseus in the *Odyssey*, the Pheacians had a reputation for dissoluteness.
- PHLEGETHON.** A burning river of Hades.
- PHOCIS.** A region in central Greece to the west of Boeotia; Delphi and the Delphic oracle were situated here.
- PHOENICIA.** A country on the eastern Mediterranean shore, modern Lebanon. Possessed of excellent harbors, the Phoenicians were justly famous for trading and exploration.
- PHRYGIA.** A kingdom of Asia Minor, within modern Turkey.
- PHTHIOTIS.** A small district within Thessaly; the birthplace of Achilles.
- PILLARS OF HERCULES.** Ancient Cadiz, or Gades; believed to be the farthest point the hero reached in his travels. A temple to Hercules was built there.
- PYLOS.** An ancient city situated on the western coast of the Peloponnesus. See guide to names, **NESTOR**.
- RHODES.** The easternmost and largest of the Dodecanese islands in the Aegean, located off the southwestern coast of Turkey.
- RHODOPE.** A chain of high mountains in Thrace.
- SALAPIA.** A town in Apulia. Hannibal retired there after his victory at Cannae.
- SALENTUM.** There was no such town as Salentum (Fénelon's name for the legendary Salentinum), supposedly founded by Idomeneus. The name is apparently derived from the Salentini, Greek colonists who lived in Apulia. Their chief towns were Brundisium, Tarentum, and Hydruntum.
- SAMOS.** A large, well-forested Greek island in the Aegean Sea, off the southwest coast of Asia Minor, very near modern Turkey.
- SCYLLA and CHARYBDIS.** See guide to names, **SCYLLA** and **CHARYBDIS**.
- SCYROS.** A rocky and barren island in the Aegean Sea off the coast of Euboea; modern Évvoia. In myth, Achilles retired to the island to avoid fighting in the Trojan War.
- SCYTHIA.** In classical times Scythia meant all regions to the north and northeast of the Black and Caspian Seas.
- SIMOIS.** A river on the Trojan plain, personified as the son of the great water god Oceanus and his sister Tethys. In the *Iliad*, the Scamander River (descended from the same parentage) calls upon the smaller Simois to strike back against Achilles and stop the massacre of the Trojans. See **XANTHUS**.

SIPONTUM. A maritime town in Apulia, situated at the northern end of the Gulf of Manfredonia. In myth, the town was founded by Diomedes after the Trojan War.

SPARTA. A celebrated city of the Peloponnesus and the capital of Laconia; also known as Lacedaemon. In myth, Sparta was the birthplace of Helen of Troy.

SPERCHIUS. A river of Thessaly, rising on Mount Oeta and flowing into the Eubean Sea.

STYGIAN LAKE. The gloomy, watery regions of the underworld. See **STYX**.

STYX. The chief river of the underworld, over which the dead must be ferried by Charon.

SYBARIS. A city on the banks of the river Sybaris where it flows into the bay of Tarentum. An important trading city, Sybaris was legendary for its wealth and luxury. It was destroyed about 510 B.C.

SYRIA. In the ancient world, the name Syria was applied to the region stretching from the Taurus mountains to the Sinai desert, and including present-day Syria, all of Lebanon, Jordan, Israel, parts of southern Turkey, and northwestern Iraq.

TARENTUM. A town in the region of Calabria in Italy, founded by Lacedaemonians under the leadership of Phalantus; modern Taranto.

TARSIS. More commonly Tarsus, an ancient city in southeast Asia Minor, in what is now Turkey. Tarsis was one of the Roman Empire's greatest and richest cities, famous as the birthplace of Saint Paul.

TARTARUS. One of the regions of the underworld, where the most impious and guilty of humankind are punished.

THEBES. In ancient Greece, the most powerful city-state in Boeotia; legendary as the site of the Oedipus cycle. The ancient Egyptian capital of the same name was located on the Nile River, south of modern Cairo.

THESSALY. A rugged, mountainous region of northern Greece.

THRACE. In ancient times, roughly the area wedged between the Aegean Sea on the south, Macedonia on the west, and the Hellespont on the east; modern northeast Greece and northwest Turkey.

TRACHINE. An ancient town in Thessaly, near Mount Oeta, inhabited by the Phthians.

TYRE. A handsome, well-built city of Phoenicia, with one of the best natural harbors in the ancient world.

VENUSIUM. A town of the inner Apulia region; modern Vinosa. Venusium was supposedly built by Diomedes to appease the rage of Aphrodite after he wounded her on the battlefields of Troy.

XANTHUS. A river of Troas, flowing south through Lydia, in what is now Turkey. According to the *Iliad*, the river was called Xanthus by the gods and Scamander by humans. The Greeks assembled on its plains prior to the assault on Troy.

ZACINTHUS. An island in the Ionian Sea, off the western coast of the Peloponnese; modern Zante. Homer, in the *Iliad*, describes the island as “woody.”

Received, April 1. 1767. from Mr. Hamilton, Seventy-
Pounds, in full for the Copy-Right of the
Adventures of Telemachus, translated from
the French by me J. Smollett

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TEXTUAL COMMENTARY

PUBLICATION HISTORY

The little that is known of the circumstances surrounding Smollett's translation of Fénelon's *Les Aventures de Télémaque* has been set out in the introduction to this volume.¹ A receipt dated 1 April 1767, not in Smollett's hand but signed by him, acknowledges that he has received from Archibald Hamilton "Seventy Pounds, in full for the Copy-Right of the Adventures of Telemachus translated from the French by me." Smollett may have delivered the manuscript of *Telemachus* to Hamilton when he received the money, or he may have been paid an advance, but in any event he appears to have concluded his work on the translation before he left England for the last time in the autumn of 1768. It is possible he did not conclude his work until the summer of that year; or, perhaps corrections were made in the already completed manuscript sometime after late May 1768 by Smollett, Hamilton, or some hireling, as readings appear from John Hawkesworth's new translation, unavailable until that time. Publication of *Telemachus*, however, was delayed until 24 July 1776, almost five years after Smollett's death. For some undiscovered reason two states of the title page exist, one with "W. Fox" as the last name in the imprint and one with the name omitted, but the texts are the same type setting. The edition did not sell and was reissued in 1786 with a cancel title page.

EDITORIAL PRINCIPALS

The autograph manuscript for *Telemachus* is no longer extant. In fact, no printer's copy for any of Smollett's works has survived. The nature of the manuscript can only be deduced from letters, never intended for publication, and from an examination of manuscript revisions the author made in a copy of the 1766 first edition of *Travels through France and Italy* for a new edition that did not appear.² The revisions for *Travels* include additions, translations of passages in foreign languages, and corrections to the printed text. It might be argued that Smollett, largely free from his numerous editorial tasks by the mid-1760s, had new leisure to correct the *Travels*; but an examination of other works he saw through the press shows much the same care, for he left uncorrected only the kinds of errors that none but the most exacting proofreaders might have caught.³

The revisions to the *Travels* are written in Smollett's neat hand, which, after more than two centuries, can be read with ease. A compositor, then, would

have had no difficulty reading the author's manuscript of *Telemachus*, but in the process of setting the type an overlay of normalization no doubt occurred. As John Smith notes in *The Printer's Grammar* (1755), "By the Laws of Printing, indeed, a Compositor should abide by his Copy, and not vary from it. . . . But this good law is now looked upon as obsolete, and most Authors expect the Printer to spell, point, and digest their Copy, that it may be intelligible and significant to the Reader; which is what a Compositor and the Corrector jointly have regard to, in Works of their own language." The compositor peruses his copy but, before beginning to compose, "should be informed, either by the Author, or Master, after what manner our work is to be done; whether the old way, with Capitals to Substantives, and Italic to Proper names; or after the more neat practice, all in Roman, and Capitals to Proper names and Emphatical words," and nothing "in Italic but what is underscored in our Copy." When composing from printed copy and "such Manuscripts as are written fair," we "employ our eyes with the same agility as we do our hands; for we cast our eyes upon every letter we aim at, at the same moment we move our hands to take it up; neither do we lose our time in looking at our Copy for every word we compose; but take as many words into our memory as we can retain."⁴ Since *Telemachus* and the *Travels* were printed in the new way, numerous changes must have occurred between the manuscripts and the printed books, including some normalization of spelling.

In the lengthy manuscript additions to Letter 11 of the *Travels*—the English translation of a Latin letter to Antoine Fizes and of the professor's reply in French—Smollett followed the old practice, though somewhat inconsistently, of capitalizing nouns and some adjectives. Schooled to capitalize substantives, he continued in his habitual way.⁵ But he certainly knew that his capitalization and his use of the ampersand for "and" would be brought into conformity with the rest of the book. He seems to have accepted this styling by the printer, or at least to have acquiesced. In the printed text of the *Travels* he corrected such small matters as a transposed letter, "muscel" (the bivalve mollusc) to "muscles," and a verb tense "affords" to "afford"; at the same time he allowed to stand variant spellings such as "paltry"—"paultry," "ake"—"ach," and so on. Smollett was not consistent in his spelling, although he did have a preferred spelling for some words; but the compositors, by taking as many words into their memories as they could retain, sometimes introduced their preferences. Smollett appears to have been content with the resulting inconsistencies in spelling as long as they were correct, and he did not attempt to restore his capitalization and punctuation.

As noted earlier, *Telemachus* was printed in the new way, and thus it likely incorporates a great number of changes from Smollett's manuscript, particularly

in spelling and capitalization. It is certain that there are many variations in the use of quotation marks, departing significantly from the practice in most of his works, although whether that practice originated with Smollett or the compositor cannot now be known. In only one other work, the *Devil upon Crutches*, also a translation from the French, are quotation marks handled in so confusing a way as in *Telemachus*. Neither of the French editions used in preparing the translations of these two works includes quotation marks at all, and so it is possible that Smollett likewise omitted them. If he did include them, he is likely to have followed one, or perhaps two, schemes. In any event the various compositors of *Telemachus* seem to have been baffled about how to proceed, and they indicate quotations in a bewildering variety of ways, suggesting that they may have been instructed by the overseer of the printing house to add them where needed, but not told what form or principles to follow. The present edition avoids confusion by incorporating quotation marks according to the principles of modern practice—in the process, however, causing such extensive emendations that they are indicated in a separate list.

The 1776 first edition of *Telemachus*, printed from Smollett's lost autograph manuscript, or a fair copy made from it, is the only authoritative text and has been chosen as copy-text for this edition. An "authoritative text" is a particular text the author wrote or approved.⁶ No attempt has been made to produce a variorum edition, and so there is no history of variant readings from non-authoritative texts.

In the present edition no attempt has been made to achieve a general consistency in spelling, punctuation, or capitalization, because in the absence of the manuscript one cannot determine whether Smollett or the compositor was responsible for their variations. Hence the spelling, punctuation, and capitalization of the 1776 first edition have been retained except when they are clearly in error, or when they obscure meaning or distract the attention of the reader. All emendations to the copy-text have been made on the authority of the textual editor. Hyphenated words at a line-end have been adjusted according to the usual practice of the first edition insofar as that practice could be ascertained from other appearances or parallels. Only the following changes have been made silently: all turned letters or wrong fonts have been corrected, the long *s* has been replaced by the modern letter *s*, and "ae" and "oe" have been treated as digraphs. The display capitals that begin the first paragraphs in each book of the work have not been exactly reproduced. Quotations have been indicated according to modern practice, and the punctuation in relation to the quotation marks has been normalized. The length of dashes and the space around them have also been normalized according to modern practice.

APPARATUS

A basic note in the list of emendations provides the page-line reference and the emended reading in the present text. Except for the silent alterations described above, every editorial change in the first edition copy-text has been recorded. Following the square bracket is the earliest source of emendation and the history of the copy-text reading up to the point of emendation. The list indicating the emendation of quotation marks follows the same form. Since there is only one authoritative edition, all emendations are marked "W" and are the responsibility of the present edition. A wavy dash (~) is substituted for a repeated word associated with pointing, and an inferior caret (^) indicates pointing absent in the present text. The form of the reading both to the right and the left of the bracket conforms to the system of silent alterations, and there is no record of any variations except for the instance being recorded. When the matter in question is pointing, for example, the wavy dash to the right of the bracket signifies only the substantive form of the variant, and any variation in spelling or capitalization has been ignored. A vertical stroke (|) indicates a line-end.

All hyphenated compounds or possible compounds appearing at line-ends in the copy-text are recorded in the word-division list. The reader should assume that any word hyphenated at a line-end in the present text, but not appearing in this list, was broken by the modern typesetter.

COLLATION

The present edition has been printed from the copy of the 1776 first edition in the Houghton Library, Harvard University (*EC75 Sm792 776a). This copy was bibliographically collated with copies at Arizona State University Library (E3869), the British Library (012551.a.23), Cornell University Library (PQ1795 T5 1776), Edinburgh University Library (Spec. Coll. 43), the Huntington Library (232519), the National Library of Scotland (Vts. 268.k.25.), and Yale University Library (Tinker 1935; Hfc35 382).

Notes

1. See pp. xvii-xxxi.
2. This copy of the *Travels* is in the British Library, shelf mark C.45.d.20, 21. Apart from the manuscript revisions of the *Travels* and a relatively small number of holograph letters, little survives in Smollett's hand: a one-leaf holograph note on the

reign of Edward III in the Berg Collection, New York Public Library, and about a dozen signed receipts and documents. See *The Letters of Tobias Smollett*, ed. Lewis M. Knapp (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1970), xvi-xvii.

3. Smollett was content to make small changes because the *Travels*, written at a relatively slow pace, did not require the extensive stylistic revisions of the earlier works. In the works of his later career, revision seems to have been carried out before publication; by this time he was also a more experienced writer. For discussion of the composition of the *Travels*, see the introduction by Frank Felsenstein, ed., *Travels through France and Italy* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1979), xxxv-xli.
4. John Smith, *The Printer's Grammar* (London, 1755), 199, 201-2, 209.
5. Bertrand H. Bronson, *Printing as an Index of Taste in Eighteenth Century England* (New York: New York Public Library, 1958), 17.
6. See Peter L. Shillingsburg, *Scholarly Editing in the Computer Age: Theory and Practice* (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1986), 13.

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LIST OF EMENDATIONS

[The following sigla appear in the textual apparatus of the Georgia Edition: 1 (the first edition; London, 1776), W (present edition).]

11.19	was]W	were 1
12.31	THE]W	om. 1
15.35	statues]W	statutes 1
20.3-4	Vulcan, enraged,]	~^ ~^ 1
22.7	stripped]W	striped 1
24.18	occasion]W	oc- sion 1
26.19	regretted]W	regret- ed 1
27.6	you?' said he.^]W	~,^ ~ ~?" 1
34.29	workmen.']}W	~?" 1
37.22	go to the king]W	go the king 1
39.5-6	<i>exhorted him speedily</i>]W	<i>exhorted speedily</i> 1
40.35	upon her heart]W	upon heart 1
41.19	upon her heart]W	upon heart 1
42.10	same time I]W	same I 1
45.3	ensnare]W	ensare 1
45.30	wheresoever]W	wher- soever 1
50.6	THE]W	om. 1
50.6	THE]W	THF 1
53.16	wisdom,]W	~; 1
57.1	gave way]W	gay way 1
57.11-12	Ulysses]W	Ulosses 1
58.25	entirely]W	entitely 1
58.35	nothing]W	nothihg 1
62.25	THE]W	om. 1
68.8	As]W	as 1
70.4	plunge you]W	plunge 1
74.28	Icarius]W	Icarus 1
75.1	terminate]W	terminated 1
75.24	if Mentor]W	that Mentor 1
94.33-34	subjects]W	subject 1
97.15	Another]W	another 1

98.33	sufficient.]W	~, 1
99.6	they]W	thy 1
102.1	in the isle]W	in isle 1
102.37	THE]W	om. 1
103.2	Fates]W	fates 1
103.3	to do this]W	to this 1
109.12	detains]W	detain 1
109.18	replied Telemachus;]W	replied (Telemachus;) 1
110.27	Idomeneus]W	Idomenus 1
112.18	disclose,]	~. 1
131.21	Phalanthus]W	Philanthus 1
140.24	thunder-struck]W	thunder-stuck 1
144.28	so much]W	so such 1
144.32	gods.]W	~? 1
152.14	are]W	is 1
152.22	scatter]W	scatters 1
157.29	whom]W	whem 1
158.29	gratification]W	gratifi- l tion 1
163.29	persons,]W	~; 1
165.20	it to pass]W	it pass 1
167.26	to]W	ot 1
177.31	geniuses]W	genuises 1
179.25	distance,]W	~! 1
186.30	more.]W	~, 1
187.8	Antilochus]W	Antiochus 1
187.33	Neoptolemus]W	Neptolemus 1
187.35	companion]W	companions 1
188.6	to-day]W	to day 1
191.21	Echo]W	echo 1
192.35	agreeable]W	agrrreeable 1
195.1	with]W	with with 1
195.4	hands.]W	~, 1
196.22	vanquish]W	vanguish 1
199.39	by]W	by by 1
200.34	and]W	and and 1
218.39	superb]W	suberb 1
220.14	on end]W	an end 1
220.29	Despair]W	Dispair 1

228.19	These]W	these 1
235.1	mouth]W	mouths 1
247.21	Cleanthes]W	Eleanthes 1
248.32	Eutyphron]W	Entyphron 1
249.23	boar of Calydon]W	boar Calydon 1
256.20	remembrance.]W	~, 1
256.32	becomes]W	become 1
261.11	cheeks]W	checks 1
264.37-38	departure]W	departue 1
271.3	detail]W	retail 1
277.38	Sipontines]W	Sipentines 1
278.1	strangers]W	stran- lers 1
278.25	deemed]W	beemed 1
282.33	It is]W	It it 1
284.15	intend]W	intends 1
288.14	ignorant]W	ignornt 1

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LIST OF EMENDED QUOTATION MARKS

8.17-24	'Those Trojans,' . . . 'are . . . Ithaca' . . . 'perhaps . . . himself.'] "Those Trojans,^ . . . ^are . . . Ithaca^ . . . ^perhaps . . . himself."
9.7-12	'Dear . . . confide.'] "~ . . . ~."
9.13-20	'I . . . you.'] "~ . . . ~."
10.12-13	'We . . . thence.'] "~ . . . ~."
10.17-21	'O . . . support.'] "~ . . . ~."
10.22-23	'Perish . . . Troy!'] "~ . . . ~!"
10.24-26	'Son . . . Ulysses,' . . . 'I . . . die.'] "Son . . . Ulysses,^ . . . ^I . . . die."
10.28-30	'Their blood,' . . . 'will . . . life.'] "Their blood,^ . . . ^will . . . life."
10.37	'O] "~
11.9	existence.'] "~."
11.11-14	'I . . . stranger,' . . . 'that . . . prosperity.'] "I . . . stranger," . . . "that . . . prosperity."
11.32-36	'I . . . Greeks,' . . . 'our . . . assistance.'] "I . . . Greeks," . . . "our . . . assistance."
14.6	"If] ^~
14.14-15	'Happy,' . . . 'are] "~,^ . . . ^~
14.17	thus,' . . . 'O] "~,^ . . . ^~
14.26	them.']) "~."
14.27-33	'Alas . . . misfortunes.']) "~ . . . ~."
14.35-36	'Unworthy . . . Ulysses!' . . . 'What] "Unworthy . . . Ulysses!" . . . "What
15.5	long.']) "~."
15.6	"Mentor] ^~
15.15	'Happy . . . people,' . . . 'who] "Happy . . . people,^ . . . ^who
15.21	sovereign.']) "~."
16.18-26	'O . . . father.']) "~ . . . ~."
16.29-30	Phoenicians.^ 'If . . . Phoenicians,' . . . 'they] Phoenicians." ^If . . . Phoenicians,^ . . . ^they
16.37	distress.']) "~."
18.10	'Son] "~

- 18.20 passions.']} ~."
- 18.34 'Happy . . . those,' . . . 'who] "Happy . . . those," . . .
"who
- 19.2 books!']} ~!"
- 19.22-23 'Father . . . you.']} "~ . . . ~."
- 19.36 'Apollo,' . . . 'seeing] "~, ^ . . . ^~
- 20.38 Son,' . . . 'this] ~," . . . "~
- 21.7 throne.']} ~."
- 21.8 "So] ^~
- 22.7-8 'How . . . kings,' . . . 'in] "How . . . kings," . . . "in
him.']} ~."
- 22.30-33 'Never . . . Sesostriś!']} "~ . . . ~!"
- 22.34-36 'The hopes . . . death.']} "~ ~ . . . ~."
- 23.31-34 'In . . . time,' . . . 'the . . . alternative.']} "In . . . time," . . .
"the . . . alternative."
- 25.5 miserable!']} ~!^
- 26.17 Proceed," . . . "my] ~, ^ . . . ^~
- 27.6-10 'From . . . you?' said he. 'I . . . Phoenicia': . . . 'but . . . deliv-
ered.']} "From . . . you, ^ said he?" "I . . . Phoenicia: . . .
^ but . . . delivered."
- 27.10 'Of . . . then?']} "~ . . . ~?"
- 27.10-16 'I . . . safe.']} "~ . . . ~."
- 27.21-22 'Telemachus,' . . . 'I] "~," . . . "~
- 27.28 return.']} ~."
- 27.28 'Fear not,' . . . 'that] "~ ~," . . . "~
- 27.32 men.']} ~."
- 27.32-35 'How . . . able,' . . . 'to . . . useless.']} "How . . . able," . . . "to
. . . useless."
- 27.35 'When Ulysses,' . . . 'departed] "~ ~," . . . "~
- 28.27 disclose.']} ~."
- 28.27 'You] "~
- 29.15 "'It] "^~
- 30.12 prison.']} ~."
- 30.13 "When] ^~
- 30.16 ^ here] "~
- 30.30 passions. ^] ~."
- 30.37-31.3 'Sesostriś,' . . . 'dreaded . . . family.']} "Sesostriś," . . .
"dreaded . . . family."
- 31.4 "Pygmalion] ^~

- 31.23 “But] ^~
- 32.37–39 ‘Whence . . . it,’ . . . ‘that . . . nations?’] “Whence . . . it,” . . . “that . . . nations?”
- 32.39 ‘The reason,’ . . . ‘is] “~ ~,” . . . “~
- 33.12 said,’ . . . ‘without] ~,” . . . “~
- 33.21 nothing.}] ~.”
- 33.21–23 ‘But,’ . . . ‘pray . . . commerce?’] “But,” . . . “pray . . . commerce?”
- 33.23 ‘Make use,’ . . . ‘of] “~ ~,” . . . “~
- 34.10 world.^] ~.”
- 34.11 “‘Pygmalion] “^~
- 34.24 we.}] ~.”
- 34.26–27 ‘We have,’ . . . ‘the] “~ ~,” . . . “~
- 34.29 workmen.}] ~?”
- 34.29–30 ‘How . . . where,’ . . . ‘did . . . workmen?’] “How . . . where,” . . . “did . . . workmen?”
- 34.30–31 ‘They . . . formed,’ . . . ‘by] “They . . . formed,” . . . “by
- 35.13 wanted.}] ~.”
- 35.23–27 ‘The king . . . head.}] “~ ~ . . . ~.”
- 35.31–32 ‘I . . . Cyprus.}] “~ . . . ~.”
- 35.34 ‘My . . . Telemachus,’ . . . ‘what] “My . . . Telemachus,” . . . “what
- 36.4 mine.}] ~.”
- 36.5–10 ‘Do . . . lie.}] “~ . . . ~.”
- 36.11–15 ‘There . . . far.}] “~ . . . ~.”
- 36.15 ‘It . . . enough,’ . . . ‘that] “It . . . enough,” . . . “that
- 36.25 trouble.}] ~.”
- 37.23–28 ‘It . . . city.}] “~ . . . ~.”
- 37.34 ‘That prince,’ . . . ‘who] “~ ~,” . . . “~
- 38.1 falsehood.}] ~.”
- 38.3 ‘The gods,’ . . . ‘declare] “~ ~,” . . . “~
- 38.15 me.}] ~.”
- 38.20 another.}] ~.^
- 42.5–10 ‘Young . . . happy.}] “~ . . . ~.”
- 42.23–25 ‘Get . . . gone,’ . . . ‘get . . . glory.}] “Get . . . gone, ^ . . . ^get . . . glory.”
- 42.31–33 ‘Away . . . flight.}] “~ . . . ~.”
- 43.35–37 ‘That . . . year,’ . . . ‘is . . . flowers.}] “That . . . year,” . . . “is . . . flowers.”

- 45.20-24 'O . . . youth!' . . . 'O . . . fallen.]' "O . . . youth!" . . . "O . . . ~."
- 45.35 'Is . . . then,' . . . 'O] "Is . . . then," . . . "O
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- 46.6-7 'No,' . . . 'it . . . Mentor':] "No," . . . "it . . . Mentor:"
- 46.10-11 'Alas . . . without you?'] "~ . . . ~ ~?"
- 46.12 'Fly!' . . . 'Away] "~!" . . . "~
- 46.19 thoughts.]" ~."
- 46.28-30 'Happy,' . . . 'are . . . happy.]" ^~, ^ . . . ^~ . . . ~. ^
- 46.30-31 'I . . . you,' . . . 'I . . . spare.]" "I . . . you," . . . "I . . . spare."
- 46.31 'Ah . . . going?'] "~ . . . ~?"
- 46.32-34 'There . . . pursuit!'] "~ . . . ~!"
- 46.35 'In vain,' . . . 'do] "~ ~, ^ . . . ^ ~
- 47.12 Telemachus!'] ~!"
- 47.12-13 'No, no,' . . . 'my] "No, no," . . . "my
- 47.23 it.]" ~."
- 47.25-26 'What . . . matter,' . . . 'what . . . have?'] "What . . . matter," . . . "what . . . have?"
- 47.26 'Life,' . . . 'for] "~," . . . "~
- 48.3 Pluto.]" ~."
- 48.4-5 'I . . . stranger,' . . . 'to] "I . . . stranger," . . . "to
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- 48.29-33 'O . . . festivals.]" "~ . . . ~."
- 48.37 'The man,' . . . 'who] "~ ~," . . . "~
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- 50.5 nostrils.]" ~. ^
- 51.39 'This island,' . . . 'admired] "~ ~," . . . "~
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- 56.8 prize.]" ~."
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- 182.12 'You see] "~ ~
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270.18	Idomeneus," . . . "is] ~, ^ . . . ^ ~
276.38	pronounce.""] ~. ^
277.34-35	then," . . . "is] ~, ^ . . . ^ ~
290.11	But," . . . "may] ~, ^ . . . ^ ~
293.21	What!" . . . "take] ~! ^ . . . ^ ~

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WORD-DIVISION

1. LINE-END HYPHENATION IN THE GEORGIA EDITION

[The following compounds, hyphenated at a line-end in the Georgia Edition, are hyphenated within the line in the 1776 first edition.]

17.5	thunder- struck
31.8	good- natured
50.1	eye- brows
163.37	re- doubled
233.33	hot-headed

2. LINE-END HYPHENATION IN THE 1776 FIRST EDITION

[The following compounds or possible compounds are hyphenated at a line-end in the first edition. The form in which each has been given in the Georgia Edition, as listed below, represents the usual practice of the 1776 first edition insofar as it may be ascertained from other appearances or parallels.]

6.14	shipwreck
15.22	re-inspired
55.1,	
211.5	downcast
69.31	overturned
70.8	half-dead
78.25,	
213.23	overwhelmed
86.2	headlong
86.12	offspring
132.37	everlasting
143.37	undertake
184.23	undergone
206.11	north-wind
206.27	half-slaughter
209.34	good-nature
229.8	blood-thirsty
248.31	out-stripped
249.32	today
258.18	headstrong

3. SPECIAL CASES

[The following compounds or possible compounds are hyphenated at a line-end in both the Georgia Edition and the 1776 first edition.]

131.21 hard-|hearted

280.17 over-|turned

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS

I. THE FIRST EDITION

THE | ADVENTURES | OF | TELEMACHUS, | THE | SON OF
ULYSSES. | Translated from the FRENCH OF | MESSIRE FRANÇOIS SALIGNAC de
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